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THREE DOLLAR

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THE Country GUIDE





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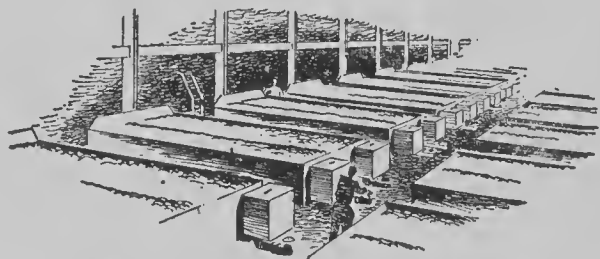


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depend on each other



In these flotation tanks in the Nickel plant at Copper Cliff, large quantities of chemicals are used for separating the Nickel from the Copper.

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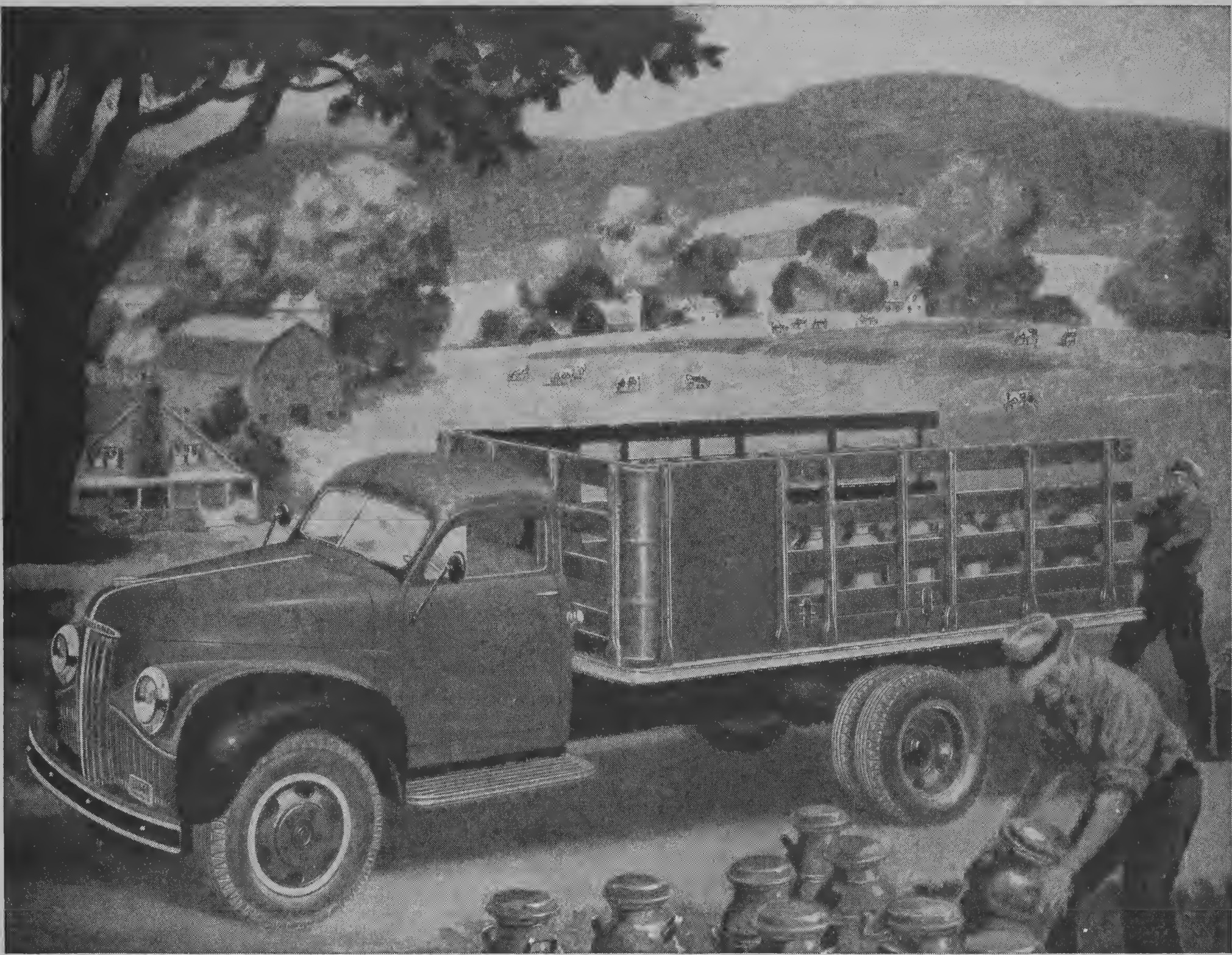
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Every load that you put into a Studebaker truck brings in welcome new net revenue to you, because of gas, oil, tire and repair savings.

What's more, dollar after dollar of your original investment in a Studebaker truck starts coming back to you mighty fast, thanks to these substantial and consistent economies.

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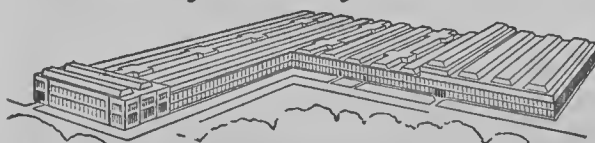
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Whatever Studebaker truck you buy—the heavy-duty model, the half-ton or one-ton pick-up—you get the brilliant engineering and painstaking craftsmanship that distinguished over 200,000 Studebaker war vehicles in war service.

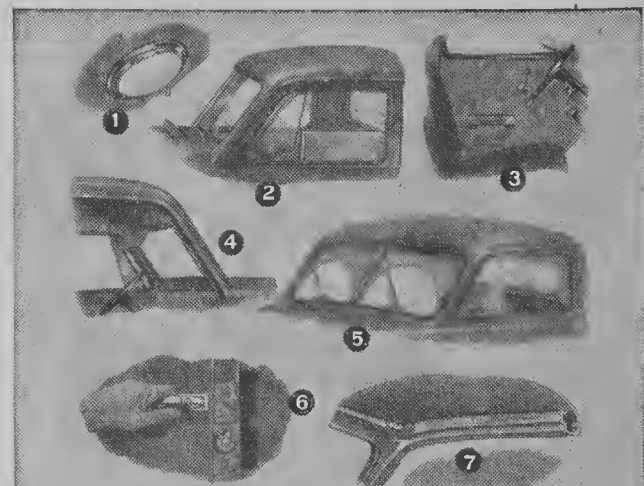
It may take a while to supply the new Studebaker truck you want. But be sure you don't settle for any other new truck, until you talk things over with your Studebaker dealer.

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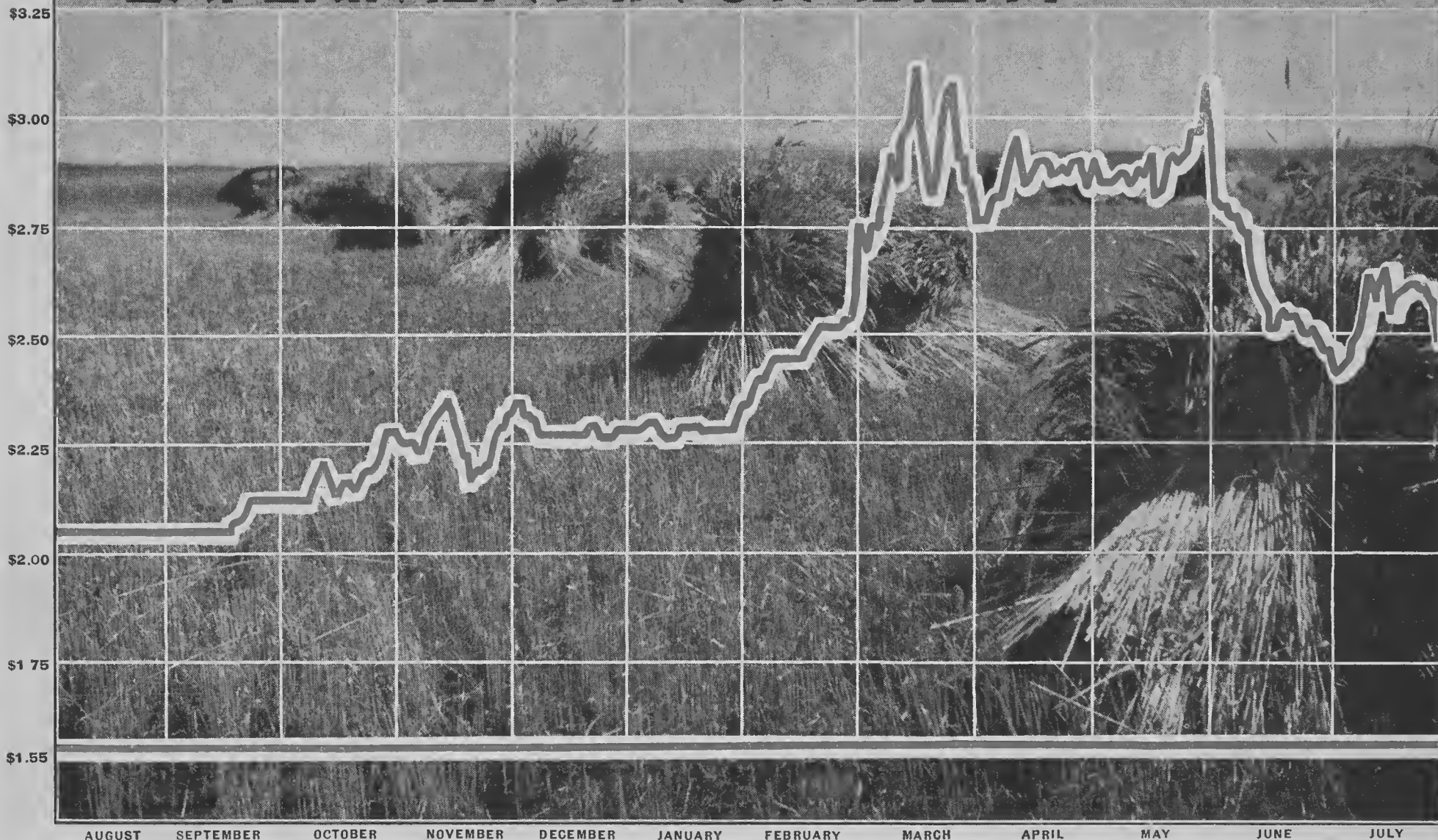
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Studebaker provides these "extras"
at no extra cost!

Standard cab equipment in the money-saving new half-ton, one-ton and heavy-duty Studebaker trucks includes: 1 dome light; 2 adjustable window wings; 3 two arm rests and adjustable seat; 4 dual sun visors; 5 dual windshield wipers; 6 tight-gripping rotary door latches; and each roomy cab is protected by 7 Studebaker's box-girder steel construction.

EXPERIMENT IN STABILITY



Upper red line indicates course of Canadian Wheat Board No. 1 Northern prices for Class 2 wheat (export other than Britain) during crop year 1946-47. This is "world price" referred to in wheat agreement controversy. Compare with straight red line indicating British contract price of \$1.55.

WHEN Prime Minister Mackenzie King interrupted a cabinet meeting on October 1 to announce a British wheat contract price of \$2.00 per bushel for the 1948 crop, the government probably succeeded in arresting a rising tide of criticism which has developed among farmers during recent months. The substantial difference which has existed between world wheat prices and the British contract price of \$1.55 per bushel, basis No. 1 Northern, Fort William or Vancouver, resulted not only in considerable dissatisfaction with immediate prices, but a growing feeling of doubt that prices during the last two years of the contract could be arranged at a level high enough to stabilize prices fairly for the four-year period.

Ever since July 24, 1946, when the governments of Canada and the United Kingdom signed the Canada-United Kingdom Wheat Agreement, the contract has been the centre of an active and protracted controversy. Individual farmers have not been very vocal publicly, but the Canadian Federation of Agriculture has given loyal support to the agreement, which has been vigorously defended by the Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture. In western Canada, the farmers' co-operative grain marketing organizations have looked hopefully to the stabilizing effect of the agreement; and perhaps its most ardent supporters have been found in Saskatchewan, where J. H. Wesson, president of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, has been a ready champion.

Ranged against the agreement have been the private grain trade, for the most part, aided by a comparatively small section of the daily press. There also has been some opposition in and out of parliament, by those who are fearful of too much tampering with the law of supply and demand.

The situation with respect to wheat prices has, of course, been complicated by factors not directly connected with the agreement itself. There was until recently, for example, a domestic price of 77½ cents per bushel granted to the Canadian milling industry as a bread subsidy to consumers, during which time wheat at \$1.55 for Britain was being criticized because it, in turn, was less than half as much as had been quoted at times to non-U.K. buyers by the Canadian Wheat Board. There is also the complication created by the Dominion government policy established in September, 1945. At that time the

government offered farmers a guaranteed minimum price of one dollar per bushel for five years. Meanwhile, Canada continued to supply Britain with wheat at \$1.55 per bushel, pending the arrangement of a long-term contract.

DURING the months prior to October, The Country Guide had noted an increasing amount of dissatisfaction with the agreement, the precise extent of which it was somewhat difficult to determine. Early in July, a poll was taken by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion, which showed 36 per cent of rural opinion in favor of the agreement, 33 per cent as disapproving, and 31 per cent undecided. In August, it was decided that The Country Guide could render some service to western agriculture, under the circumstances, by endeavoring to find out specifically what western wheat growers really did think about the agreement, and why.

The harvest season was approaching, and there was doubt as to the percentage of returns which might reasonably be expected from farmers at that time. Office opinion varied from estimates of four to 20 per cent returns. Actually, 943 returns were secured from a mailing of 10,000 letters to subscribers—which meant a return of 9.43 per cent. Elsewhere in this issue (page 45), the complete letter sent to wheat growers is reproduced in full, but it will be of interest, no doubt, to know how the 10,000 letters were distributed. We have been assured by competent persons that the opinion secured probably carries a margin of error of less than two per cent.

Since we were primarily interested in the opinions of wheat producers, round-figure wheat acreages in each of the three prairie provinces were first taken, as follows: Manitoba 2½ million, Saskatchewan 15 million, Alberta seven million. It was assumed that if 1,000 letters were mailed to subscribers living at 25 well-distributed post offices in the province of Manitoba, a representative opinion of Manitoba wheat growers would be secured. From this basis, it was established that 6,000 letters should be distributed to subscribers in the areas served by 150 post offices in

Saskatchewan, and to 3,000 subscribers living around 75 post offices in Alberta. The 250 post offices in the three prairie provinces were then selected by spacing pins on a large wall map in The Country Guide office, in such a way as to: 1, Avoid undue concentration in any one portion of any one province; 2, attach due importance to the recognized wheat areas of each province; and 3, avoid more than a slight representation of such areas as the ranching country in southern Alberta and the grey-wooded soils of the three provinces.

The next step was to determine the number of Country Guide subscribers at these designated post offices within each province and to calculate, separately for each province, the sampling ratio necessary to evenly distribute the total number of letters going to that province.

The letter sent to subscribers will show that an effort was made to differentiate between the first two and the last two years of the contract period; to obtain an opinion about the contract as a whole; to find out why farmers like or dislike the wheat agreement; to separate farmers from non-farmers; and to ascertain, if possible, any relationship between farm opinion and the grain marketing agency employed.

FIRST returns were received September 2, and the final cut-off made October 6. The returns by provinces did not exactly conform to the number of letters sent out, or to the average percentage of returns (9.4 per cent). Both Manitoba and Alberta fell somewhat short of the expected number, whereas Saskatchewan returned 10.2 per cent. Returns actually received by provinces were: Manitoba 86, Saskatchewan 613, Alberta 223. There were 21 without names or addresses.

The letter to subscribers contained a plain statement of fact as to the quantities and prices covered
Turn to page 43

**The Canada-U.K. Wheat
Agreement---The Country
Guide surveys farm
opinion**

by
H. S. FRY



Ken hesitated, then burst out, "Carey, do you l-l-like me?"

OUR black mares were in Thunderhead's band. Buck had not been able to get close enough to them to identify Jewel by the white mark on her forehead, but he had seen Thunderhead more than once and also a number of colts. They were feeding in the flats of the headwaters of the Spindle River. This was a ravine running north and south, three or four miles west of Westgate. It was, roughly, half a mile wide, between broken mountain ridges that converged at the northern end, nearly meeting, then opening up again. Here would be the place to build the corral. It was a natural. The mountains which formed the sides of the ravine were ready-made wings. Within these, the fence wings could be built. Line riders could guard the ridges and the southern mouth of the ravine so that the horses could not wander away while the corral was being built.

This information was contained in a letter from Buck which was waiting for Rob McLaughlin when the Goose Bar station wagon drove up to the hotel in Westgate late on a hot July afternoon.

Ken McLaughlin and Carey Marsh jumped out and began to unload the suitcases while Rob walked in to register.

Behind the station wagon there drew up the Goose Bar truck with Tim driving and Ross Buckley in the cab beside him. In the truck were half a dozen of the Goose Bar horses. Tim yelled to Ken that he'd drive on and find a stable where he could unload them.

Ross was feeling his oats. Coming into a new town with half a dozen of Captain McLaughlin's famous hot-bloods in the truck behind him, on a mission of such importance as the finding and capturing of the outlaw stallion as well as the English filly, was something to live up to. He hung out the side of the cab, swinging his big hat and emitting a succession of war whoops. The horses, wild with curiosity to see and to smell all these strange new things, thundered from one side of the truck to the other, and Big Mohawk, who was only half broken because the Captain liked him that way, reared and crashed down again.

By the time the boys had located a stable, they had gathered up half the town.

As a matter of fact, Westgate was ready and prepared for these visitors. The day before there had arrived a large Cadillac limousine driven by an English groom and pulling a deluxe horse trailer. Out of the car had stepped an imposing lady who looked like the townspeople's idea of an English queen-mother, and a tall, thin old gentleman with a limp and an acousticon who was dressed in tan Cheyenne pants and ten-gallon hat. He was soon recognized,

Beaver Greenway, owner of the famous stable of race horses in Idaho.

THE town was not much more than five or six blocks long. One of the state highways went through it, a narrow strip of asphalt, leaving a broad expanse of dirt road on each side of it. It existed because of lumber camps in the near-by mountains, and ranches on the North Platte and Little Laramie rivers. There was a hotel, a large square building on a corner, trimmed with

wooden scrollwork as elaborate as the embroidery on an old-fashioned petticoat. Wide verandahs ran across the front and side of it and it called itself the Grand View Hotel.

The view was, indeed, grand. It looked westward over a long, low timbered ridge to a mountainous country beyond. The peaks rose, one behind the other spreading like a fan north and south until, reaching above the timber line, they became bare crags, and beyond these in the far distance, tips of the Mummy Range, snow covered, dazzling white in the mornings, pink at sunset time and purple in the long evenings.

Fortunate for Carey that there was this eye-filling beauty to the westward, for she spent many hours rocking on the verandah beside her grandmother in the next few days.

BUT, now, she was in the lobby of the hotel, clasped in the arms of her uncle. He gave her a resounding kiss, and put her off and looked at her.

"Bless my soul, Carey! How I've missed you! The Blue Moon wasn't the same without you!"

"Oh, Uncle Beaver, I'm so glad to see you!" She flung her arms around him again. "I feel as if I'd been away a month!"

"Have you been having a good time? Let me look at you!" He studied her again, his face becoming more serious as he listened to her telling of the wonderful time she had been having. "Carey, you've changed."

"Have I, Uncle Beaver?"

"My word!" He looked at her, turned her around, seized her shoulders. "Why, child alive! You're a different girl. Carey,

Soon the mares realized they were being driven, and fear ran through the entire herd.

The thrill of the hunt for Thunderhead and Jewel reaches a high pitch

I feel as if I'd never seen you really happy before!" "Why, Uncle Beaver, what do you mean? Of course I've been happy!"

But he shook his head. "I've just got to think about this. Something's happened, but I don't know just what. Maybe you've suddenly grown up."

"Where is Grandma, Uncle Beaver?"

"She went up to her room to take a nap. She ought to be awake now and ready to come down. Supper'll be ready soon." He turned to Rob who stood reading Buck's letter. "Did you get your key, McLaughlin? I took a room for you and Ken."

Rob looked up. "Here's a letter from Buck. Says the horses are right over there west of that ridge. He's camping out near by."

"Gee!" said Ken. "I can hardly wait! I'd like to ride out right away and get a squint at Thunderhead!"

"You hold your horses, young man," said Rob.

Carey laughed. "That's what he wants to do! So do I! Uncle Beaver, did you take a room for me, too?"

The clerk had come out from behind the desk with a key. "There is an extra bed in your grandmother's room, Miss. We've had that made up for you."

"Yes, Carey," said her uncle, "your Grandma chose a double room for you and herself."

Carey spoke with calm decision and again her uncle looked at her with amazement.

"But I'll be getting up early to go out riding. I wouldn't want to wake Grandma. I'd rather have a room to myself the way I do at home."

"Suit yourself."

The clerk went behind the desk for another key.

CAREY asked where her Grandma's room was, flew up the stairs, rapped softly on the door and without waiting to be answered, opened it and stepped in.

Mrs. Palmer, fully dressed for supper, was adjusting the shades, raising them a little to let in the air which was still warm, but not so hot as it had been at midday.

Hearing the door open, she turned, astonished that anyone should enter her room. Carey rushed forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Grandma!" and threw her arms around her.

In that instant's meeting Mrs. Palmer sensed that something was all wrong. With what assurance Carey had greeted her! How strongly those young arms held her! Where was the hesitation, the timidity that ought to have been there? Her face went pale. Her light grey eyes became stony beneath the fine black arches.

She extricated herself from Carey's arms abruptly and backed away from the girl, smoothing her gown as if it had been roughly disarranged by a dog. She spoke with biting sarcasm, she made graceful bows, she sneered, she put on a scene.

"Oh, how do you do? Who is this, may I ask? A young lady! Quite a grand young lady!"

The impact of this upon Carey was shattering. She felt in her grandmother that rage which seemed to well up so easily. It was shocking to discover that



WYOMING

PART FIVE OF A SERIAL

by

MARY O'HARA

this was still there as it always had been. She had forgotten it in the happy weeks she had been away.

She stood back, her hands dropping to her sides. She was ashamed for her grandmother.

Mrs. Palmer raised her lorgnette and inspected the girl coldly. "But what a costume! You look like a stable boy!"

Carey had made the trip in bluejeans and pink-striped shirt.

"Where is your luggage?"

"Ken is bringing it up, Grandma."

"You will sleep there," said Mrs. Palmer, pointing across the huge room to a second large double bed in the other corner.

CAREY'S heart sank. "Grandma," she said hesitantly, "you know I expect to get up early and ride out to where the horses are. I think I'd better have my own room—" She stopped short. Mrs. Palmer sat down very suddenly in a chair by the window and clutched her heart. She leaned her head back. Her face was contorted.

"Oh, Grandma!" It was the frightened child speaking again. "Is it your heart? Where are your smelling salts?"

Mrs. Palmer's head rolled helplessly from one side to the other but she motioned with her hand toward the bureau and Carey, running across the room, found among the toilet things a bottle of smelling salts. She held it to her grandmother's nose, supporting her head with the other hand. It began to seem very natural. The visit at the Goose Bar Ranch was like a remembered dream.

"There, that's better." Mrs. Palmer pushed her away, drew a deep breath, and sat up straight. "You were saying you wanted to have a room to yourself? Very well, then. Perhaps your uncle can find a woman from the village to sleep in here with me. The doctor says I must not be alone at night in a strange place."

"Oh, Grandma! Of course I'll sleep in here with you. I had—sort of forgotten. I didn't realize you had been having heart spells."

There were steps in the hall. With surprising agility Mrs. Palmer jumped up and went to the door, opened it and looked out. It was the hotel clerk and Ken, each carrying one of Carey's big suitcases. The clerk was unlocking the door of the room across the hall.

Ken dropped the suitcase he was carrying and turned to greet Mrs. Palmer. He was untidy and

sweaty but at sight of his long sensitive face and the sweetness of his expression Carey had a sudden surge of the heart. It was the feeling a prisoner might have at sight of one come to set him free.

"Why, hello, Mrs. Palmer," he said.

She ignored his outstretched hand. "How do you do, Kenneth. Will you please put Carey's luggage in here."

"I thought she was going to have a room to herself? She said—"

"She will sleep in here, Kenneth." She swept back into the room. Ken glanced at the clerk. They picked up the cases and followed her in. "Put that big one there; the other over here." She pointed to two chairs.

CAREY met Ken's eyes. Howard's eyes were opaque, you couldn't look into them, but Ken's were like deep wells of dark blue. Now, in those depths, she saw a sort of shock. He was horrified. Carey wanted to give him a look which would be a cry for help! But this was all wrong! Help for what?

The suitcases were put down where the old lady had indicated. She tipped the clerk and he left the room while Ken still stood there, hesitatingly, feeling that Carey was in a jam and he ought to find a way to help her.

"I'm going to the stables to see to the horses. Would you like to come with me, Carey?"

"Carey will not be going out again this evening, Kenneth," said Mrs. Palmer, so smoothly, with such expert finality that Ken, who had intended to put up a fight for Carey, found himself standing outside the closed door, marvelling at how he had got there. What was it in that old woman that moved other people around as if they were chessmen!

After supper they all sat out on the front verandah. A dignified gentleman who spoke with a southern

accent came up and introduced himself as Ashley Gildersleeve, owner of the weekly paper of the town of Steamboat Springs. He explained that a valuable mare belonging to him named Lady Godiva had disappeared the year previous, that there was evidence that Thunderhead had been in the neighborhood and the general opinion was that the white stallion had stolen her. Hearing that a search for him was on, he had come down to be present at the round-up.

Rob shook hands with him, introduced him to the others, pulled up a chair for him beside Mrs. Palmer, and Ashley Gildersleeve sat down and proved himself a very good conversationalist.

The old lady became very expansive. She chatted vivaciously, beginning every remark with some reference to herself, as "I can assure you, Mr. Gildersleeve, this is quite an experience for me." Or, "When I was a girl in Philadelphia—"

Mr. Gildersleeve had a habit of gallantry in conversation with ladies. When ladies called attention to themselves the proper response was a compliment! At the first compliment Mrs. Palmer relaxed and became expansive.

Meanwhile Ken and Carey were wandering down the street.

It was an ugly street, crowded for its few blocks with gas stations, garages, drug stores, pool room, bowling alley, small dry goods and hardware shops. On the side streets were the small frame houses belonging to the townfolk.

Ken and Carey turned into one of these and walked under the spreading branches of Chinese elms.

"Gosh, Carey, it isn't the way it was at home—that you and I could go off for a ride with each other whenever we wanted to," said Ken almost in desperation.

"I KNOW, Ken. Everything has changed." Carey drew a deep sigh. "But that wasn't really *my life*, with you and your family. That was *your life*. My life is quite different. A person has to go back to his own life."

Ken almost choked on the words he wanted to say—that her life and his life ought to be together. They came to a little bridge and paused, leaning over the railing, looking down at the shallow creek.

"Do you—do you think I'm very—er—possessive, Carey?"

"About what, Ken? Thunderhead? But he's yours—why shouldn't you be?"

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A fifteen-year development project, to irrigate 465,000 acres

by
D. W. NASH

Top: Pothole Coulee where a portion of the 466,000 acre-feet of storage water will be caught.

Below: Surveying at the head waters of the St. Mary River in Glacier National Park, Idaho.



FARMING BY GRAVITY

OUT in sunny, southern Alberta, they like to do things in a big way. They have the only Social Credit government in the world. They have more and brighter sunshine (with less heat) than anywhere else in Canada. They can look westward and see more mountains than anyone else. They own the only honest-to-goodness chinook winds in Canada. They have more and bigger stampedes than anyone else. Their hats are bigger. They have more irrigated land than anyone else, as well as more ranches and sugar-beet factories. Who could doubt, then, that they are better publicists than anyone else? No one, surely, but to prove the matter beyond question, they propose, within the next year or so, to bury an entire village beneath 90 feet of water.

Fortunately, they won't carry the matter to the extreme. The 100 or so people who live in the village now will be allowed and assisted to get out. You see, the village lies in the valley of the St. Mary River; and in the interests of a bigger and better Alberta, the St. Mary River is to be dammed up so that several hundred thousand more acres of southern Alberta land can be irrigated.

The whole project will take 14 or 15 years to complete and the cost will average around a million dollars per year. Probably more, in fact, because the estimates were based on 1939 and 1940 prices, and any farmer who has tried to build a barn or a granary knows that costs have gone up now until they hurt. However, the good folk of Alberta won't have to take the entire burden, because, for a number of reasons, the Dominion government (although no final agreement has yet been completed) is expected to bear about half the total cost of construction and the government of Alberta the other half. After the project is developed it is

expected that the cost of maintenance and operation can be charged to the land that is irrigated. The full and official name of the project is The St. Mary and Milk Rivers Development, formerly called the Lethbridge Southeast Project.

PROBABLY the Hutterite village could have remained above water for several more years had it not been for the fact that the water in both of these rivers is international water. That is to say, both rivers originate in the United States and flow into Canada, which gives both countries a claim to them. The St. Mary River rises in Idaho, in Glacier National Park, flows north-easterly across the international boundary and joins the Oldman River south of Lethbridge. Into the St. Mary River empties the run-off water from 1,328 square miles of land, of which 831 square miles are in Canada. Also, measurements over a long period of years have established the fact that the average amount of water carried past a given point by the St. Mary River each year would be enough to cover 611,300 acres of land with water a foot deep.

The Milk River rises in Montana, just about south of Cardston, Alberta. It has two branches to begin with, which enter Canada about 20 miles apart, but meet in Township 2, Range 18. From here the Milk River flows eastward in Canada, and enters

Montana again about 100 miles east. Canada has no interest in waters rising in the United States after the Milk River re-enters Montana, but above that point the river drains 2,514 square miles of territory, and its average annual flow is 116,000 acre-feet.

The distribution of boundary waters between Canada and the United States has a long history, going



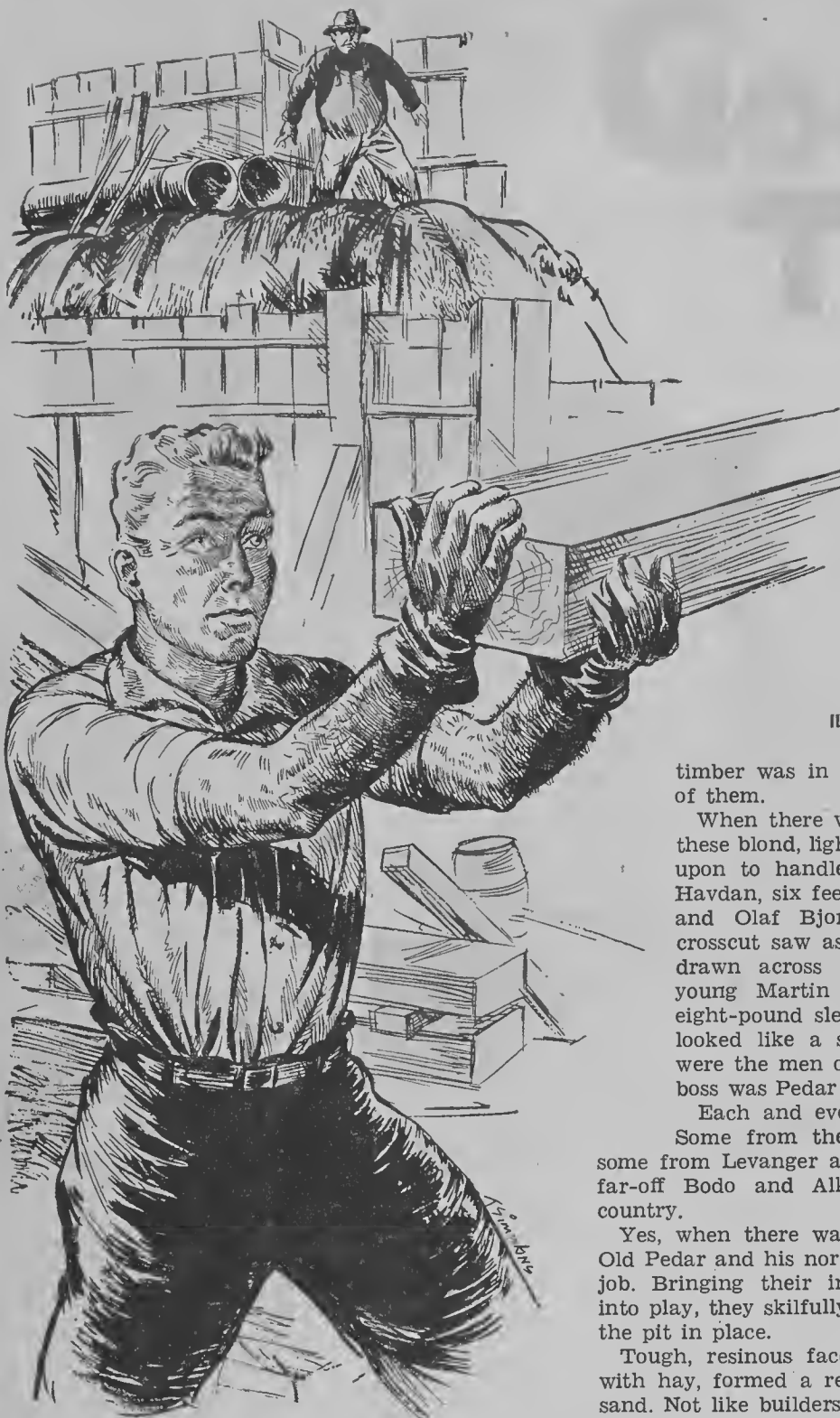
Hutterite mother and child.

back to 1894. It was not until 1909, however, that the Boundary Waters Treaty was finally arranged between Great Britain and the United States. In the treaty it was specifically provided that the waters of the Milk and St. Mary Rivers should be treated as one unit, for irrigation and power purposes. Thus it is that the present development project in southern Alberta is called the St. Mary and Milk Rivers Development; and thus it is also that in the division of the waters, Canada gets three-quarters of the water of the St. Mary River and the United States three-quarters of the water of the Milk River.

AN irrigation engineer is a person who is skillful in persuading water to run down hill when and where it is needed for growing crops. That is the central point of his skill. He may have to pump water from a river to the top of a high bank, so that it may flow by gravity from there; or he may build a long flume across a dip in the land so that the water for irrigation may be able to flow from one side of the depression to the other. It may be more desirable to construct huge siphons from points on the sides of valleys and run them down into the valley and up the other side to some point a little lower than where the siphon begins, in order to get the water across. Nevertheless, his object is always the same: To persuade the water to run down hill to the place where it is needed, at the right time.

Getting it there at the right time creates added difficulties. Practically all irrigation water is run-off, either of melted snow or rainfall. Naturally this run-off water accumulates in early spring, whereas the growing crops need it in the summer. The irrigation engineer, therefore, must devise some means of holding it back and storing it until needed; and he must also be able to find a storage place, from which

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Old Pedar knew that the key timber must have the heart to bear a load

by

BORDEN CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SIMPKINS

timber was in their very blood. It was part of them.

When there was shoring to be done it was these blond, light-eyed giants who were called upon to handle the timber. Einar and Jon Havdan, six feet in their woollen socks; Alex and Olaf Bjornson, men who handled a crosscut saw as though it were a bow to be drawn across a fiddle; Gunnar, Nils, and young Martin Skeie, who could twirl an eight-pound sledge about his head so fast it looked like a spinning wagon wheel; these were the men of the shoring gang, and their boss was Pedar Ulvestad—Old Pedar.

Each and every one was a tommer-mand. Some from the Trondheim lumber district, some from Levanger and Stenjaer, and others from far-off Bodo and Alkavare in the distant north country.

Yes, when there was shoring to be done, it was Old Pedar and his north-country giants who did the job. Bringing their inherent knowledge of timber into play, they skilfully braced and held the sides of the pit in place.

Tough, resinous face boards, their joints packed with hay, formed a resisting wall to keep back the sand. Not like builders starting from a firm foundation and working upward, but starting from the top and building down, that was the way these men worked. Soft-wood stringers and braces, hard-wood wedges, heavy timber for stretchers—all contributed their resistance to the thrust of the sand.

Set with the care and delicate precision that watchmakers use in the assemblage of a timepiece, these timbers were guided into place by the men of Old Pedar's gang. Each separate stick of wood must bear its share of the weight. And as to its strength and fitness for the job, that was for Old Pedar to decide.

"Hi, Stian!" he called to a man who crouched below one section of the wall. "Where did you get that brace?"

BIG Steve Krogvik straightened from his work. He brushed the sand from his knees and there was tolerance in his smile as he faced Old Pedar. His eyes were like those of the older man, wide and deep-set, but their coloring was peculiar. Light blue, yet not truly a blue, they were closer to being grey. His shoulders were wide as Pedar's, and he, too, was well over six feet.

"It has just come down from above," he answered.

"Have I told you to use it?" said Old Pedar.

"In truth, you have not." Big Steve spoke with that odd twist so typical of the north-country man. His English was good but stilted, and occasionally there was an interjection of his mother tongue.

"But you have used it, eh?"

"Why not, Pedar? It is good timber."

"It is for me to say that it is good timber," said Old Pedar. "Or have you already taken my job as boss shorer?"

The other men of the gang used their tools lightly that they might listen. And there were smiles on the faces of most. Once again Old Pedar was having it out with Steve Krogvik, calling him to account, putting him in his place.

"Why does he stand for it?" whispered Gunnar.

"He is young," answered Nils. "The gang will soon be his. Pedar cannot go on forever, and Stian is wise to smile."

"And don't forget, there is Helga," laughed Olaf Bjornson. "One does not quarrel with the man who will soon be his father-in-law. Oh, no!"

"Let Pedar hear that," said Nils, "and you will be looking for a new job. Now, hand me that sledge, Olaf, and bend your back."

They turned to their work, slicing the sand with smooth strokes of their shovels, spreading the binder of hay and fitting the face boards. Old Pedar stamped to a position behind them and watched. But his eyes drifted constantly to Big Steve, and there was anger in those eyes, and a trace of fear.

THE job was nearly over. They had reached the sixty-foot level and were building the last set. A few more hours and they would pack their tools and move on. But on the next job Pedar Ulvestad might not be boss shorer. He was old—too old for the work he was doing, and he knew it. When he was gone Big Steve would have his place. Big Steve would run the gang. And Old Pedar must be content to sit at home. The thought twisted his hands into fists.

To sit at home—an old man—through with work. And as though that were not enough, he would be alone. For Helga would be gone, beautiful Helga, who had grown to look so like the mother she had lost. She would be Steve's wife, living in Steve's home, cooking for him, mending, cleaning his house, just as she was now doing for Pedar.

Big Steve calling to see his little girl. How he had laughed at that. The men of the gang had laughed, too. They laughed at the awkward efforts of the long-armed, gangling youngster who was learning his trade. But their laughter held a grudging admiration for the strength that was in those long arms, strength that was soon to be matched with a skill surpassing their own. And there was a coldness in Steve's eyes that soon turned their laughter to respect.

Old Pedar remembered the first time those eyes were directed at him. He had called Big Steve to account for a mistake made by Nils. Steve accepted the rebuke, saying nothing to put the blame where it belonged. He had merely looked at Pedar. And the chill in that look roused a fury in the boss shorer. He had cursed Steve, told him he was cold, too cold to be a shorer.

But there was none better than Steve, and Pedar was forced to admit it. He would have fired Steve except that he prided himself upon his fairness. He could not discharge a man for no reason. Steve had never given him a reason. His work was done with a

methodical precision that left no room for errors. . . . And it was the same with his wooing of Helga.



THREE nights each week the tall, blond shorer called at the home of Pedar Ulvestad. Each time he asked permission to sit and talk with Helga, and if they went walking it was never past ten o'clock when they returned. If Pedar dismissed Steve with an angry shout, there never was an answer. And this stolid, dispassionate courtship had driven old Pedar to desperation.

Now this cold persistence had achieved its end. Helga had told him she would marry Steve. And Mr. Johnston, the

superintendent of the shoring company, had suggested that Old Pedar needed a rest. Rest! What did he need of rest? Oh, it was true the ladders seemed long and steep at the excavations. The tools were heavier to handle. And at night, when he sat with his pipe, there was always pains across his back and up through his shoulders. But that did not mean he was through. Far from it. He still knew timber, knew more about it than any other man in the business. Did Johnston expect Steve Krogvik to fill his place? Did he think that a man with no blood in his veins could have the feel of timber?

Old Pedar snorted his disgust as he walked slowly along beneath the towering wall. His men were moving back now, they had finished their work with the face boards and it was time to knock out the temporary braces and transfer the weight onto a huge timber that acted as the key. This was the moment on each job that Pedar enjoyed. The thrill of it never left him in all the

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Steve's hands were now on it. Suddenly he called an order.

THE excavation had reached a depth of sixty feet. Long-necked derricks and cranes stretched their gaunt arms out and over the pit. Steel-jawed scoops swung at the end of long cables, falling swiftly to bite at the sand and carry it aloft. Hoist engines snorted and gasped, sending up spirals of steam. Heavy trucks backed onto the loading platforms, trembled with the weight of sand that dumped from the scoops, and rolled out into the stream of traffic moving past the construction job.

At the street level all was noise and confusion. Men cursed. Men shouted. They milled about, each intent upon his own work and oblivious of the work of others. A dozen tongues and a dozen dialects brought Babel to mid-town New York.

Below, at the base of four sheer walls of timber, worked the shorers. They worked quietly. There was no confusion here. There was no noise. For they were the men of Pedar Ulvestad's gang, and Old Pedar had no use for bunglers. Each of his men must be a tommer-mand—a timberman whose trade was a heritage.

He walked slowly through the ankle-deep sand of the pit—watching, always watching. His gnarled hands ran softly over each stick of timber before it was used. They were huge hands, strong hands, with long, spatulate fingers, broken and misshapen, but very capable. And in them was that indefinite, intangible thing called, for lack of a better name, the feel of timber.

GENERATIONS of Norse ancestors had contributed to the skill that was in these hands. Blond-haired giants with light blue eyes had toiled in the northern forests of the old country, felling and hauling the tall, straight firs. Their sons and their sons' children had skilfully shaped and placed the timbers in far-off shipbuilding yards whence came the galleys of the vikings. Century after century the men of this north country hewed and molded the monarchs of the forests, until the feel and sense of

NEBRASKA TESTS ALL TRACTORS



WHEN a farmer contemplates buying a tractor he wants to know how much pulling power it will have on the drawbar, and for belt work. He needs information on the amount of fuel it will use in an hour, and as to whether it will develop as much horsepower in the field as it is rated by the manufacturer. Information on these points is available from his dealer, but he may wish to check the dealer's data against tests made by an independent agency. Such a check is possible by referring to the Nebraska tests, as a great many prairie farmers know.

Lincoln is the home of the Nebraska College of Agriculture, where these tests are made. Administrative work in connection with the tests is done in a special building, which also contains equipment for making belt tests. The track where the drawbar tests are made lies just to the west of the building. The tests are under the supervision of the Agricultural Engineering Department.

L. F. Larsen is the man who has all the answers about the tractor tests. Formerly an agricultural engineer in the Extension Department, he was placed in charge of the tests two years ago. No testing was done after 1941 until last year.

"The law passed in 1919 by the Nebraska legislature, making provision for these tests," Mr. Larsen explained, "was enacted to protect the farmers who

were buying tractors, against unscrupulous manufacturers. In 1918 and 1919 many poor tractors were made. My own dad paid \$1,600 for one, and never got more than 400 or 500 hours use from it.

"One farmer went into politics and was elected to the legislature for the avowed purpose of sponsoring legislation requiring tractors to be tested before they could be sold. He pushed a law through the legislature during his first year of office."

BRIEFLY, the provisions of the law are:

That a stock tractor of each model sold in Nebraska shall be tested and passed upon by a board of three engineers under State University management.

That each company, dealer, or individual offering a tractor for sale in Nebraska shall have a permit issued by the State Railway Commission. The permit will be issued after a stock tractor of the model offered has been tested at the University and its performance compared with the claims made for it by the manufacturer. Five hundred dollars is the fee charged a manufacturer for each test.

That a service station with full supply of replacement parts for each model of tractor shall be maintained within the confines of the State and within reasonable shipping distance of customers.

Though the law was formally enacted on July 15, 1919, the Agricultural Engineering Department was not ready to make the required tests until 1920. It tested 65 tractors in that year, a record which has never been surpassed, or even approached. The nearest they came was in 1936, when 28 were tested, and in 1940 when the total was 27.

"Although our testing season officially begins on April 1, we seldom get started until sometime in May," said Mr. Larsen. "This year was so wet that we did not start till mid-May. We want track conditions to be uniform for all tests, and so do the manufacturers. After completion of the tests, a detailed report is sent to the manufacturer. Mimeographed copies of each report are available at five cents each to anyone requesting them. Upon payment of one dollar, a copy of each test report made during the year will be sent out as they are available."

When a tractor is received for test, fresh oil is placed in the crankcase first. It must bear the S.A.E. number specified in the application for test and is selected by the manufacturer's representative (present all through the test), from any brand available locally. Weight of the oil before and after the test is noted.

Fuel oil, and water used during the test are carefully weighed. Weight is based on the weight of each per gallon at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Fuel used is the lowest grade recommended by the manufacturer for use in that particular tractor. For instance, if the application states that the tractor will operate on gasoline, tractor fuel and distillate, it is distillate that is used. Gasoline used is of the lowest commercial grade available, except when the manufacturer specifies that a premium grade is essential to the successful operation of the engine.

THE pride and joy of the testing department is the instrument car, designed and built in the tractor-testing laboratory. It was used first in 1940. Almost air-tight, it contains nearly all the recording instruments used in the drawbar tests, and permits the engine speed of the tractor under test to be increased or decreased. The tractor load also can be varied at will. Two small gear pumps, mounted in the car and driven by the rear wheels through two reversed transmissions, provide drawbar load for small garden-type tractors. They also permit small variations in the loads of larger tractors when a certain r.p.m. of the engine is being sought.

Most of the load, when a larger tractor is being tested, is provided by an old McCormick-Deering 15-30 tractor. A gear-type pump is mounted on the platform and driven by a roller chain from a special sprocket which replaces the brake pulley. The discharge line of the pump is carried up and forward to valves mounted on the top of the radiator. These valves may be closed or opened to increase or decrease the amount of power

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By J. T. EWING

Exhaustive tests of all tractor models sold in the State guarantee reliability to farm buyers

Above: Centre is the instrument car especially designed and built at the Nebraska College of Agriculture, for testing tractors. Under test is a Canadian-made Cockshutt tractor.



Inside the Testing Laboratory, all tractor belt tests are conducted. Here a Diesel tractor is being proven.



ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE TILLENIUS

QU'YUK

the Beautiful ^{concern}

How Ikalo the Eskimo boy
came to respect and admire
a swan's fighting heart

By KERRY WOOD

The swan climbed on top of the nest and stood there hissing. Her mate hurried to join her, great wings arching over his back, his black beak threatening the advancing Eskimo.

BOTH birds were alert, having heard the boy's snow-crunching approach across the tundra flats. The female stayed on the bulky nest, while the gleaming white male rear-erred impressively tall on his guard knoll and regarded the intruder with fierce eyes.

Ikalo, the Eskimo boy, came to an abrupt halt on the ridge top.

"It's Qu-yuk," he cried. "Qu-yuk the Whistling Swan! And his mate is sitting on a new-built nest in which there will be large and tasty eggs."

With a shout the lad charged down the slope, eager to plunder the swans' treasure. The yell startled the birds; they withdrew to the pond waters in front of their high-piled nest. But they did not fly off as Ikalo expected. Instead, they swam in agitated circles a short distance out from shore and loudly protested this violation of their home territory. The female or "pen" swan was heavy with a final egg, ready to deposit amongst the four others resting in the hollow scooped out of the top of the massive heap of moss and grass and beach debris she had so laboriously collected. Suddenly she swam back to the shore and waddled onto the nest mound again. By this time the boy was only a few yards away, but that did not deter the pen. She climbed on the top of her nest and stood there, uttering a hissing challenge. At this, the male bird, or "cob," hurried to join her on the land. He arched his great wings over his back and stretched out his black beak, gaping it towards the human.

Ikalo stopped in surprise.

"Aha!" he gloated. "Swan meat is never tender, but it will be a change from fish right now."

The lad crouched a little, becoming stealthy as he drew near the nest. The female had resettled herself on the eggs, anxious to protect them from the chill of the northland weather. Occasionally she hissed softly, uneasily turned her head as she watched the skulking approach of the boy. Her mate stayed on the shoreline, uttering his alarm-note over and over.

"Now!" cried Ikalo, rushing forward with hands outstretched.

Qu-yuk's mate jerked herself beyond the lad's reach, half falling from the nest structure. The boy circled the mound, shouting as he gleefully closed on the land-awkward bird. But before his fingers could fasten on the swan's long neck to choke the life from her, huge wings threshed out and brushed his hands aside. The unexpected strength in those feathered weapons made Ikalo pause, and in that moment the male swan reached the scene and stood ready to do battle.

"THE big one himself!" cried Ikalo, making a grab for the eighteen-pound bird.

Two pairs of wings flailed out. Instinctively the boy flung up an arm, crouching behind its protecting

Hungry foxes prowled along the shore.



are as he advanced and caught hold of Qu-yuk's wing.

"Mine!" yelled Ikalo.

The swan's hard beak stabbed out, biting on the clutching fingers. At the same time the female's wings battered at the boy.

"A-yee!" cried Ikalo.

He sought to make his grip more secure, but the cob kept biting savagely and soon the female's beak joined the excited attack. Blood spurted from the wounds, and seeing it, the boy released his hold to save his hand from further punishment. At that instant both pairs of wings chanced to strike in unison and the Eskimo boy, half pushed and half tripped, fell to the ground. Quickly the birds pressed their advantage, stabbing out with their beaks in repeated thrusts as they hissed their anger.

Ikalo kicked and squirmed and jerked himself clear of their attack, suddenly terrified by their ferocity. He jumped to his feet, howling with pain. Next moment he was racing across the hollow and up the slope.

ONCE on the crest, the boy paused to catch his sobbing breath and to wipe off the tears. Tears! From Ikalo, the son of Paksaw the Hunter! He scowled down at the victorious swans, now quiet again though watching the lad with vigilant eyes. The female climbed to her nest, her beak questing briefly over the four eggs. Then she settled herself for the duty of completing the clutch while her mate stood warily on guard.

"I'll come back!" Ikalo promised, shaking a fist. "Oh, yes—I'll come back again. Qu-yuk!"

He started the long walk across the melting snows of the flat land, back to his family's camp beside the icy sea.

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THE Country GUIDE

with which is incorporated

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER and FARM AND HOME

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The Outlook

Farmers know that the larger the proportion of their crops and livestock which must find a market in other countries, the more these outside markets will determine their own levels of income. Western Canadian farmers as much as any other farming group, are interested in the prospects for export markets. For important products such as wheat, bacon and cattle, it is the surplus production of the prairie provinces which provides all of the Canadian export surplus and some of the domestic supply as well.

Ever since the close of the war there has been a feeling of uncertainty in the minds of farmers as to how long it would be before the supply of wheat and other products would catch up with demand, and farmers be threatened again with ruinous prices.

It is now clearer than it has been at any time since 1939 that the demand will continue for longer than had been anticipated. The general report of the Committee on European Economic Co-operation, which is the result of a ten weeks study by representatives of 16 European countries meeting in Paris, contains some carefully calculated estimates as to prospective food supplies until June 30, 1951. These countries have a combined population of 270 million.

"Food is the first essential," says the report, "and agriculture is the most important single form of economic activity in the participating countries and in Western Germany. In terms of total human effort, more must be accomplished in this field than in any other. The population in this area in 1951 will be about 11 per cent above pre-war, and restoration of pre-war agricultural output can therefore be no more than the first stage in a longer-term program."

Specifically, the governments of these sixteen countries do not expect, even by the middle of 1951, to reach the level of pre-war per capita consumption, for the area as a whole. Consumption per person of bread grains, sugar, meat and fats will be below pre-war (1934-38) in each case. "Even in 1951," the report continues, "cereal consumption will still be far below prewar." This, too, is in spite of the fact that the figures "assume full success of the agricultural program." Livestock and meat production will be even slower to recover, because feed grains for livestock must give place to bread grains for people.

This probable continuation of a fairly strong demand during the next four years is, of course, no guarantee of continued high prices. Nevertheless, in a sane and thinking world it should be a protection against prices that are unreasonably low. It is clearly not in the interest of countries undamaged by war and vitally interested in exports, either to keep Europe from producing for lack of food, or to keep her from food for lack of dollars. It would seem reasonable to expect that while we may experience recessions and difficulties, the forward outlook both for demand and prices should be favorable.

Experiment

The post-war world is beset with problems in great variety and of much perplexity. Politically, the great powers are at sixes and sevens; but even more tragic and disturbing are the unfore-

seen effects of the war on the production, trade and commerce of the western world. Food and work are the basis of the contentment and prosperity of the world's people. Without both in good measure, people are unhappy, trade languishes, and the exchange of goods and services between countries falls out of balance.

Farmers in all countries where surplus food is produced are dependent for their prosperity on the maintenance of an approximate balance of trade. In past years they have suffered also from lack of stability in farm prices. This is especially true of the western farmer, who grows all of Canada's export wheat, under climatic conditions that are, to say the least, difficult and unpredictable.

These, in broad outline, are the facts which led the Canadian Government to enter into an arrangement with the British Government for the sale of stated quantities of wheat to Britain over a four-year period, known as the Canada-United Kingdom Wheat Agreement. Canada's object was to secure a stabilized wheat price in a period of post-war uncertainty. Britain's object was to guarantee her food supply under the same circumstances. It was, and is, an experiment in stabilized food distribution on a large international scale, the result of which cannot be known until after July 31, 1950. In the meantime, however, high open market prices ruling on world markets in a period of great food scarcity, have led to much argument, pro and con, as to the merits of the agreement. Farm organizations for the most part have supported the agreement for its promise of stability, but individually, many farmers have not known what to think.

What the farmer thinks is what counts. It is his wheat and his money that is being sacrificed now in the hope of long-term gain. He is even willing to sacrifice something for stability; but if, as anticipated, Europe's cereal scarcity continues until the crop of 1950 is harvested, he may be called on to sacrifice more than he feels would be fair and just.

Some weeks before the two-dollar price for the crop of 1948 was negotiated, The Country Guide determined to ascertain from subscribers just what prairie farmers were thinking about the agreement. Elsewhere in this issue the results of this survey are examined. They show a preponderance of hostile opinion as of September, both toward the current price and the prices then in prospect for the last two years of the contract. The 1948 price now negotiated has doubtless done something to allay unrest, though the effect of the increase has perhaps been offset to some extent by the higher open market prices which have been recorded since the end of

the crop year, and by the removal of the ceilings on coarse grains. What does seem clear is that Britain must agree to a still higher price for the crop of 1949 than for 1948, if farmers generally are to be satisfied that the experiment has been worth while to them.

Remove the Hurdle

What is developing into an annual hurdle for market livestock in the fall months was surmounted on October 26, when all strike-bound meat packing plants resumed operation. The Swift Canadian Company, whose employees struck on August 27, made a firm agreement with the United Packinghouse Workers of America, which, as to wage increases, was retroactive to August 1. Canada Packers and Burns & Co., whose negotiations with the Union were broken off September 8, agreed with the Union on a formula for the resumption of work, pending arbitration by Mr. Justice McTague, of Ontario. Meanwhile, the 14,000 members of the Union were permitted to tie up a \$500 million industry for eight weeks, force a reduction in the British food ration (to the support of which this country is committed by contract), defy the law of six provinces while holding the Dominion Government powerless to intervene, and threaten with serious monetary loss and inconvenience, scores of thousands of farmers having livestock ready for market. In the end, the increased wages and other costs of the strike will come largely, if not entirely, from the pockets of Canadian farmers.

This annual raid on the goodwill of the Canadian public by the meat packing industry must be brought to an end. It will be brought to an end when farmers and the public generally make it clear to governments that they have had enough of it; and when it is realized that prevention of illegal strikes does not mean elimination of the strike as a labor weapon. The Canadian public is sympathetic to collective bargaining and is willing to have disputes between labor and management settled ultimately by strikes, where necessary, but its sympathy would be muddle-headed indeed if it extended to open defiance of the law.

Law-breaking, as it happened, was the crux of the recent strike. When the workers struck in defiance of provincial laws requiring conciliation proceedings before strikes begin, they wiped the record clean of any need for public interest in the merits of the dispute, until they resumed work. The law must come first; otherwise government is ridiculed. In this instance government was woefully ineffective; first, because with labor law in the hands of the provinces, the uniformity necessary for the regulation of industry-



Sales Resistance.

wide strikes is lacking; second, because only six of the provinces provide compulsory conciliation machinery; and third, because the spectacle is ludicrous and unedifying of Ministers of the Crown scurrying across country to attend conferences and plead with the guilty parties to stop breaking the law. Common sense would seem to indicate a change in jurisdiction, whereby a nation-wide strike would automatically fall to the Dominion Government. In the event that this simple solution should not suit one or more of the provinces, which may be the case, individual provinces must then rely on a strengthening of their own intestinal fortitude to put the public interest first and, either co-operatively or singly, see to it that practice is in line with the law.

The Goal

When President Truman decided to call the Congress of the United States into special session on November 17, to consider special measures for halting the spiral of inflation and to provide \$580 million of urgent relief for Europe, the first step was taken toward a definite formulation of what has become known as the Marshall Plan. There is actually no plan as yet, beyond the much-discussed idea advanced by Secretary of State Marshall in a speech made in June. He said that before outside aid could be provided to Europe for the reconstruction of her industry and the re-establishment of her trade, Europe herself must undertake the maximum of self-help, and provide a clear outline of her needs. Sixteen governments, on the initiative of Britain and France, have presented such an outline, estimating their overall trade deficit (primarily with the United States), at eight billion dollars in 1948 and 22.4 billion dollars to the end of 1951, by which time approximate balance in trade may be achieved.

The total includes the amount necessary for western Germany, as well as for the dependent territories of the countries concerned. It is significant that an estimated \$15.81 billions will be the deficit with the United States, and \$5.97 billions with the rest of the American continent. However, the problem is essentially one of a shortage of United States dollars, which means that the Congress must either provide Europe with almost the entire amount of credit she needs, or see her own export trade suffer for lack of dollars in Europe to pay for United States goods. Failure to provide the necessary aid would also work strongly against the possibility of a successful International Trade Organization, the proposal for which was sponsored by the United States, and a draft charter for which will be considered at a United Nations Conference on Trade and Employment meeting this month at Havana. The Congress will deal only with immediate relief needs at the special session and will defer consideration of a long-term plan until the new year.

Canada has a vital interest in any plan evolved. We customarily enjoy a favorable balance of trade with Europe, which we use to meet a trade deficit with the United States. At present Europe cannot pay us fully in either goods or U.S. dollars. Nevertheless, we must find a billion dollars to meet our current trade deficit with the United States. Finance Minister Abbott has intimated that we can carry on for about a year before our reserves run out, but meanwhile we are not in a position to aid Europe more than we have done, unless we can very substantially increase our exports to the United States. Indeed the government may have announced by the time this is read, the steps which it proposes to take. The United States, therefore, because of her enormous productive capacity and comparative self-sufficiency, must bear the monetary burden of world trade recovery which centres in Europe. Despite the political wrangling incidental to a presidential election, it is inconceivable that aid on a generous scale will be withheld. Self-interest, enlightened or otherwise, will dictate a favorable decision. The goal is peace, and only the United States is able to make the decisive contribution.

Under the PEACE TOWER

IF we don't get socialism by the front door in Canada, it looks as if it is going to reach here through the back door. In other words, if it doesn't come from M. J. Coldwell, CCF leader, because he wants to give Canada socialism, it will come from Mackenzie King, not because he wants to give it to us, but because he cannot do anything else.

I can stand here on Parliament Hill and point to three straws—three very important straws—in the wind. First of all, the United States has called for Eggless Thursday. Second, Rt. Hon. Louis St. Laurent, Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, has said in a speech that Canada was reviewing the control situation. Thirdly, John Bracken, Progressive Conservative leader, in a New Brunswick by-election speech, urged the restoration of flour subsidies. Now in the first place, if the United States wants an Eggless Thursday, this in effect is a form of rationing, and therefore regimentation. Regimentation is a controlled economy, and controlled economy is socialism. Ergo, the United States, the last rampart of private enterprise, is revealing a crack in the rampart. And what should be the thin edge of the wedge into that rampart but an egg!

I can skip over St. Laurent lightly, except to say that if he was thinking out loud about controls, he must be reflecting something he heard in cabinet. In a word, it was at least discussed, even if it is not yet government policy. What does interest me is John Bracken's right-about-face. I can remember Bracken, and all the Progressive Conservative stalwarts, hammering away all last winter at controls. Day after day, they rose in their places and intoned the same old theme song, the chorus of which was: "Controls must go." True, they changed their tune after Easter. The reason they were so eloquently wordless on the subject of controls was that when they went home for the Easter recess, they were told by their constituents—and how they were told—that they had been making fools of themselves, and that the people wanted controls. The Little Man wanted more, not less, controls.

But the voice of Big Business in the Tory party still had plenty to say, and the PC's sniped at controls pretty well through the latter end of the session. Now we hear that John Bracken is urging a return to subsidies. Well, subsidies are controls, and controls, as we said before, are but the hand maidens of socialism.

NOW I am not saying that socialism is good, or it is bad. But if the Progressive Conservatives have gone so far as to recommend a pinch of socialism here and there, what are we coming to? It almost sounds like a world where hens crow and roosters lay eggs. I suggest that if the Tories themselves in a by-election in a speech thought out carefully in Ottawa by the Stratospheric Thinkers advocate return to controls, they have sensed that there is no other way.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King has always tried to steer straight down the middle. That is to say, he sought to avoid the Scylla of socialism as equally as he sailed clear of the Charybdis of Toryism. His policies have been called weak, he has been accused of lack of strong direction, and he has been damned as being guilty of 57 different varieties of negation. But usually, it was this watered-down policy that ended up by satisfying the Canadian people—admittedly often, in a negative sort of way.

But going straight down the middle has its problems. Down the middle on a paved highway is easy, for you follow the white line. But in the case of following a political line, it is much harder, since the line moves. It's like the Magnetic Pole. One day you are headed straight for it, and the next, if your compass is working off that jumping jack pole, you are headed away from it. Well, King's policy of going down the middle has to have flexible lines too, since the Magnetic Pole of expediency shifts more than the one we have up north. It will therefore be no trick for him to shift a little towards socialism.

For years now, Mr. King has been stealing the pants off his political opponents, and not only has he the nerve to put them on, but he has the gall to preen himself before the mirror of the Canadian people as to how well they fit. The public, usually more satisfied to see him wearing them than the others wearing said duds, nod back lukewarmly, and let it go at that.

I do not think anybody would seriously argue that we shall have more socialism in the world before we have less. Private enterprise is a luxury which we can only enjoy when there is enough to go round. When there is not enough, we usually adopt rationing. On a national scale, this is government control, or if you like, socialism. It looks as if we are in for a spell of what I shall call not enough to go around. Either we let some people starve, and plunge Europe into Dark Ages II, or we help. Canada most likely will help.

IT was Hon. Douglas Abbott, Minister of Finance, who, when he returned from Britain, said Canada had long since invoked its Little Marshall Plan, and had been leading the world in help to Europe. No one supposes we are going to quit now. I have the feeling then, that we are due for some socialism.

Such is the confidence the Canadian people have in King—or putting it the other way, such is the confidence they have not got in anybody else—that the chances are that the voters will prefer Mackenzie King socialism to Coldwell socialism, or if you like, John Bracken socialism, whatever that might be. It is not perhaps that they love King so much, but as Hamlet says, it is a case of clinging to the ills we know rather than the "ills we know not of." We are kind of used to King, and looking at this from an all-Canadian viewpoint, grasping the panorama from Sydney to Skeena, it looks as if King could give us a shot of socialism and we'd take it.

Actually, a great many
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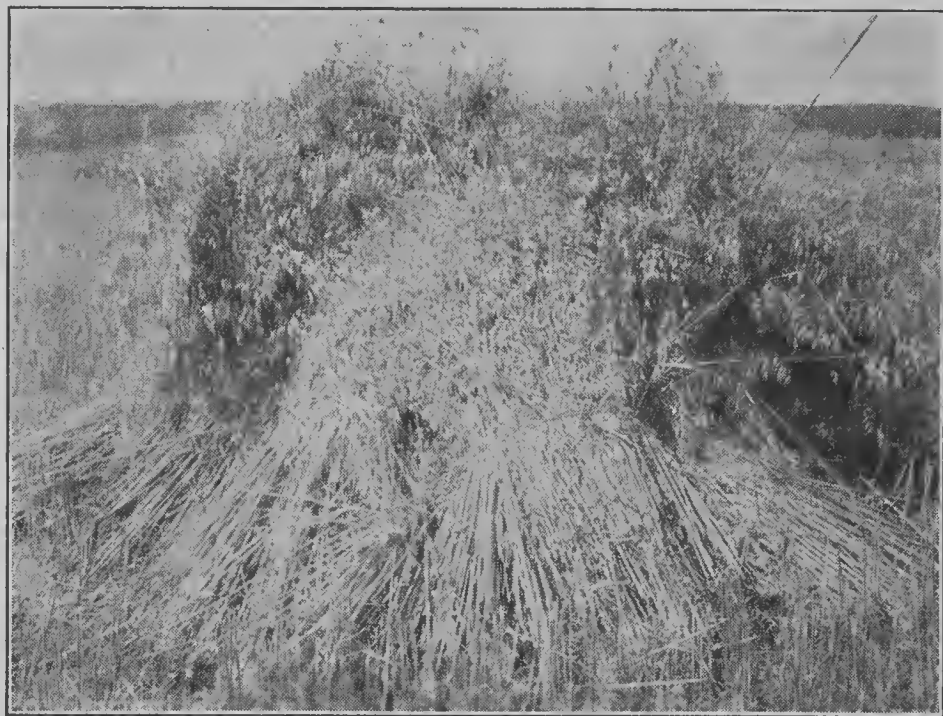
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NEWS OF AGRICULTURE



[Guide photo.]
The outstanding current problem in the field of Canadian farm policy relates to feed grains. Government policy seems to leave the farmer holding the bag once more.

Removal of Ceilings and Subsidies

WHEN the Dominion government on October 21 removed the ceilings from meat and oats, barley and screenings, and also discontinued the subsidies on grain for livestock feeding, no one was particularly happy about it. The government itself could only hope that a grim pursuit of the announced policy of sloughing off controls as quickly as possible would bring no unfortunate result. The grain trade, including farmer companies, could only wonder what the government expected them to do about oats and barley delivered between August 1 and October 21 at the lower price level. Speculators on the Grain Exchange who had professed themselves eager to resume trading, began to realize that unlimited speculation and crazy prices would likely bring a quick and unsatisfactory reward.

Speaking on behalf of livestock feeders, H. H. Hannam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, promptly issued a statement in which he said: "The action of the Dominion Government in removing price controls on meat and feed grain, coupled with the removal of the seed grain subsidies, will undoubtedly lead to a double increase in the producers' production cost in the livestock, dairy and poultry industry." Mr. Hannam believed that the government action would mean "a staggering blow to these producers unless there are substantial increases in the prices of all meat, milk, butter, cheese and eggs to the consumer. The five eastern provinces are suffering from one of the most severe feed crop failures in their history, and a large section of Saskatchewan has also experienced an almost complete failure of grain crops because of drought."

He believed that the decontrol would "undermine the industry to an alarming extent, and prove to be a blunder on the part of the government."

It was soon apparent that the only thoroughly happy individual was the straight grain producer who had not yet delivered his crop. At this writing it is still too early to say at what level prices for coarse grains and for livestock will settle down. In the case of livestock, the lifting of the ceilings coincided with the end of the packinghouse strike. One immediate effect of the strike ending was an announcement by the Meat Board that prices for overweight Wiltshire bacon sides for export would be increased by 75 cents per hundred-weight for the two-week period beginning on October 27 and ending November 8. This increase was to take care of

hogs held back on the farm and fed to heavier weights than would get into A and B1 grades, because of the strike.

Even the Canadian Wheat Board was unhappy, as a result of the government ceiling-lifting operation. Farmers began writing to the board apparently in the belief that the Canadian Wheat Board also handles coarse grain. This is not true, and its members may be safely absolved from blame for dissatisfaction with coarse grain prices. They do control the exports of oats and barley as well as wheat. However, since no export of coarse grains is to be permitted during the current crop year, all they have to do is keep on saying "no."

Two Dominion Appointments

TWO important appointments have been made recently in the Dominion Department of Agriculture. In each case the position is a new one within the department. By these appointments, J. G. Taggart becomes Director-in-Chief, Agricultural Services, Dominion Department of Agriculture, and H. L. Trueman becomes Chief Personnel Officer of the department. Both appointees are attached to the office of the Deputy Minister, Dr. G. S. H. Barton.

Mr. Taggart is at present chairman of the Agricultural Prices Support Board, was formerly chairman of the Bacon Board (now the Meat Board), and Food Administrator (1941-1943) of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. For his wartime service he was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire (C.B.E.) in 1946.

Born and raised in Nova Scotia, he took a two-year course at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College and graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College after specializing in field husbandry. He was for a time agricultural representative in Frontenac County, Ontario, later joining the Alberta Department of Agriculture. He served overseas during World War I, but for nearly eight years was associated with the Olds and Vermilion Schools of Agriculture, and was principal of the latter school for two years. Leaving to join a farm machinery company, he became after a short period, the first superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station at Swift Current. From this position he resigned in 1934 to become Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan. He was appointed chairman of the Bacon Board while still a minister of the Saskatchewan government.

Also born and raised in Nova Scotia, H. L. Trueman likewise was graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College.



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He was assistant superintendent of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College farm at Truro, and later agricultural representative in the Counties of Oxford and Grenville in Ontario. He was for a time general secretary of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists (now the Agricultural Institute of Canada). At the time of his new appointment he was assistant to the director, Science Service, Dominion Department of Agriculture, and Canadian Liaison Officer for the Imperial Agricultural Bureau. He is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member of the legislative committee of the Professional Institute of the Civil Service of Canada, a member of the board of directors of the Ryerson Press, Toronto, and for 16 years has been on the editorial boards of the Agricultural Institute Review, Scientific Agriculture and Canadian Geographic Journal.

His family emigrated from Yorkshire to Westmorland County, New Brunswick in 1775. His father, Dr. J. M. Trueman, was formerly principal of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, his brother, Dr. A. W. Trueman, is now president of the University of Manitoba, and his uncle, Dr. J. G. Trueman, is a former president of Mount Allison University.

Alberta Appointment

DR. E. G. BALLANTYNE, assistant animal pathologist in the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture, will take up new duties as Director of Veterinary Services for the Province of Alberta on December 1. He will succeed Dr. Percy Talbot, provincial veterinarian, recently retired.

The Hon. G. B. MacMillan, Alberta Minister of Agriculture, announces that Dr. Ballantyne will be responsible "for the general supervision and administration of all veterinary services, programs and laboratory services of the department."

Dr. Ballantyne was born in Stratford, Ontario; taught school for four years; was graduated from the Ontario Veterinary College in 1943; joined the staff of the Health of Animals Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture as veterinary inspector.

He was associated during the war with the veterinary division of Connaught Medical Research Laboratories, Toronto, and joined the staff of the Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture when war contracts were completed. With his appointment the Alberta Department combines the work of the Provincial Laboratory of Animal Pathology and that of Provincial Veterinarian.

Government To Pay On Feeders

BECAUSE cattle marketing was slowed down during the packinghouse strike, and because comparatively large areas in western Canada will have insufficient winter feed, the Dominion Government will allow a refund of 50 per cent of the actual freight charges on carlot shipments of feeder cattle sold to eastern Canada until December 31, 1947. To qualify for the refund, according to Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, minister of agriculture, steers must have been born after January 1, 1944, and heifers after January 1, 1945. The arrangement covers all shipping points in the provinces of British Columbia, Alberta or Saskatchewan, and all shipments to points east of Manitoba.

Applicants must be able to certify that they have owned the cattle for at least three months from the date of shipment. Shipments must be consigned to a prospective applicant for the refund, otherwise the applicant in the East must prove that the cattle on which a refund is applied for are the same as those covered by the freight bill presented for refund.

U.S. Rye Finds Canadian Market

FOR some time past, U.S. farmers have been crossing the Canadian border with all the rye they could pile on their trucks. By paying nine cents a bushel duty, they have been able to net around \$3.40 a bushel or about \$1.00 per bushel more than has been obtainable in the United States market. Most of the rye crossing the border comes from Minnesota and North Dakota, and at several border points, from 25 to 50 trucks daily were coming over during October.

Co-operative Farms

ACCORDING to a report issued in October by the Saskatchewan Department of Co-operation and Co-operative Development, total assets of eight co-operative farms in the province at the beginning of this year were about \$286,000. Five of these farms at Laurel, Sturgis, Matador, Turner and McIntosh accounted for \$261,500. At each of these five farms land, livestock and machinery are all pooled. In three co-operatives at Algrove, Mount Hope and Round Hill, only machinery is pooled, and in these three the assets average a little over \$8,000.

In the complete co-operatives, the land represents an average of 49 per cent of fixed assets, buildings 15 to 20 per cent and livestock from two to 22 per cent. Income in 1946 was larger from grain and dairy products. On three farms, grain averaged 91 per cent of total income, dairy products provided 26 per cent of total income on two farms, while in one case 40 per cent of income was received from poultry and poultry products.

Membership in the five completely co-operative farms averaged nine, while in those where machinery only was pooled, the average membership was 14.

Of the five complete co-operatives, none had operated for more than two years, and four had completed one year of operation only. Co-operative farm members secure incomes made up of wages, interest on their investment in the farm, and a share of operating surplus based on the time worked by the individual on the farm. Interest on loan capital is deducted from operating surplus before determining members' dividends. The average surplus per mem-

ber family employed, aside from interest on loan capital, averaged \$256 on the complete co-operative farm. The highest amount was \$720.

Christmas Turkeys

MORE of the Christmas turkeys eaten this year by Canadian families will come from Saskatchewan than from any other province. The latest figures as to the turkey population of Canada are as of June 1, 1946. At that time Saskatchewan led all provinces in numbers of turkeys with 925,200, which was not far from one-third of all the turkeys in Canada, numbering 3,037,800. Ontario led Alberta by a small margin with 668,000 as compared with 625,000 in the western province. Manitoba, with 372,000, was rather a poor third but still away out in front of Quebec with 282,600, British Columbia with 108,500, Nova Scotia with 22,700, New Brunswick 24,100 and P.E. Island 9,700.

Co-operative Machinery Repair Shops

THE co-operative handling of farm machinery is well developed in the State of Indiana. Co-operative distribution of machinery began early in the 1930's, and in recent years the establishment of co-operative repair shops has been increasing. In March of this year there were 29 such shops operated by county associations, with 18 others being set up and an additional 13 in the planning stage.

Indiana farmers have \$182 million invested in farm equipment, so that an immense amount of repairing and reconditioning is to be done. Co-operative shops charge competitive service rates and pay a patronage dividend on shop labor income. For the last two years these refunds of patronage dividends have run from four to eight per cent for each dollar of business.

The aim is to employ first-class mechanics and provide dependable and high-quality repair service at reasonable cost. The principal work done is the overhauling of tractors and farm equipment, and most of these co-operative repair shops have around \$2,000 to \$3,000 invested in shop equipment, including air compressors, work benches and tools. Emergency repairing is done on farms, where necessary, at a charge of five cents per mile both ways.



Mary Jo Williams of West Vancouver wasn't afraid of this six-foot-six, 150-lb. cougar, because her father, a municipal police constable, had shot it between the eyes with his police revolver.

LIVESTOCK



Animals may be given less protein as they approach maturity, but they are in constant need of minerals.

[Guide photo.]

Animals Need Minerals

The mineral portion of the livestock ration requires constant attention

NEARLY everyone knows that if animals could not get water, they would die. But not all seem to appreciate the fact that if the same animals could not get mineral matter in their feed, they would die also. Fortunately, most of the different kinds of minerals are found in different quantities in all plants that animals are likely to be fed, and there is not much occasion to worry about them.

There are a few kinds of minerals, however, that are very frequently lacking. Some of these are: Calcium, phosphorous, sodium, chlorine, iodine, iron, copper, cobalt, manganese and magnesium. Not all of these are of equal importance, but there is enough information about them to know that when they are deficient in the feed supply, certain effects follow.

In recent years, much more information about the mineral needs of livestock has come to light, and now the more advanced countries throughout the world are also beginning to realize that perhaps some human ailments and diseases are traceable to lack of certain minerals in the food supply. It is possible to approach this subject from another way, and thus realize, perhaps more clearly the truths which have been before the farmers of all generations, but were not recognized for what they actually are.

There are certain districts or areas in North America which are recognized as growing a particularly good quality of pasture grasses for livestock. One of these is the famous bluegrass region of Kentucky, which is world famous for its ability to grow healthy livestock. In Ontario, also, centering around the County of Middlesex in western Ontario, there is an area which compares well with any in North America for the fattening of beef cattle. In western Canada, especially in the short grass area, oldtimers speak with respect of "prairie wool," the feeding qualities of which have commended themselves to many a good stockman. In Britain, there are areas where the reputation of livestock reared there has become world-wide.

These areas represent soils which produce good grass, the foundation of livestock feeding. The quality of the grasses in these areas is due in no small measure to the fact that it contains adequate supplies of minerals which the livestock need. The feeding quality of grasses is directly related to the character of the soils in which they are produced, because for the most part,

if the soils lack calcium, phosphorous or any other material, the plants grown on such soils lack the same mineral materials.

The lack of calcium, for instance, weakens the bones of animals, and decreases the milk production of cows. It can produce rickets in young animals, stiff legs and swollen joints. The lack of phosphorous leads to what is known as depraved appetite, with which animals attempt to chew bones and other abnormal materials in an endeavor to secure sufficient of those materials which their instinct tells them they need. Lack of phosphorous also leads to lack of appetite for roughage, which results in poor growth and poor reproduction. Where sodium and chlorine are lacking, there is a marked hunger for salt, together with a general loss of appetite and eventually a breakdown of the animal's system. Iodine is often lacking in areas away from the sea. Insufficient quantities of this mineral produce goitre in calves, colts and lambs, and hairlessness in pigs. The lack of iron and copper gives a pale skin color, pale blood, which means emaciation and poor hair quality in cattle, sheep and goats. In pigs it is responsible for the familiar "thumps." Insufficient cobalt produces listlessness, with comparatively inactive glands, and lack of appetite. Where there is insufficient manganese, poultry are likely to have split tendons and produce eggs with low hatchability. In pigs lameness results, and sheep become unthrifty. Animals receiving insufficient magnesium become irritable, lose control of their nerves, have poor appetites. Calves get convulsions.

All over the world there is danger of depleting the essential minerals in soils by continued indiscriminate cropping. Old soils lose their fertility, and changes in the fertility of the soil affect the composition of the plant growth.

Animals are selective feeders. They not only know what they like, but they know instinctively, for the most part, what is good for them. Sir John Orr, now director general of the Food and Agriculture Organization, is a famous nutritionist. Years ago he referred to a test made on some British hill pastures, where samples were taken of the herbage actually eaten, and of that not eaten by livestock. It was found that the calcium content of the herbage eaten by the animals was nearly twice as high as in that which was not eaten. More or less the same thing was true

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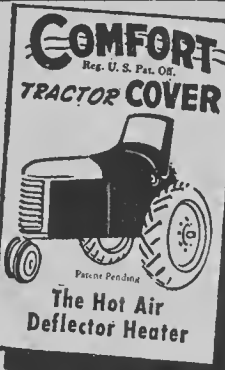


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of the phosphoric acid content, and of the content of potash. Similar experiments have been made in the United States. Analysis of pasture grasses in many parts of the world show that there is an almost unbelievable variation in mineral content, and some grasses may contain 15 times as much phosphoric acid for example, as others.

For these reasons, therefore, it is im-

portant to bear in mind the need for mineral supplements when feeding livestock. The lack of sufficient minerals may mean a difference between profitable and unprofitable feeding. Salt alone is not enough. Bones are a poor substitute for good feed. Profitable farming is impossible on run-down soils, until they are built up.



[Univ. Wisconsin photo.]

When given the needed phosphorus in her feed, this cow put on 230 pounds in 90 days.

Machinery versus Man Labor

Does it always pay to save labor with machinery?

MOST farmers would probably agree that the most spectacular change in the business of producing farm crops and livestock during the last 10 or 15 years has been the increased amount of capital invested in farm machinery and especially in farm power equipment. This mechanization of agriculture has probably been as rapid, comparatively, as in the United States. It is probably true, in western Canada especially, that on some farms the amount of capital invested in tractors, trucks, power implements and other equipment may exceed the value of the land.

This raises the question of the efficient utilization of this equipment, and the amount of labor necessary to operate it to its maximum capacity. There has been a marked shortage of farm labor during the war years, and many farmers have been under the necessity of operating comparatively large acreages with very little or no help. They have, during the same period, been able to make more money than in previous years, and may therefore reach the conclusion that farming with less hired help will continue to be more profitable even when help becomes more plentiful.

Bearing on this question are the results of farm management studies by the University of Illinois. These studies show that net farm earnings per \$100 invested increased with the amount of labor employed, up to 25 or 30 months of man labor per year. After that, earnings decreased gradually as the size of the farm business increased. What this seems to mean is that in general, a two-man farm (24 months of man labor), is more profitable than a one-man farm, because of the fact that there are a considerable number of farm jobs where two men can work more economically than one.

Something of the same thing has been found in Minnesota, where it did not always pay to save labor by using more equipment. The equipment made it possible to handle more crops and livestock per man, but the job done was not always as satisfactory, and total production went down because of the poorer quality work. Crop yields decreased, and the return per dollar's worth of feed fed to livestock was lower. On some livestock farms, it would probably pay better to hire an extra man to take good care of the

livestock, rather than invest the same amount of money in more machinery.

The problem involved here is one which the individual farmer must solve for himself in the light of his own conditions. As long as prices continue relatively high and net income is satisfactory at the end of the year, there is not much cause for alarm. With larger and more mechanized farms involving larger amounts of money tied up in equipment, the farm business becomes less flexible. Overhead continues year after year, in interest, depreciation and fixed operating expenses. When horses were used, and more manpower, unfavorable economic conditions or other setbacks found the farmer able to adjust his costs by dispensing with some paid labor and perhaps turning the horses out to pasture, or even by getting rid of one or two. These adjustments are not possible today to the same extent.

The present-day farmer, therefore, is presented with a problem which might conceivably become acute, in some cases, in a year or two. The more his investment in mechanized equipment is out of line with his acreage or his manpower, the more acute a farmer's problem will become. Meanwhile, he can only do his best to see that he does not go too far toward mechanization; or, if he is fully convinced of its desirability, he must make every effort to keep his land and equipment in balance, so that his money invested in equipment will work for him during the greatest possible portion of each year.

Housing Winter Litters

E. VAN NICE, Dominion Experimental Station at Scott, Saskatchewan, concludes that unless there is reasonable certainty that a permanent hog house will be used continuously over a fairly long period of years, the cost of such a building is not justified, even when such a building is needed. It is highly desirable that piggeries of different types be examined and all information possible obtained about desirable piggery construction before the money is laid out.

The experience at Scott is that winter housing for pigs need not be expensive unless a large number of litters are to be raised during the winter months. Constructing straw sheds and planning the farrowing dates for sea-

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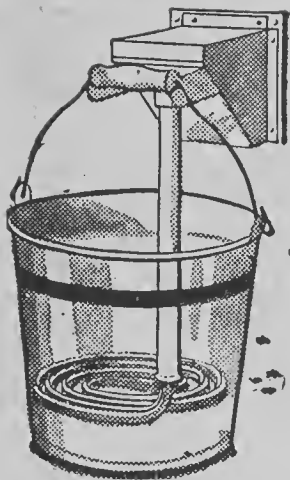
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sons when the temperatures are suitable, keeps the housing cost low.

Straw sheds supplemented by portable wall cabins, or the use of A-shaped cabins for sows with litters, are satisfactory. In very cold weather, these should be banked with straw, and they have the advantage that they are easily moved to fresh land. Whether cabins or straw sheds are used, an opening to the south is desirable, both for use as a door and for ventilation. It should therefore be kept open except in very stormy weather, when the pigs inside may be protected by hanging a burlap bag over the opening. The open door at ordinary times helps to remove excess moisture and prevents the collection of frost inside.

At Scott, straw sheds 12x14 have been used, because sheds of this size are more convenient for moisture control. Ample bedding however is important, and if too little is provided, the pigs will try to obtain it from the straw walls of the straw shed.

Feeding Young Calves

THERE is no substitute for whole milk in feeding very young calves, and for this reason whole milk should be given at the rate of about one pound per day for each ten pounds of live weight, until the calf reaches the age of three or four weeks. Under ideal conditions, calves should receive whole milk up to six months of age, and at the very minimum, for the first two weeks.

In some cases, neither whole milk nor skim milk is practicable, and it may be necessary to discontinue both at the earliest possible time. It is generally unwise to cut off the milk even under these conditions before calves are from seven to nine weeks of age. Where necessary to substitute, the calf must first be taught to eat good quality hay and be introduced to calf meal and have some water to drink. Using minimum quantities of milk and relying on dry calf meal does save labor, but results are a little more variable and the practice should not be attempted unless the calves are healthy and strong. Sometimes calves are weaned from milk before they are six weeks of age, but they generally gain poorly afterward. This is particularly true of the smaller breeds such as Jerseys, Guernseys and Ayrshires.

Where milk can be fed for at least three weeks (maximum of 10 pounds a day for large calves, and eight pounds for those of smaller breeds), dry calf meal can be introduced as soon as the calf will eat it. The milk allowance can be gradually reduced so long as the calf remains thrifty, but should not be reduced more than about a pound a week, until the sixth week, after which the calf may be weaned where necessary over a period of seven to 10 days. After weaning, the calf should have all the dry calf meal it will eat, up to four or five pounds a day, provided plenty of good quality legume hay is available.

A calf mixture recommended by the University of Alberta when no whole or skim milk is available, consists of the following: For each 100 pounds of calf meal, allow 37 pounds of oats, 28 pounds barley, 12 pounds wheat bran, 10 pounds Red Dog flour, six pounds linseed meal, five pounds blood flour, one pound each of bone flour and salt. Another mixture also recommended, which may be more convenient in some cases, is to use 32 pounds of oats, 30 pounds of barley, 20 pounds of skim milk powder, eight pounds each of wheat bran and linseed meal, and one pound each of bone flour and salt.

It is important that calves should have plenty of exercise and have access to clean water. Clean quarters, clean pails and utensils and fresh feed help to avoid scours and keep calves in good condition.



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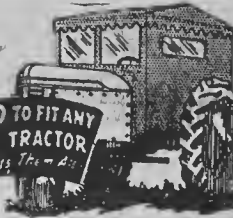
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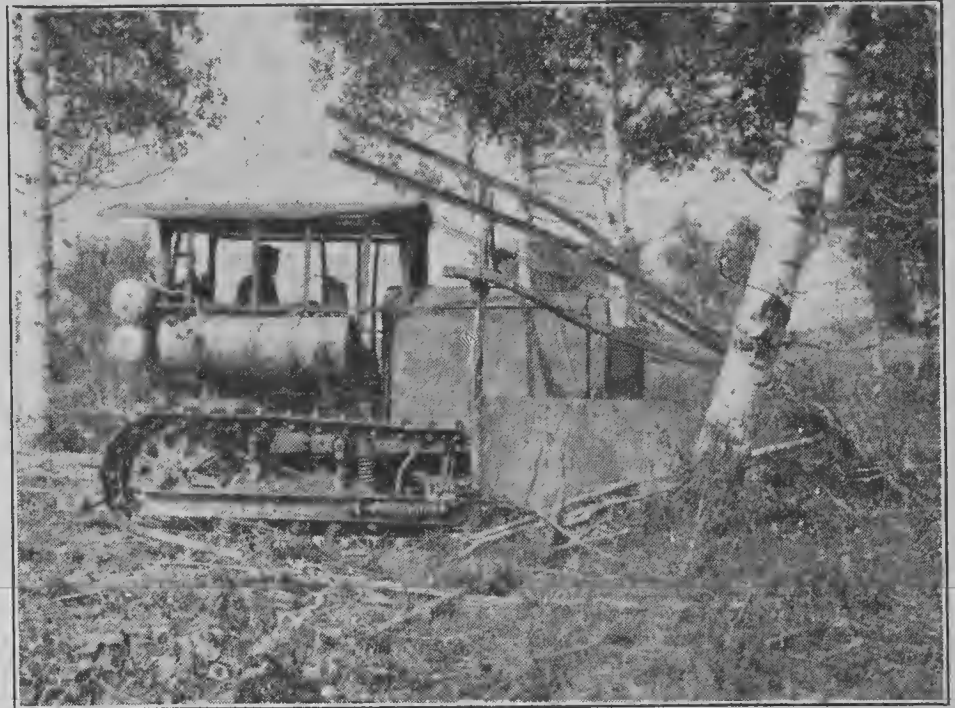
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FIELD



Much grey-wooded soil is being cleared, but profitable production can only come with careful soil building.

Improving Grey-wooded Soils

They can be made productive by adding organic matter

ALL across the northern parts of the western provinces, particularly Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, stretches a vast area of only partially developed soil which is classified as grey-wooded. It is called wooded soil because it is found for the most part in a forest area, and grey because of the color it has taken on as a result of the bleaching induced by forest growth.

From an agricultural point of view, these soils are characterized by a small amount of organic matter, which makes them comparatively unproductive until the amount of organic matter can be increased. This deficiency makes them difficult to work, and very much inclined to puddle and bake. Due to this lack of organic material also, bacterial activity is at a minimum. The great need of such soil is decayed vegetable matter, or plant growth, which must be developed in order that bacteria and other microorganisms inhabiting the soil may carry on their beneficial work and help to release plant food for crop growth.

Anything that will add vegetable material to the soil will be helpful. First of all comes barnyard manure. Much of this is often wasted in soil areas which need it most. In some cases, if there are peat areas nearby, enterprising farmers have hauled peat to these grey soils, which is useful but requires considerable expensive labor. While the spreading of manure and other vegetable material over the soil is the quickest way of getting these grey-wooded soils to productivity, the most economical, though the slowest method, is by the use of leguminous crops.

Legumes have the advantage that they are able to grow without taking large amounts of nitrogen from the soil. They can gather it from the air

through the aid of nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which develop in the little nodules on the roots of leguminous plants. After legumes have been grown on grey-wooded soils, and the land has been prepared for other crops, the legumes leave in the soils a heavy deposit of roots which add substantially to the organic matter so badly needed. Thus the economy of leguminous crops arises because they not only gather nitrogen from the air for their own growth, but leave substantial quantities of organic material in the soil, in addition to providing hay and perhaps seed crops which can be harvested.

There are some soils where the organic matter deficiency is so pronounced that it pays better to plow under the green legume crop than to harvest it. Where dependence is placed on the use of manure, peat or other vegetable material, only a limited acreage can be manured or covered in any year. But where legumes are grown, they can be grown on any acreage and all of the land generally kept in full production while it is being improved.

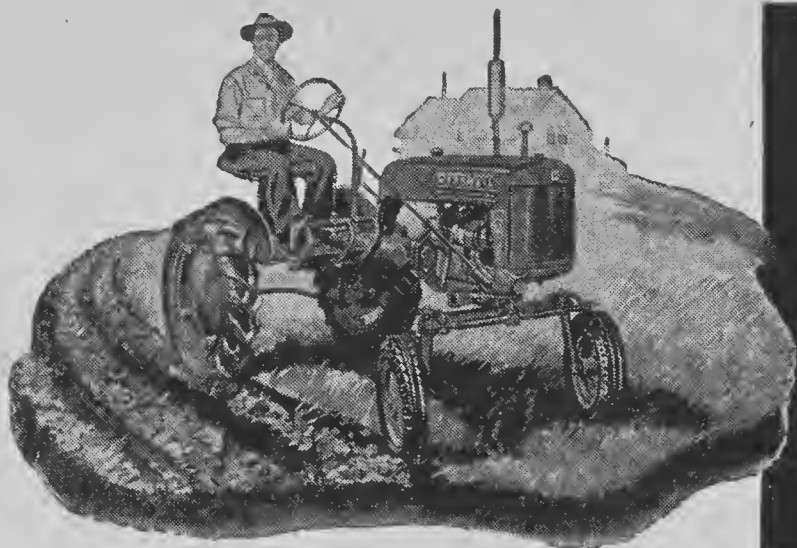
W. T. Burns, of the Dominion Experimental Station, Prince George, B.C., suggests that for maximum soil improvement in the shortest space of time, legumes should be used in short rotations. The legume crop will generally provide its maximum benefit in from two to four years, after which it should be plowed under and reseeded. Short rotations also coincide with maximum production. When such a rotation is followed for a period of years, the yield of grain is gradually increased, as compared with a gradual decrease where legumes are not used in a rotation. Ideally, says Mr. Burns, a combination of legumes with whatever barnyard manure is available, is likely to bring about maximum improvement in both soil fertility and crop yields.

Basic Points of Seed Cleaning

It means efficient separation by size, shape and other characteristics

MILLIONS of bushels of seed are required for sowing in the western provinces every year. Only a comparatively small percentage of this seed is registered and therefore cleaned ready for seeding. Probably 90 per cent of all grains seeded should be thoroughly cleaned before the seed is put into the drill box. Too much of it is not cleaned at all, or so poorly that the land is seeded to weeds as well as grain.

Seed cleaning during recent years has been done earlier in the season than was formerly true. Much of it is now cleaned in the fall months, and this is as it should be. It represents a great improvement, but there is still a lack of understanding of the basic principles of seed cleaning. Seeds vary so much in weight, size, shape and other characteristics, and contain such a variety of other seeds as well as dirt,

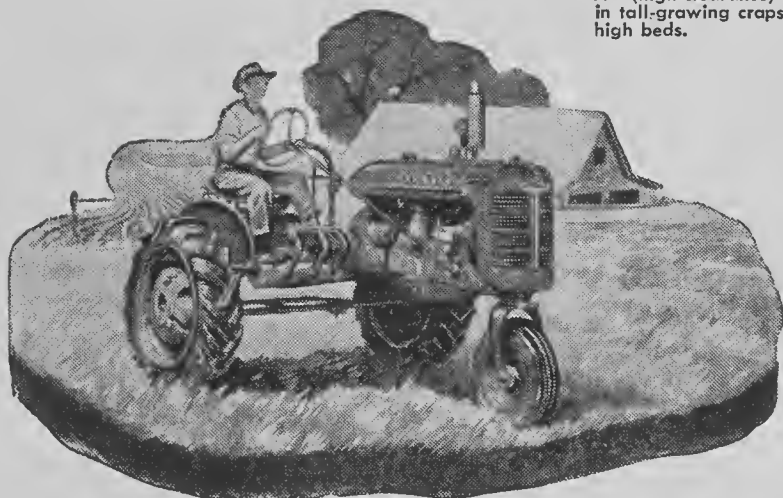


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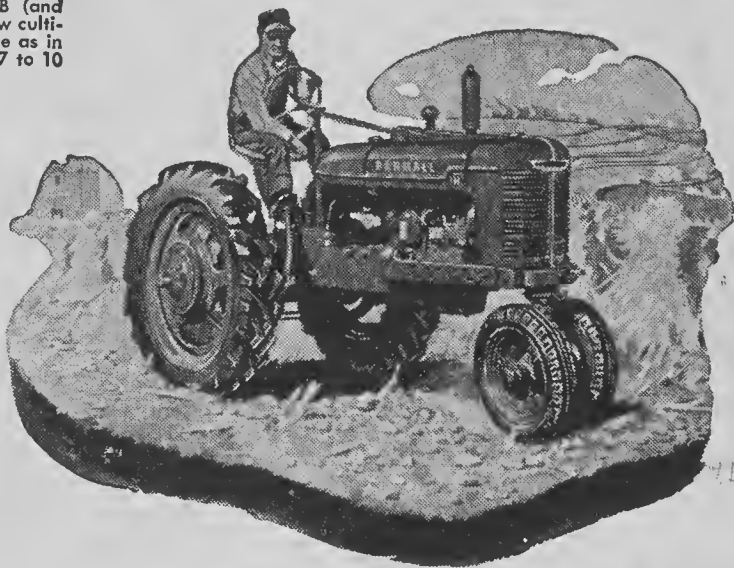
ment especially designed for every region. Farmall machines—quick-attachable, mounted and pull-type—fit farms of every size and type, and every crop and soil condition.

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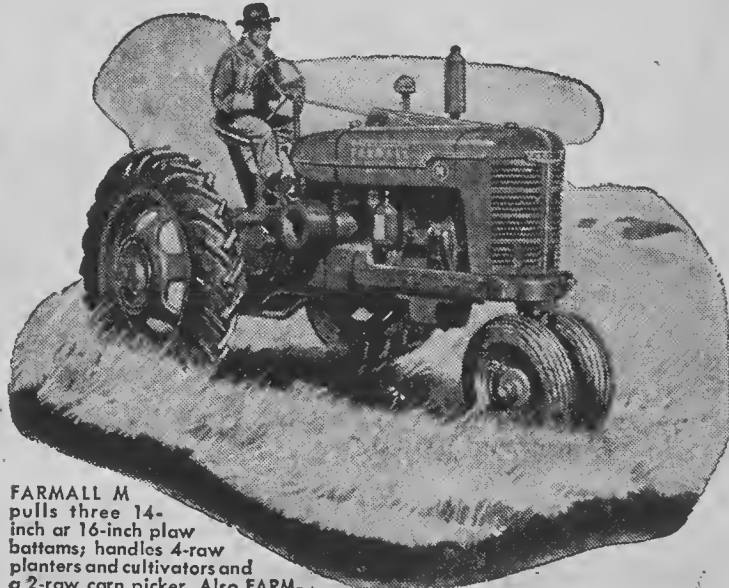
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chaff and useless matter, that its proper cleaning requires an understanding of how to go about it. What is really involved is knowing how to separate one kind of material from another.

H. J. Kemp of the Dominion Experimental Station, Saanichton, B.C., points out that of the many kinds of seed-cleaning machinery, nearly all are based on separating seeds either by weight, size, shape, length, specific gravity or by the characters of the appendages which some seeds possess.

Separating by weight, for example, is achieved by an air blast, which is controlled by changing the speed of the fan and the size of the inlet to the fan. In this way, the seed, according to Mr. Kemp, is actually weighed in the air stream, so that only seeds of desirable weight can fall through it, and lighter seeds and materials are carried away. To obtain best results, however, the air blast requires careful adjustment.

Separation according to size is possible with proper adjustment of the wind blast, but sieves or screens are generally used. Zinc screens do not sag as easily as wire screens and therefore

keep their shapes and the size of the openings better. The sieve needs to be sloped so that seed travels in a thin layer and covers not more than two-thirds of the lower end of the screen. Short, rapid side shakes are generally preferable to longer and slower end shakes. Mr. Kemp recommends one-half to three-quarter inch strokes and from 450 to 600 vibrations per minute for most seeds.

Where triangular-shaped seeds such as buckwheat are separated by zinc sieves with triangular openings, long seeds are generally separated by means of pockets such as those in the Carter Disc, indent cylinder, and kicker sieves. Differences in the length of the seeds are taken care of by the depth of the pocket. Where seeds have appendages such as awns, hoods or basal hairs, these will adhere to the nap of a blanket. Weed seeds such as wild oats, for example, are separated by means of a blanket machine. Commercial seed houses are usually much better equipped than individual farms, and valuable seeds are therefore better cleaned in such establishments if complete separation is desired.

Farm Repair Shop

BETWEEN now and spring is a good time to plan and develop that workshop and machinery repair shop that is needed now more than ever in these days of highly mechanized farming. With so much money invested in machinery, it would pay to spend a little more money to equip a shop so that the machinery can be put in repair and ready for operation when needed. It is easier now to get equipment than during the war years, besides which the ability to do all but the heavy repair jobs right on the farm, saves both time and money.

Perhaps what the community needs is a community repair shop for the biggest and more expensive pieces of power equipment. Such a community shop could be operated co-operatively, or by arrangement with some first-class mechanic in town, who, if he is not already equipped as well as he wishes, can be induced to put in the necessary equipment with some support from his principal customers.

G. N. Denike, of the Dominion Experimental Station at Swift Current, points out that today the larger machines such as tractors, combines, seeding and tillage equipment, haying and power harvesting equipment are much more complicated than in earlier years. This means that they require expert workmen to put them in first class condition. "In this modern age," says Mr. Denike, "farmers must have a thorough knowledge of all that is involved in their production programs, and those who know how to make machinery work with the highest efficiency, will get the greatest returns from its use. Good operation of well-serviced machinery will assure greater service."

Heated Tractor Storage

B. T. STEPHANSON, Department of Agricultural Engineering, University of Alberta, advises that it will pay to provide heated storage for the farm tractor in winter, if it is to be in use. Heated storage will prolong the life of the tractor as well as make it easier to start. Mr. Stephanson calculates that a car started cold at zero will require about 20 minutes to warm up to normal operating temperature, and during that time will experience wear equal to about 120 miles of driving under summer conditions.

He explains that cold weather starting wears the engine parts very quickly, a single start producing wear equivalent to many hours of normal operation. The reason sounds very simple: The standing engine has drained all the lubricating oil into the crankcase, leaving only a very thin

film on the working parts, while the oil in the crankcase, being cold and congealed, will be hard to circulate. When the cold engine starts, the thin film of oil will burn off the cylinder walls quickly, and oil may not circulate properly for from ten minutes to half an hour. During all this time the cylinders and pistons are getting less oil than they need, which means "a very high rate of scuffing between dry pistons and rings against dry cylinder walls." The wear thus produced will be many times the wear resulting from normal operations of a well lubricated engine.

Plans Are Available

IN the September issue of The Country Guide, an article dealing with a successful grain drier built by C. A. Fawcett and Sons, Consort, Alberta, was published. The article, unfortunately, stated that plans for this drier were not available. The Country Guide has since been advised that plans are available either from the Department of Agricultural Engineering, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, or from the Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Saskatchewan. Along with the mimeographed plan supplied by the University of Saskatchewan some comment is also provided, while the plan available from the Experimental Farms Service is blueprinted in somewhat more detail. These plans are available free of charge from either source, as long as the supply lasts.

A New Oat and Barley

GARRY, a newly licensed oat variety, and Vantage, a new six-rowed, smooth-awned barley, will be distributed in the spring of 1948 for the first time. Garry was introduced from the Dominion Cereal Breeding Laboratory at the University of Manitoba, and Vantage was developed at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon.

Garry is especially valuable because it is resistant to all races of stem rust of oats found in Canada. This includes the much-discussed Race 8 to which the varieties Exeter, Ajax and Vanguard are not resistant. It also has the advantage that it is highly resistant to crown leaf rust and to the smuts of oats. Because of this unusual resistance to diseases, Garry should make the oat crop a much safer one in areas where these diseases are prevalent.

Yield of Garry at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon, in 1947, was at the rate of 100 bushels per acre. This yield compares with 110 bushels for Exeter, 105 for Vanguard, and 104 for Ajax.

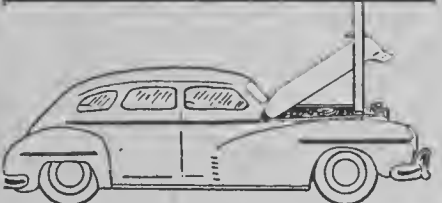
Vantage barley is expected to be



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satisfactory for combining, having been found to shatter very little and to suffer only slight damage from dropping of the heads. It resulted from an attempt to improve Plush, which is one of its parents. Under field conditions it resembles Plush, according to W. H. Johnston, specialist in barley breeding at the Brandon farm, and it matures about the same time. The amount of shattering is small. It will grow over a wide variety of soils and under various climatic conditions. In a five-year period it outyielded Plush four times out of five, in addition to which it has stronger straw and a higher bushel weight.

Vantage is resistant to stem rust, but is susceptible to root rot and to the smut diseases. It is not a malting barley, either by Canadian or American malting standards, and cannot grade higher than No. 1 Feed, but in many parts of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, however, Mr. Johnston expects it to replace Plush as a feed barley. The amount of seed available for the spring of 1948 will be limited.

What Is Manure Worth?

THE men working with soils and crops at the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, say that no specific value can be placed on manure as fertilizer. They point to the fact that in one rotation of sugar beets, alfalfa and cereals on the station, manure has been worth more than \$5 per ton over a period of years, while on a nearby dry-land rotation, it has not paid for itself during a similar period.

They point out that the reason for this difference lies in the fact that manure is an unbalanced fertilizer containing too little phosphorus in proportion to the nitrogen, to meet the requirements of most crops. Lethbridge officials say that both commercial fertilizers and manure are "musts" in a well-balanced, irrigated farm business. The calculation is offered that wheat can be grown on an 80-acre, irrigated farm, growing 20 acres each of barley, alfalfa, sugar beets and corn, to fatten 1,000 lambs. These in turn will produce about 200 tons of manure. If all of the manure is returned to the same land it will be necessary also to apply a ton of high-grade phosphorus fertilizer and two tons of nitrogen fertilizer, to completely replace the fertility removed from the soil by the crops named above.

A mere chemical analysis of a ton of manure, on the other hand, is not an indication of its value. A ton of average moist manure is said to contain 10 pounds of nitrogen, five pounds of phosphorus and 10 pounds of potash. If the manure were to be bought for its plant food alone, it should not cost as much as \$2 per ton, because these amounts of fertilizer can be bought for less than \$2 per ton. Manure is called a natural fertilizer because it not only contains quantities of mineral elements such as those named above, but it also adds to the soil a high percentage of organic material and contains very large numbers of microorganisms, as well, perhaps, as some hormones and vitamins.

Rescue Wheat

TEN thousand bushels of Rescue wheat were seeded in southern Alberta in 1947 for increase by the 1,000 farmers who each bought ten bushels a year ago. The Dominion Experimental Station at Lethbridge reports that Rescue was generally satisfactory notwithstanding the fact that it will only grade No. 3 Northern.

This variety is not to be recommended in areas where sawfly is not a problem. Rescue wheat was distributed from other institutions as well, and anyone who grew it this year is invited to write to the nearest station in the sawfly areas and, by reporting his experience, help to determine just how valuable the new sawfly-resistant variety has been.

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I have fed Miracle Poultry Feeds for the past seven years and have had wonderful returns. My average production from a flock of 500 Leg-horns is approximately 240 eggs per day. I know from records kept that there is more profit per bird using Miracle feeds than any other feed on the market. I always feed Miracle Hatching Mash two months before the hatching season. My average hatchability of 75% more than pays for the slight extra cost. On March 15th, 1947, I received 400 Light Sussex chicks and have raised them to maturity on Miracle Feeds without losing a bird.

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RESUMES OPERATIONS

WE WELCOME the return of our employees to process the livestock and other products of agricultural producers; to supply our customers and consumers, and to help us do our part in feeding the hungry people overseas.

The new agreement under which we are working was arrived at by collective bargaining directly with the representatives of our employees, which we feel is the only sound method of working out an agreement satisfactory to all concerned.

Swift Canadian Co. Limited has responsibilities to conduct its business in the best interests of employees, livestock producers, consumers, and the Company. These responsibilities are best fulfilled by direct dealing between the Company and representatives of the employees.

The business of processing and distributing farm products is a complicated one, requiring years of special knowledge and experience. And negotiating officials who know the complex meat business, and representatives of our employees, are better qualified to work out an agreement than is a third party, no matter how well intentioned that third party may be.

Furthermore, once an agreement has been reached the Company and the employees can work together again with better co-operation, greater efficiency, and higher morale.

At no time did we refuse to bargain. Collective bargaining negotiations were carried on before and through the strike. We were willing to bargain, and did bargain, at all times when the Union wished to bargain.

We did refuse to arbitrate. We think it in the public interest to oppose this because it might well lead to industry-wide, nation-wide control of the Canadian meat industry.

We feel we were justified in adhering to the principle of collective bargaining. Despite the distraction of proposals for arbitration and pressures for third party intervention, which served to delay the strike settlement, we held to the straight path of collective bargaining and reached an agreement satisfactory to both parties.

We feel sure that with all pulling together in harmony we can accomplish the big job ahead of us. **WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE OUR EMPLOYEES BACK TO WORK.**

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

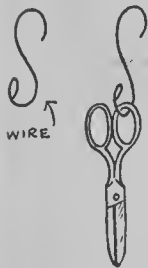
J. H. TAPLEY, President.

Spare Time Can Save Time

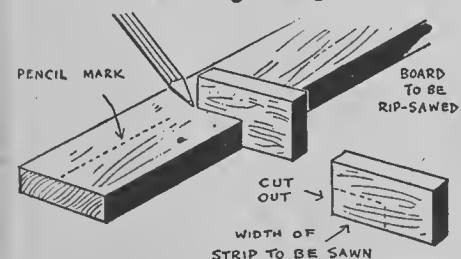
It is then that the workshop and its tools can be most profitable

Household Tool Holder

With a piece of stovepipe wire four inches long, make a three-quarter loop at one end and give it a half turn to the right. Bend the other end up and over as shown. Slip the loop over a button or belt loop. It is very handy for holding scissors or other light tools when standing at the job and when either is used frequently.

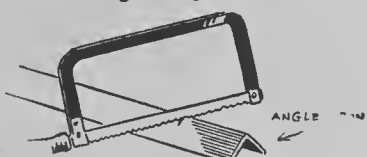


Marking Gauge



This marking gauge is just as simple as it looks. It is handy for marking lumber which is to be ripped.

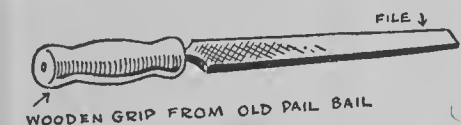
Cutting Angle Iron



The neatest and fastest way to cut angle iron is to place the iron in the vise with back up and start at the ridge, cutting both sides at once. It saves time and leaves a smoother job than cutting any other way.—C.D.R.

File Handle From Bail

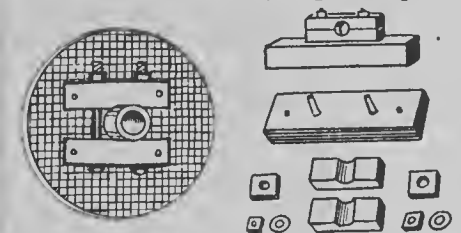
The wooden grip from an old discarded pail handle makes as good a file handle as anyone would wish. Should the hole in the bail be slightly



too big, such as may be found when fitting in a small file, the tail of the file is wrapped with a bit of cotton rag, thus making a tight fit.

Pulley and Pillow Block

This homemade wooden pulley is not difficult to construct. The desired width is obtained by nailing together pieces

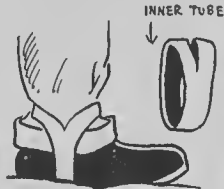


of board that have been cut to a circular form of the desired diameter. On each side two strips of wood are attached as shown. Notice that they are attached only at the ends. Holes are bored through the strips parallel to the sides of the pulley. Bolts are passed through these holes to tighten the strips on the shaft. The cut shows a piece of pipe used for a shaft.

The pillow block is for use when the shaft is carried on top of a beam. At the right of the illustration the separate parts are shown, together with the assembled bearing. All are of wood, which will serve if metal bearings are not readily available or are too costly for the purpose. Cardboard shims are used to get the proper adjustment. Two bolts hold the wooden bearing to the base. If the holes in the base block are slightly elongated it helps to true the bearing with the shaft.

Keep Trouser Leg Down

Trouser legs can be easily kept down in place when walking in deep snow by using a section of old inner tube. It is cut and slipped on as shown. It will keep itself and the trouser leg in place.



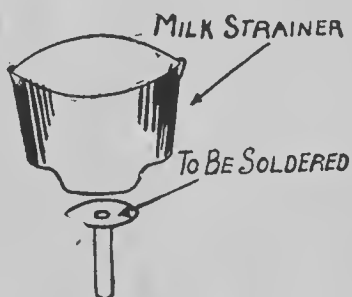
Safety Grip For Boots

A handy way for the farmer or lumberman to make safety grips on his boots for icy weather is to heat two mower knife sections, place in an iron vise and bend the corners upwards a quarter of an inch. Attach to boot heels with small screws. The boots would probably have to be removed when coming into the house.



Heavy Duty Funnel

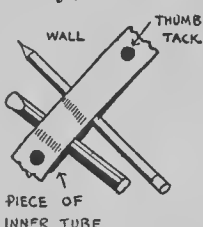
Do not discard your old milk strainer when it is of no further use for that purpose. It can be made into a large heavy-duty funnel for filling the trac-



tor, oil barrels, hog waterers, etc. Cut out the strainer bottom, solder or weld in a round disc of heavy galvanized iron or one-eighth inch sheet steel, and solder or weld on a short piece of one-inch pipe for a spout. It costs practically nothing to make, and would cost several dollars to buy one as durable. It is better if you can find a tapered spout as a tapered spout sets firmly in either a large or a small hole.—I.W.D.

Holds Small Pieces

If you are troubled by your pencils or small tools rolling away on your workbench take a piece of inner tube, stretch it a little and fasten it to the wall with thumb-tacks. Then shove your pencil or small tools under it and you have them right where you put them. It can also be fastened on the top of the work bench.



Cream Can Waterer

Cut the top off a discarded cream can just below the handles, put the cover on, turn the top part upside down, and use it for a chicken waterer. It holds a big pailful of water, is high enough



off the ground so the hens cannot step in it, and the water always stays clean. The water does not leak out if the cover is tight or is rusted a little. If it leaks at first, some sand in it will remedy that. It is heavy enough so the hens will not tip it over.—I.W.D.



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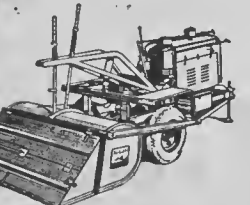
- "in spite of heavy clay land that bakes easy, and the immense rainfall we had in June, the land worked with Seaman Tiller held a perfect mulch all summer, only forming a thin scab on the surface, which meant this ground took a lot of water and also stood the midsummer drought by holding the moisture."
- "where the Seaman Tiller had operated we produced 33-1/3% more corn than where we prepared with conventional methods."
- "ran some tests on potato land; Seaman-tilled ground produced 20 to 30 sacks more per acre."
- "on corn land plowed in fall, Seaman-tilled in spring, corn was up in 5 days; 4 1/2 ft. high at end of 40 days."
- "prepared Seaman-tilled acre for planting tobacco for \$4.25 against cost of \$11.12 by conventional methods."
- "filled 2 silos from 6 1/2 acres Seaman-tilled corn; harvested 800 baskets of choice corn from 5 1/2 acres."
- "produced larger sugar beets and more foliage on Seaman-tilled plot."
- "oats from Seaman Tiller-worked land was twice as good as that worked the old way; grass seeding was also much better."
- "corn tests from 10% to 12% less moisture than corn of neighbors whose fields were not prepared with tiller."

These are FACTS based on field experience — not theory — facts you cannot ignore.

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Two veteran Saskatchewan nurserymen and fruit growers, Frank Boskill, Rutland, and John Lloyd, Adanac, in the latter's orchard.

Pleasant Surroundings Give Satisfaction

What can each of us do to encourage satisfying surroundings?

SOME little time ago, Dr. R. J. Hilton, Associate Professor of Horticulture at the University of Alberta was kind enough to send the Horticultural Editor of The Country Guide a copy of the notes he was able to make in the course of a motor trip across the prairies last summer in company with three other ardent Alberta horticulturists.

Two small items in these notes interested us greatly. First, because we have for a long time counted on visiting both of the farms mentioned, and second, for reasons that will be clear as this article progresses. Dr. Hilton wrote:

"On the top of a hill in bald prairie land, around 30 miles southward of Swift Current, Mr. Henry Blanke has built up a series of farm home windbreaks, together with a beautiful half acre of flower garden, and an enviable orchard that is a challenge to all who would wish to make permanent homes of their prairie farms. Of interest was the fact that Mr. Blanke insists on having each row of trees 18 to 24 feet from its neighbor. The trees are about 15 feet apart, as they reach more or less adult size. In other words, if closer planting is done initially, he makes certain that alternate plants, or two or three, are removed before they have now formed the remainder. With enviably clean cultivation about orchard and shelterbelt, there was no evidence of drought in effect."

Continuing, Dr. Hilton said, "Another stop was ten miles south, near Lac Pelletier, where I. W. Studer has a large acreage in commercial orchard. Again, thoughtful and timely attention to windbreaks, spacing and cultivation showed marked dividends and Mr. Studer's interest in every phase of horticulture showed in the kitchen garden and ornamental plantings he maintained. We were intrigued to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Studer, having no children of their own, have over a period of 12 to 15 years adopted seven children—each of whom was of a different nationality. This friendly and energetic couple have ample help in their own family in horticultural endeavors, for each of the children seems as keenly interested and eager to learn as his foster parents."

I have driven completely across the three prairie provinces and back eight times during the past seven years, each

time as nearly as practicable by a different route. On all occasions I have had almost exactly the same experience. I have found here and there in each of the three provinces, farms with well developed and pleasant farmsteads, which clearly belie the more common disregard of that combination of beauty and utility which is to be found where fruit and vegetable gardens are combined with trees, flowers and shrubs. In all, these eight return trips must have involved close to 35,000 miles of car travel in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. It seems to me that I must have seen the extremes of beauty and squalor. They do not seem to follow a pattern, either of rich soil or prosperous community or nationality or climate. I have been amazed by beautiful and well-laid-out farmsteads in areas where it might be thought that these could not exist, just as I have been shocked by drab, unpainted farm buildings in muddy surroundings and with no vestige of flowers, shrubs or trees about them.

Not long ago an indignant lady from Vulcan, Alberta, wrote us an admonishing letter, criticizing our lack of interest in this "life-giving, spirit-giving" aspect of modern farm living. In reply we could only point sadly to the efforts made by The Country Guide over a period which now extends to a quarter century, to provide some inspiration in this direction; and call attention to the fact that disregard of beauty and the amenities of life is as much the right of a democratic citizen as exercise of the franchise, or resentment about taxes. It is one of the unfathomable vagaries of the human spirit that whereas some individuals may take pleasure in flowers, birds and the green grass under their feet, others are content to see only mud and dirt and a dreary drabness beyond anything that is provided by nature, even in her most sultry and vindictive moods.—H.S.F.

Pruning Currants and Gooseberries
THE pruning of fruit trees in the farm garden is frequently neglected, with the result that trees and bushes become a tangled mass of branches, leading to disease and fruits that are small in size. On the other hand, the pruner may become so enthusiastic as to be merely a tree butcher.

Occasional moderate pruning, and

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Got a COLD?

Check it with

preferably light annual pruning, is desirable for all young trees early in the spring before growth starts. The primary objects are: First, to thin out the branches just sufficiently to permit the free circulation of air and the entrance of sunlight; and two, to preserve a reasonable shape in the tree, while at the same time preserving also the kind of wood that will bear fruit. A third object which is mostly common sense, is to remove all injured and dead branches.

Fruiting wood varies with the different kinds of fruit. Currants and gooseberries illustrate the differences. Gooseberries, for example, will bear fruit on one, two and three-year-old branches; black currants on one and two-year-old shoots, and red currants on two and three-year-olds. Consequently, on older fruiting bushes, it is desirable to keep gooseberry bushes down to about nine main shoots or branches—three one-year-old, three two-year-old and three three-year-old shoots, removing all others. In the black currant, around 10 branches, half of them one-year-old and half two-year-old, will keep the bush renewed and provide the greatest quantity of fruiting wood. In the red currant, about 12 shoots or branches are desirable, leaving three or four well spaced one-year-old shoots each year, and removing the same number of branches older than three-year-olds at the same time.

Bulletin on House Plants

FARM folk who are sometimes kept pretty close to their houses for fairly long stretches during the winter months can always get considerable satisfaction from plants grown in the house. The average farm house will grow house plants to much better advantage than city dwellings where atmospheric conditions are not always suitable. Too much heat or lack of moisture in the air, or perhaps a heating system fed by gas often makes the cultivation of house plants very difficult.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture has a good general bulletin entitled "Culture and Care of House Plants," which can be obtained free of charge from any Dominion Experimental Farm or Station, or by writing to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. The chances are also that copies of it can be obtained from almost any District Agriculturist's or Agricultural Representative's office.

Wintering Small Fruits

IN some areas in western Canada, there is a considerable amount of freezing and thawing during the winter months. This is extremely hard on all plant life, and in the fruit garden it will be particularly hard on strawberries and raspberries. The result is that though the weather may not show extreme cold in winter, it may still be necessary to provide some winter protection for small fruits.

In southern Alberta where these conditions exist, it is the practice at the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, to lay raspberries down and cover them with a layer of moist soil three to four inches deep. In some years it is possible to do this as late as the middle of November, but generally it is necessary to cover the raspberry canes during the third week of October.

Strawberries, which have no canes to be laid down, can be covered with straw, preferably old straw as free as possible from weed seeds. If pea straw is available, it is desirable because it is coarse and not likely to have many weed seeds. Straw manure should not be used, and if the strawberry bed is a small one and exposed to the wind, it would be as well to hold it down by boards, brush, or perhaps chicken wire. Covering is better done after freeze-up. Most currant varieties stand the

weather in southern Alberta without protection but gooseberries are mounded up to a depth of 18 to 20 inches with the canes or branches left upright.

"Glads" for Prairie Gardens

By Dr. C. F. PATTERSON
University of Saskatchewan

AMONG annual flowers in the prairie provinces, the gladiolus is without an equal. The flower is magnificent and the great variety it exhibits in color and form, gives it a place enjoyed by no other flower of its class. The plant loves sunshine and the long days and the cloudless skies of July and August, found in this region enable the flowers to reach perfection. While responding well to applications of water, it is capable of resisting drought to a marked degree; and with the moisture usually found in a well-managed garden, it will produce spikes that are acceptable to any lover of flowers.

Success in growing "glads" depends in no small measure upon the proper selection of varieties. A few outstanding, easily grown and otherwise suitable varieties are as follows: White—Snow Princess, Maid of Orleans; Cream—White Gold; White with Red Blotch—Margaret Beaton, Silentium; Yellow—Royal Gold; Orange—Bit of Heaven; Pink—Greta Garbo, Felicity, Rosa van Lima; Red—J. S. Bach, Algonquin; Smoky—R. B.; Purple—King Lear, Mrs. Mark's Memory; Lilac and Lavender—Elizabeth the Queen, Isola Bella.

Large corms give better blooming results than do smaller corms. For the production of blooming plants, the corms should be at least one and one-half inches in diameter. Corms a little smaller than this may give fair returns.

The corms that have been wintered over should be cleaned, peeled and treated with suitable chemical before planting. Those purchased have already been cleaned and require only peeling and treating, which is usually done just before planting, but may be done to advantage a month earlier. While various chemical treatments are used, a solution of corrosive sublimate in water is one of the best. Dissolve one-half ounce of the chemical in a small amount of very hot water and then make the solution up to three and one-half gallons. Metal containers must not be used. The cleaned and peeled corms are placed in this solution and kept in it for three hours. The corms may then be planted at once. If the corms are to be held for a time before planting, a thorough rinsing with water should be given. The treated corms are then placed to dry in clean containers.

Planting can be done to advantage in most years, as early as the last week in April. It is often delayed, however, until the second or third week in May. Planting in rows is preferable to planting in clumps. In watered gardens the rows may be as close as two feet, but in gardens not to be watered, the rows can be four feet apart to advantage. The spacing in the row may be from six to twelve inches, depending upon the space available and as to whether or not waterings are to be given. After planting, three or four inches of soil should cover the corms. The gladiolus does well in a great variety of soils and the incorporation of an application of well-rotted manure, when the area is being prepared, is good practice.

Spikes to be used for indoor decoration should be cut in the morning and, under most conditions, when two or three flowers have opened. As much of the stem below the first floret, as possible, should be removed with the spike, but at least five or six leaves should be left on the plant to permit good corm development.

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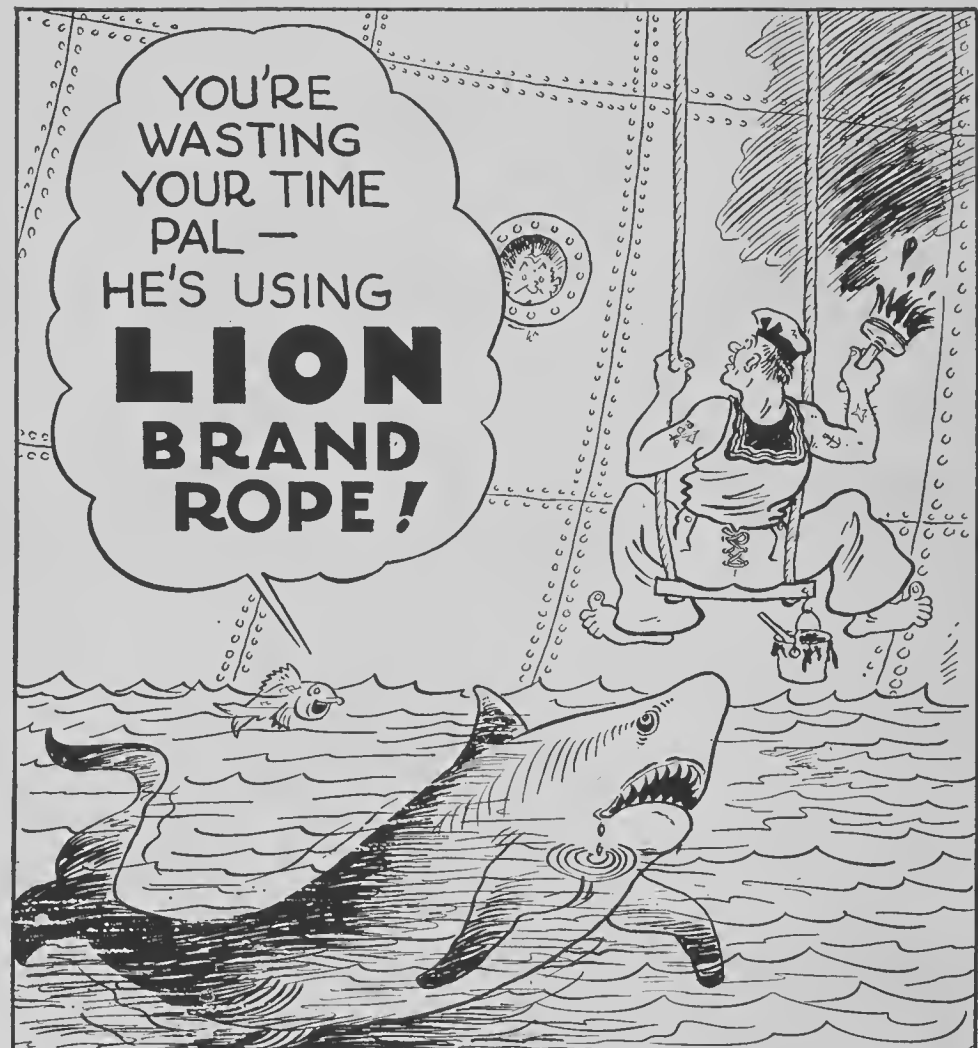
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Answers will be mailed by Ray W. Hansey, C.S.E., who will obtain information from Agricultural Experimental Stations and other reliable authorities throughout Canada and the United States.

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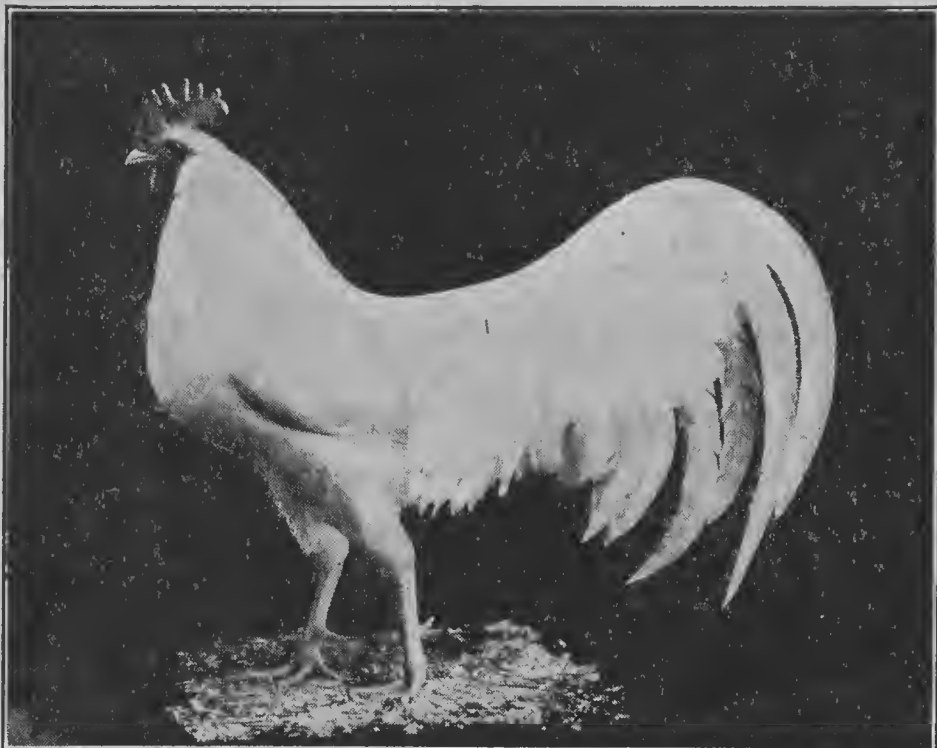
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Here he stands, a symbol of poultry industry achievement; on his toes and with his chest out.

Labor Saving Equipment

POULTRY producers are ever on the lookout for new gadgets and new ideas. The latest of these is a simple little device which came to our notice recently. It was a labor saving arrangement for feeding whole grain to the flock just as the lights snapped on at five a.m. The inventor of this gadget was a fairly large producer who found labor to be quite a problem during the war years. Hence he had to do something or else reduce the size of his flock.

The idea consisted of a few beams, a small hopper, a motor and electric light wires. It was fastened to a beam in the ceiling. The night before the hopper was filled with grain and as the lights snapped on in the early morning, (by time switch) the motor of the feeder also started. The grain fed out through the bottom and was scattered by a paddle operated by the motor. As the hopper emptied, it dropped down thereby raising an arm or beam which pulled one of the electric light wires attached to the motor. This stopped the motor but left the lights on and the hens busily engaged in eating their early morning breakfast.

R.O.P. Males

THERE are good reasons why several of the Provincial Approved Flock regulations require flock owners to head their flocks with R.O.P. male birds. Because of the scarcity of males, not all breeds can be required to comply with such a regulation, but the more popular breeds such as the White Leghorns and Barred Rocks are easily mated with these superior individuals. The recent publication of the 1945-1946 R.O.P. results for Canadian flocks shows quite conclusively that R.O.P. flock owners are doing a good job of breeding high-producing poultry. With the emphasis placed on family production, the R.O.P. breeder finds it possible to make better progress towards his goal of fixing production qualities in his stock.

The R.O.P. breeder is doing the selection which the average producer cannot do for himself. His job is to produce breeding stock of high quality. The easiest and quickest way to incorporate the good qualities of R.O.P. stock is to use R.O.P. males. Hence the use of this grade of cockerel in the Approved Flock. It is of more than passing interest to note that the average production for all pullets entered in R.O.P. in Canada last year was 182.3 eggs. This is nearly seven dozen eggs per bird higher than the Dominion average for farm flocks.

Type in Bronze Turkeys

THE beginning of specialization or commercialization of the turkey industry brought about a demand for a turkey which would produce the maximum amount of meat with the minimum of feed, and in as short a time as possible. The ideas of the breeders have gradually become crystallized, so that today most breeders have a pretty fair idea of the kind of turkey suited for present day needs.

This new market turkey is comparatively short in the leg, and is wider and thicker than the old fashioned bird of 15 years ago. This depth and thickness of fleshing is likely to become more essential as a characteristic of turkeys within a few short years. The consumer demand may result in selling turkey parts, or turkey steaks, instead of a whole turkey carcass. If so, breast meat will count. From this year's crop of poults should be selected the full breasted, early maturing birds for next year's breeding pens.

Why C Grade Poultry

QUITE a percentage of our poultry is being graded C as it comes to market this month. These birds are thin and lack either flesh or fat, or both. Many of them have crooked keels and physical defects of various kinds. Some shippers blame the produce dealers or the poultry inspectors for the low grades which they receive for the birds shipped. In some cases errors may occur, but by and large, the grade given represents the comparative value of the birds in question.

Some of us as producers forget that our birds must be sold as human food and that they must compete with other produce. While it is admitted that spread in price between what the producer receives and the consumer pays is too wide, nevertheless a buyer won't pay as much for a thin bird as he will for a fat, plump one.

This article is more concerned with the grading than with the price. Full-fledged, finished poultry cannot be marketed unless they were hatched early and started on a good chick starter during the brooding period and then continued on a growing mash mixture throughout the summer and fall months. To grade A or a top B, a bird must be well fed and cared for right from the time he is hatched until he is marketed. This year there is no market for poor poultry; only the good birds are salable at a reasonable price. Don't lose money by selling poor birds. Keep them at home until they do carry lots of meat and a good covering of fat.

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They are more Vigorous and easier to raise. Coccidia and other germs responsible for chick mortality are dormant until the weather becomes warm. The British Market demands Fall and Winter eggs—Your future depends on this market.

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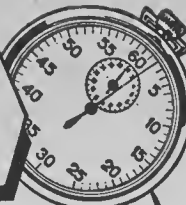
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NEBRASKA TESTS ALL TRACTORS

Continued from page 10

absorbed by the pump. A return line, from the lower radiator connection to the inlet openings of the pump, completes the system.

More load may be obtained by placing the tractor in gear and operating the engine against compression without fuel or ignition. If a light load is desired, the tractor may be placed in gear, the fuel and ignition turned on, the throttle regulated until the desired load is obtained. In testing large track-type tractors it often is necessary to add some of the college tractors to increase the load even more.

WHEN a suitable load for any given tractor has been devised, the tests begin. All of the drawbar pull exerted by the tractor being tested is transmitted to the drawbar load, by equalizers and a hydraulic piston-cylinder mechanism called a draft unit. Pressure on the draft unit is carried through flexible metal tubing to the draft-recording instrument.

This draft-recording unit is a gas-engine pressure indicator which has been so adapted to the requirements that it leaves, on a special chart, a continuous record of the drawbar pull of the tractor. From this chart, showing the pull in pounds, and from stopwatch readings showing the time of travel over the measured course of 500 feet, the horsepower developed is calculated.

Rotary switches having ten contact points are attached to each drive wheel and connected to magnetic counters which record to one-tenth of one revolution the number of revolutions made over the measured distance. From these same readings are calculated the engine speed and the wheel slippage.

"Before any of the tests are made the results of which appear in the official report, each tractor is given a 'limber-up' run," Mr. Larsen explained. "This takes the stiffness out of the new engine, and enables the operator to ascertain if all the parts are working properly. The tractor is run at about one-third rated load for four hours, two-thirds rated load for four hours, and full rated load for four hours. Each of the forward gears is used during this test. The manufacturer's representative is responsible for tractor operation during this test. He is permitted to make such adjustments as setting the valve tappet clearance, or the gap of breaker points and spark plug points, or adjusting the clutch. No adjustments are permitted which conflict with the specifications in the application for test."

BELT tests are next on the program. The tractor is taken into the testing laboratory where the big General Electric dynamometer indicates its belt horsepower. Preliminaries here include fitting an indicating thermometer into the top radiator tank, installation of a fuel line from the tractor fuel system to the fuel-weighting equipment, measurements of the circumference of the engine and dynamometer pulleys, and thickness of the belt.

In making the first belt test, called the 100 per cent maximum belt test, the motor is run at full load until it is thoroughly warmed. Adjustments are made to secure maximum output at rated r.p.m. The governor is set to hold the throttle wide open; the spark is set to give best results; the manifold heat control, if any, is set to the most favorable position; and the carburetor is set so that additional fuel gives no increase, though less fuel decreases the power output at the rated speed of the engine. This test, to establish belt



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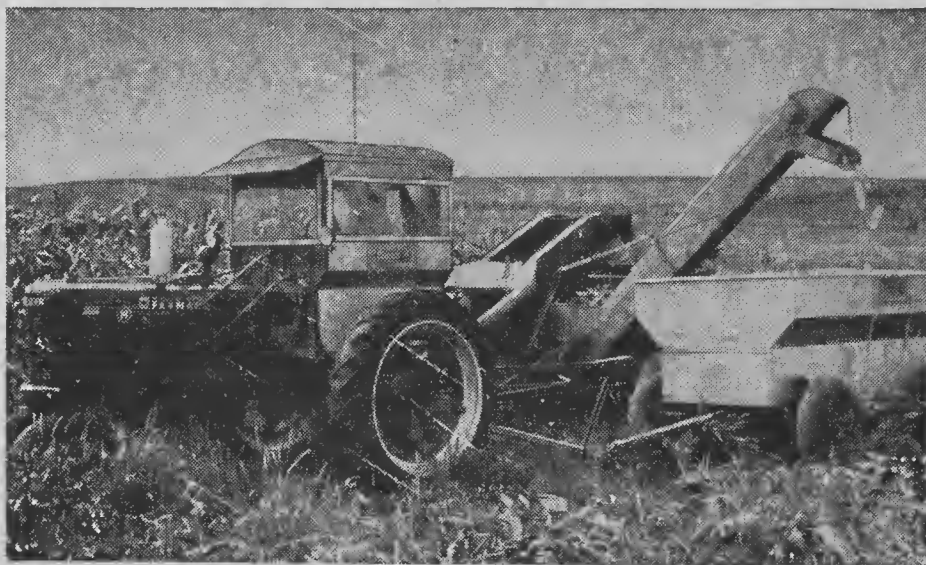
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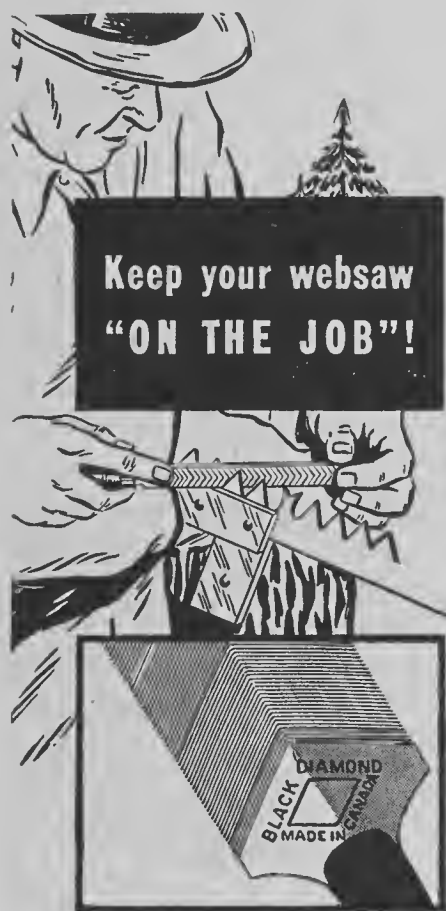
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horsepower maximum ratings, is continued for two hours.

At ten-minute intervals notations are made of engine, belt pulley and brake speed, load on scale beam of dynamometer, temperature of water in top tank of radiator, air temperature at a point approximately five feet in front of the centre of the radiator, and amount in pounds of fuel used. Barometer readings are taken every hour. The water level in the radiator is measured at the beginning and the end of the two-hour period, and the necessary amount of water is added to raise it to the same level as at the start. If water is used in the fuel mixture it is checked in the same manner. From these notations horsepower ratings are calculated, based on standard conditions.

If the manufacturer wishes to use a carburetor adjustment leaner than the 100 per cent setting, a series of trial runs of 20 to 30 minutes at leaner settings are made. The manufacturer's representative may choose one of these as an "operating setting." This setting is used for the remainder of the belt tests.

First run on the operating setting is the operating maximum belt test, of one hour duration. It determines the maximum power developed and the fuel consumption at a carburetor setting that is practical for field operations. The radiator cover or shutters, manifold heat control, and spark are set at the most favorable positions, and the engine is run until operating conditions have become stabilized. Then the test begins and readings are taken at ten minute intervals.

THE rated load belt test, also of one-hour duration, is next. Its object is to determine whether the tractor will carry its rated load on the belt and to secure a record of fuel consumption and other operating data. The tractor is given its rated load as nearly as possible. The carburetor remains set at the operating setting. The governor is adjusted to maintain rated engine speed at rated load.

Rated load is determined in one of two ways. If the tractor is rated by the manufacturer, sufficient load is applied to develop rated horsepower at rated engine speed. If the manufacturer does not specify the rating of the tractor, or wishes to accept the "calculated" rating, the rated load becomes 85 per cent of the corrected maximum, as calculated from the results of the 100 per cent maximum belt test. In most cases the manufacturer elects to accept the calculated rating.

One more belt test is made, known as the varying-load belt test. Fuel consumption when the load varies, and efficiency of the governor in controlling the speed are checked in this test. It is comprised of six 20-minute runs. The first is rated load, which is the same load as the one-hour rated load test just completed. This is followed by 20 minutes at no load. The minimum load is applied and the power developed is approximately one horsepower. The next load applied is one-half the rated load torque and this is followed by a maximum horsepower test, in which enough load is applied on the dynamometer to pull the engine far enough under rated speed to insure an extreme throttle opening. These two runs are made at one-fourth and three-fourths rated load torque respectively.

Although considerable care is necessary to insure accuracy in the belt tests, not too much difficulty is experienced in getting fairly accurate readings. It is a different story when it comes to the drawbar tests, according to Mr. Larsen. These are made at two carburetor settings, "operating" and "100 per cent." The 100 per cent maximum test is made in one gear only—that designated by the manufacturer as most suitable for ordinary field work. Results of a test in this gear with the carburetor adjusted at 100 per cent as found on the belt, are used to deter-

mine the "calculated" drawbar rating. The observed 100 per cent maximum drawbar horsepower is corrected to standard conditions, multiplied by 0.75. The result is the "calculated" rating.

"In making the 100 per cent maximum tests we go over the measured distance time after time, until we are able to get the best possible reading," Mr. Larsen said. "We might make as many as 25 to 30 tests before we get one that satisfies us."

"The biggest difficulty is to get the right engine speed. If the maximum engine speed is rated at 1650 r.p.m. the best we are able to get on one run may be 1640. The next time it may be 1660. We have to keep trying till we get as nearly as possible to 1650. We have the same difficulty in making the other drawbar tests."

OPERATING maximum drawbar tests are the second in this series. They are made in each of the forward gears, using the operating carburetor setting used on the operating belt tests.

From 1934 to 1939 tests were made on rubber tires, as well as on steel wheels with spade lugs, without extra cost to the manufacturer. These supplementary tests on rubber tires, in addition to the regular operating maximum drawbar tests, included fuel economy runs of four hours each in second and third gears. They indicated a definite superiority in load-pulling capacity for rubber tires.

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The rated load is figured on the basis of the 100 per cent maximum load. It is 75 per cent of the maximum, corrected. The corrected figure is what would result if the tests were conducted at sea level. The altitude at Lincoln is 1,180 feet.

At the conclusion of the tests the tractor is inspected so that it can be ascertained what effect its operation during the various tests has had on various parts. Particular attention is centred on clearance volume, valve and port dimensions, bore and stroke, differential and belt-pulley reduction ratios. Condition of valve heads and seats, spark plugs, magneto or distributor breaker points, and fuel, oil, and water connections are also noted.

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The Swedish government makes tests of a somewhat similar nature. They are voluntary to the manufacturer, and are done without cost to him. After preliminary tests the tractor is taken to some farmer who uses it in his regular farming operations, to a total of 500 hours. So these tests require more than a year for completion.

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The Political Pot Boils in B.C.

Who will succeed Premier Hart?—Fruit growers confident

By CHAS. L. SHAW

BRITISH COLUMBIA politicians are faced with their biggest problem in half-a-dozen years: Who is to fill John Hart's shoes?

Most people felt long ago that British Columbia's popular, white-haired premier was becoming restless, and that he planned early retirement. He had dropped many hints of his intention, without making any definite announcement. But when he did formally state his decision to quit office by the end of the year, his action created a considerable stir in and outside government and legislative circles. It is going to be difficult to find a successor who will wholly meet requirements, just as Vancouver is finding it difficult to choose a new mayor with talents comparable with those of the late Gerry McGeer.

When he announced his decision to retire from the premiership and the leadership of the Liberal party in the west coast province, Mr. Hart expressed the hope that the Liberals would call a convention in December and name a chief who would automatically become premier of another coalition. But this task may be more of a problem than Mr. Hart imagined. Unfortunately, from the standpoint of unity, there may be more than one candidate for the role of premier.

THERE are a few Liberals and Conservatives who would like to see a termination of coalition and the re-establishment of the two old parties on the traditional basis, in friendly political rivalry with each other. But they are unquestionably in the minority. Most people owing allegiance to the Liberal and Conservative parties are frank to admit that while, in combination the two parties would win the next contest, separately they would fail to win a majority, in which event, of course, the opposition C.C.F. would cheerfully take over the reins of office.

Thus, from the standpoint of practical politics, the problem is not so much to find a Liberal leader who will successfully lead the Liberals or a Conservative who has the confidence of the Conservatives, but a man of either party who can keep both parties united. The problem is complicated by the fact that Hart's No. 1 man in the cabinet as Finance Minister is Herbert Anscomb, a Conservative with a strong following. Although Mr. Hart has expressed the opinion that a Liberal should follow him as premier, in conformity with the spirit of the coalition, there are those who believe that it is now the Conservative's turn. Mr. Anscomb himself hasn't expressed himself in so many words.

Among the Liberals now holding office the choice seems to favor Gordon Wismer, Attorney-General, who recently added the Labor portfolio following the retirement of George Pearson. Wismer is a fighter, a smart lawyer and an able administrator, but he has his detractors too, and in a convention might encounter strong opposition. A possible compromise Liberal leader is E. T. Kenney, Minister of Lands and Resources. Outsiders mentioned as possible harmonizers are Chief Justice Gordon Sloan and Dr. Norman MacKenzie, president of the University of British Columbia, but neither has indicated any desire for the uncertainties of political life.

MARKETWISE, British Columbia's agricultural industry, has little to worry about this year. Total value of the crops will probably establish a new high record, and there will be little or no unsold surplus.

There was some anxiety in the Okanagan when it was announced that because of dollar shortage the United Kingdom would not be able to buy any fresh apples this season, but no difficulty has been experienced in finding alternate outlets. Most of the apple crop will be sold on the prairies at good prices, and considerable quantities will be marketed in the United States and in markets even as distant as Brazil. One shipment of 75,000 boxes of apples was sent from Vancouver recently on a Dutch ship.

DURING mid-September, train loads of apples were rolling out of Okanagan packing centres in an almost steady stream. Growers, pickers, packers and shippers were working overtime to keep the pace so that handling the estimated crop of 7,000,000 boxes would not be delayed. About 80 carloads left Kelowna alone, almost every day.

Although growers admitted that the 1947 crop falls short of the 1946 record by about 2,000,000 boxes, the color and quality of the product are superior to anything they have known in the past. A light frost before harvesting contributed to the good coloring.

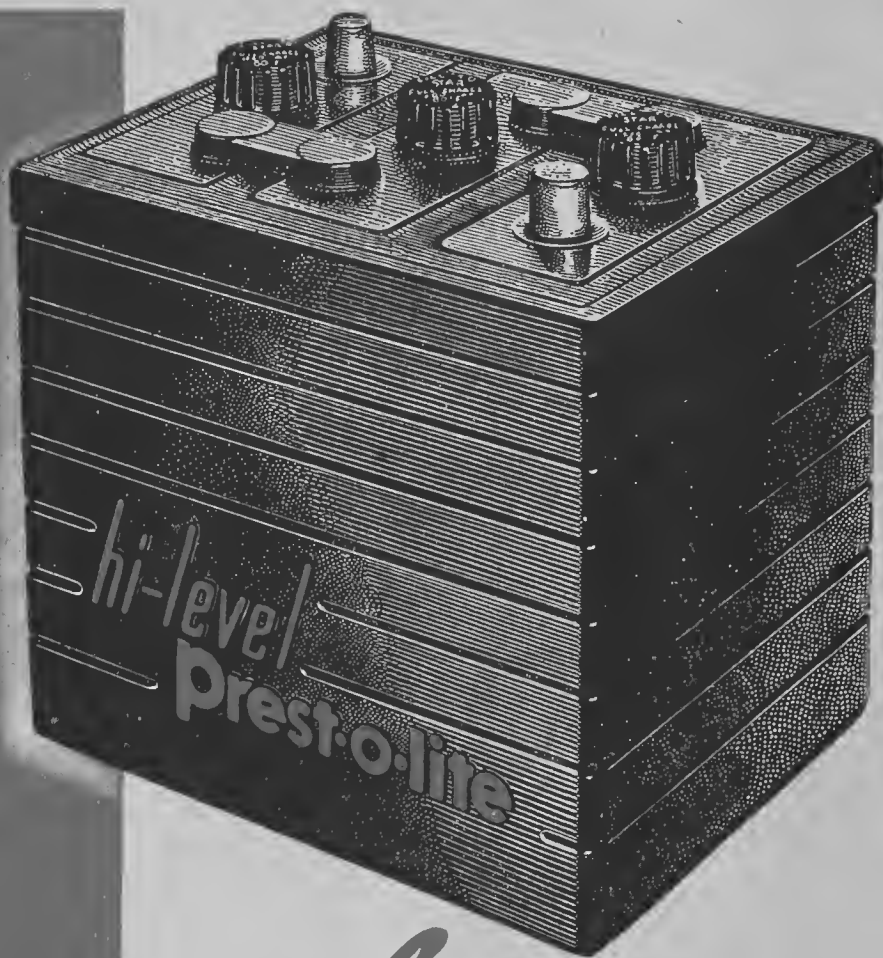
Tests conducted in the Okanagan of spraying insecticide by helicopter are being closely watched by growers and officials of the Dominion and provincial governments. Most of the tests were made in the Summerland area and they are admittedly inconclusive at this stage.

Okanagan growers are again urging federal legislation to support the stabilized marketing machinery initiated under provincial sponsorship, which has been very successful since the early war years. A. K. Loyd, president and general manager of B.C. Tree Fruits Ltd., marketing agency for the Okanagan growers, recalls that since the inception of organized co-operation in 1939, good relations have been maintained with the many factors in the industry.

"The producers in the orchards," says Mr. Loyd, "have supported the company in a steady campaign to improve and standardize the product and a great deal of money has been spent to provide the housewife with a purchase which she will find acceptable."

THE company operates on a revenue derived from a per-package charge for its service. Any portion of this income not used in the operation of the selling agency is returned to the growers in rebates. The agency's quotations to the trade are uniform and steady. There are no special deals or hidden discounts. Returns from the various commodities are pooled, and the same amount paid to every shipper for like varieties, grades and sizes. What the agency and growers need, Mr. Loyd points out, is federal legislation (supplementary to existing provincial legislation) designed to give the marketing framework a permanence that is now lacking.

The packinghouse strike had an adverse effect on the Williams Lake Cattle Sale, which in recent years has become one of the biggest in Canada. Superficially, the sale was a success, but many of the smaller ranchers didn't offer their cattle this year, because they knew there would be fewer buyers and felt that the volume of cattle shipped out would be limited by pickets around the packing plants, embargoes against railroad shipping, and so on. However, in spite of this situation, the cattlemen of the Cariboo and Chilcotin ranges continue to be optimistic.



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QU'YUK the Beautiful

Continued from page 11

"My people need not know about this," he muttered shamefacedly. "Especially Paksaw, my father!"

He was disgusted with himself for running away, but he kept remembering the terrible threat of the strong wings and the serpentine menace of the sinewy necks and the gaping, savage beaks.

"Who could guess that birds would fight?" he asked. "And fight so well, too!"

A reluctant admiration for the swans' bravery was born, a respect he had learned at painful cost.

"A-yee!" Ikalo muttered, with a wry smile. "It seems that a certain one has not finished learning his hunting lessons!"

Then he planned his return, when he would seek revenge for his wounds and his ignoble rout.

THE northland spring is long awaited, but once the winter finally ends the fertile land comes gladly and quickly awake and teems with abundant life. Thousands of birds throng the sky and sea and shore, among them the ducks and geese, the plovers and gulls, murrens and tern. Mosquitoes hum and dance in the sunny haze, taking a blood toll from every passing creature. Little Arctic foxes yap shrilly from the low hills and catch lemming and hares to carry to their community of burrows, where bright-eyed kits are always hungry. Fish crowd the river mouths and sea shallows, with many a splashing ring widening on the calm waters to mark where the jumpers break surface. Along the coast chug the gas-powered boats of the missionaries, the police, and the traders, their craft stopping at every settlement and family camp. So much happens so suddenly in the springtime, that May was gone and June had sped most of its time before the Eskimo lad could fulfill the secret promise he had made himself.

But the day came when Ikalo walked the flowering tundra towards the distant pond where the swans had their nest. He went alone, for he did not want to do any explaining to curious companions. His initial defeat still rankled in his mind, though the beak wounds had long since healed. He craved revenge, and to this purpose carried a bow and half a dozen metal-tipped arrows.

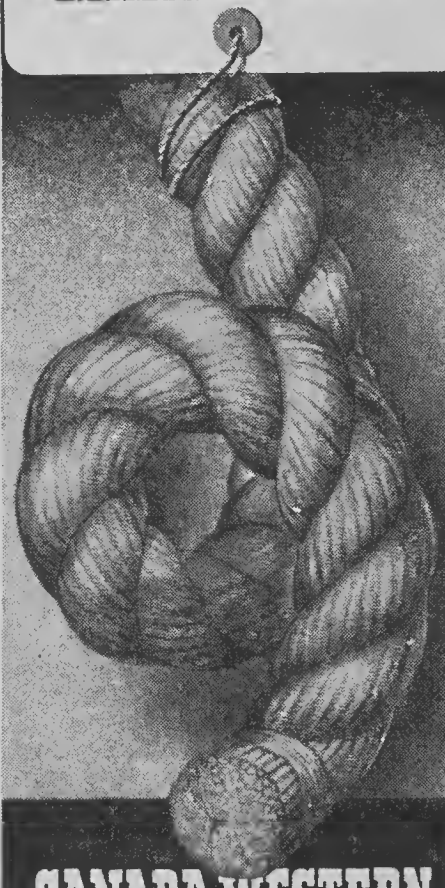
"I will shoot from hiding," the boy told himself, feeling nervous as he approached the ridge overlooking the nest.

He dropped down on the fragrant moss where the white daisies were brightly in bloom, crawling to the highest part of the hill and peering down into the hollow.

The birds were standing on the rim of the nest, their attention centred on the eggs. As Ikalo watched, the pen swan used her beak and lifted a large fragment of shell and flung it aside. Then she broke loose another particle and dropped it over the side. Her forty-day vigil had come to an end; the cygnets were hatching!

Momentarily forgetting his feud, Ikalo stared in fascination. Soon there were four little ones free of the shells, all huddled wetly together in the bottom of the nest-hollow. But it was not long before tiny heads began to lift and thin, shrill peepings came faintly to the ears of the hidden watcher. Occasionally the pen and cob uttered a low note, a quiet reassurance to the cygnets' querulous demands. And finally the moment arrived when the mother forgot the fifth egg she had been hopefully watching. It lay still and sterile in the nest while she gently used her beak to oust her family of four from

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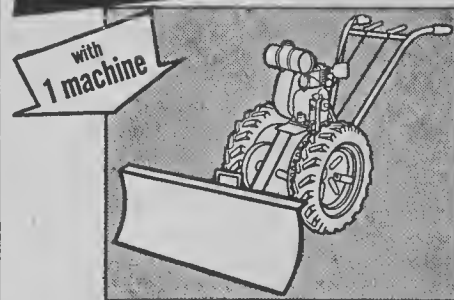
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the mossy hollow. The young ones teetered on the rim a protesting second, then rolled and scrambled down the slope of the nest mound and reached the flat land bordering the pond.

At this stage the Eskimo boy roused himself to action. He knew that the swans would desert the nest area, going to some secluded shoreline where they would be safe from enemies. Beyond the tiny pool fronting the nest site were the wide waters of the lake, so Ikalo had to act now or forget his plans.

"But I won't shoot the mother bird," he whispered, as a concession to the helpless little ones. "I'll only shoot Qu-yuk, the big one himself!"

Fitting an arrow to his taut bow-string, the boy raised himself on one knee and took careful aim.

Phhhuttttt!

Away sped the shaft, twinkling in an arc as it sped down to the nest. Then its brief flight ended, the point shattering on a stone directly under the black feet of the giant cob. Thus the boy's eyes were focused on the swan's extremities and he caught sight of a silvery metal band wrapped around the bird's leg.

Ikalo quickly forgot that little observation, for the swan had whirled and hissed out a loud alarm. The female hurried the young ones into the water, half submerging her own great body so that they could more easily climb onto her back. Swiftly she carried her precious cargo away from danger.

But the cob swan made no attempt to escape—not with his new family threatened by an enemy! Recklessly the great bird advanced toward the ridge; trumpeting a loud and defiant challenge.

Ikalo jumped to his feet to gain a better shooting-stance; a second arrow was chosen and hurriedly placed on the string.

"This time, Qu-yuk dies!" he muttered, bending the bow to its straining arc and sighting down the shaft of the arrow.

Half-running, half-flying, the male swan climbed the slope toward the human. There was no mistaking the bird's intention; it was launching a direct attack on the enemy to cover the retreat of its mate and young. Ikalo saw the menacing beak, the powerful wings. He recalled the fright and pain of his former encounter, and that memory may have hastened his shooting.

"A-ye!"

The shaft overshot its intended target, the snowy breast of the swan. The whistling missile flashed past Qu-yuk's head and went harmlessly beyond into the empty hollow. Ikalo snatched up another arrow, but before he could fumble it onto the string the cob had reached the top of the ridge and charged valiantly toward the human with beak gaping and wings held high for action.

"A-ye!"

IKALO turned and ran his fastest down the far slope and onto the flat tundra. Only when he was a hundred paces or more from the hill did the boy pause and glance back. The great white bird was proudly silhouetted on the ridge, the head held high and the huge wings arched! A trumpeting note rang militantly across the wilds, announcing the great bird's victory.

Ikalo rubbed a hand across his chin in a thoughtful way.

"Paksaw, my father, would not smile if he could see me now," he muttered ruefully he remembered that his best arrow had shattered on a rock and his second shaft had been lost.

Then he looked again at the ridge, where the swan still watched.

"Truly, it is indeed a brave bird," he thought.

The swan turned, gleaming white in the afternoon sun. Then it disappeared from the crest as it hurried to join

mate and family. Ikalo rubbed his chin again.

"In time, a foolish one may learn how to hunt!"

But as he walked homeward he kept thinking about the noble picture the bird made, standing erect on the hill-top.

At first the swans kept the little ones in the sheltered shallows, on hidden ponds indented from the main body of the lake. The cygnets fed richly, straining the minute plankton through their beaks during their first few days of life and later tipping their tiny bodies to reach down through the water to the smaller weeds growing on the bottom. Occasionally the adults fetched a tidbit from the greater depths within reach of their long necks, shredding the vegetation so the little ones could eat it. The precocious youngsters developed rapidly, and the fluffy down of their hatching day darkened and showed signs of the developing pinfeathers. Their color was a neutral grey, a dingy contrast to the snowy raiment of the adults.

But before long the lovely plumage of the parent birds started to shed, for the August molt was due. At that time the pen bird led the way across the broad expanse of the lake toward a distant island. During the eclipse plumage period, both adults lost the power of flight, so severe was the molt. That was why they favored an island location at such times, to be out of reach of their many enemies. Hungry foxes and wolves haunted the mainland shores, skulking behind rocks and any convenient cover to spring upon the unwary waterfowl that relaxed vigilance for a moment. The fierce-eyed gyrfalcon sometimes patrolled the shorelines too, flying on narrowed wings that almost screamed with speed as the hawk swooped upon intended victims. Fast skuas, pirate birds of prey, hovered in passing to glare covetously down at the well-guarded cygnets. Thus far, the cob swan had been alert to every danger and had always managed to give warning in time of an enemy's approach, but now came the difficult period when flight was denied them.

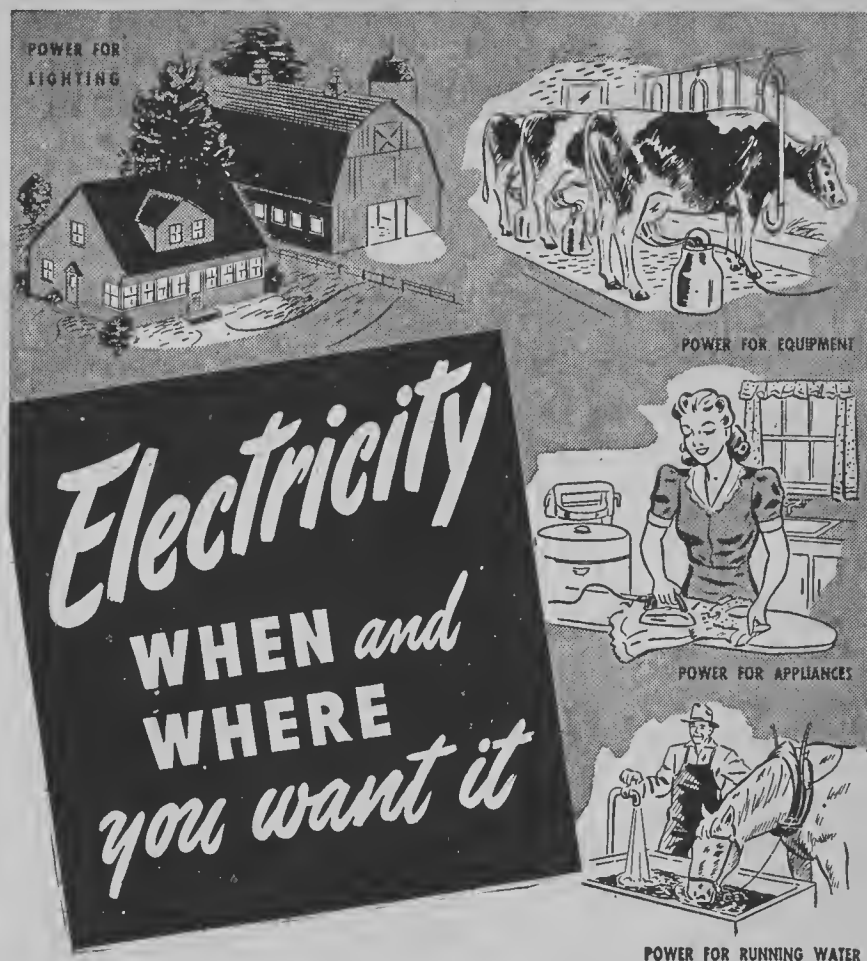
At such times the swans' worst enemy, man, takes a heavy annual toll. Paksaw the Hunter knew all about the helplessness of the waterfowl during their molting month. One hot August day he loaded his large family into a freighter canoe and they paddled up the tributary stream that connected the lake with the ocean. Half a dozen wide-pronged bird-spears were handy in the craft, and the Eskimos were happy in anticipation of the annual feast of bird-flesh.

"We will go directly across to the island," Paksaw decided, once the lake had been reached. "We always get good hunting there."

Vast numbers of ducks and several families of geese had sought sanctuary on the island in addition to Qu-yuk with his mate and cygnets. The wary geese, always keen-eyed and watchful, were the first to sound the alarm when the grey canoe came knifing across the waters. A few birds, their molt not advanced far enough to hamper them, flapped heavily away to another haven. But the rest were earthbound by the loss of wing feathers, and they became panic-stricken as the craft grounded on the rocky beach and the eager Eskimos leaped ashore.

"Ho!" laughed Paksaw loudly. "Our spears will turn red today!"

MALE members of the family snatched up their spears, while the women armed themselves with knives and clubs. In a moment their exultant shouts rang above the clamoring cries of the frightened waterfowl. Fat adults and half-grown young birds ran squawking before the fleet humans, the wisest birds heading for the water and the more foolish ones crouching against the

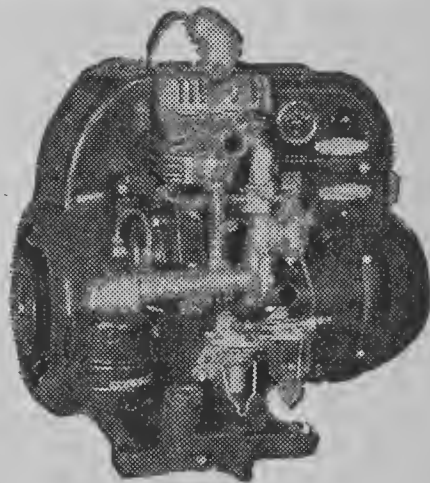


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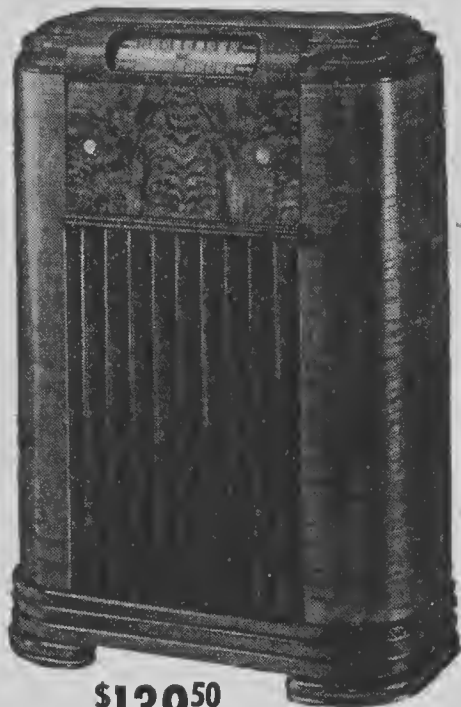
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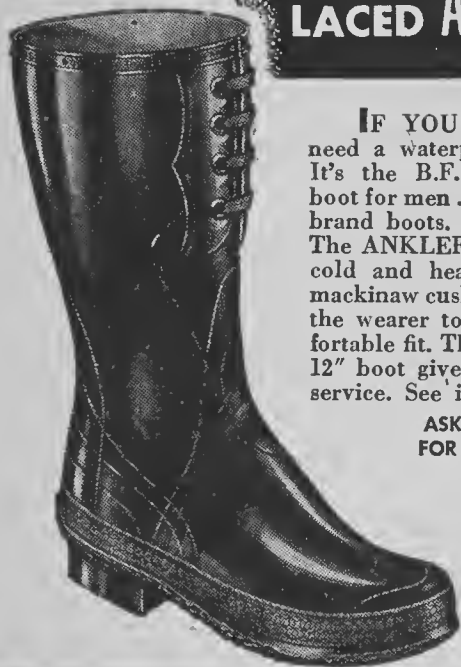
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sheltering shadows of rocks. At first the Eskimos raced among the waddling flocks, jabbing their spears into the thickest concentrations. Then, as the birds scattered and more took to the safety of the water, the keen-eyed hunters sought out the motionless ducks who had trusted to their protective coloration to save them.

Ikalo's spear was soon dripping blood as he stabbed down again and again. Then the boy rushed ahead of his party, seeking larger game. Somewhere on the island there would be geese, and Ikalo had an ambition to be the first of his family to spear one of the larger birds. He crossed the hump of the high land; then his round face lighted up in a gleeful grin.

"Qu-yuk and his family! We meet again!"

He turned to shout the news to his father, Paksaw. But he stifled the yell, for he wanted this kill all to himself.

"Now I can take my revenge!" he gloated, running forward.

Qu-yuk and his mate were sorry spectacles right then, compared with the gleaming white birds they had been but a short time back. The molt had been drastic and many a ragged gap marred their once smooth plumages. In place of their splendid wings, an array of blue quills showed the unsightly beginnings of new flight feathers. The cygnets, too, carried the nubby, uncouth sproutings of their wings-to-be.

Holding their long necks stiffly erect, with heads tilted to look behind them, the birds waddled down the uneven slope toward the water. Ikalo raced forward, his spear firmly grasped and ready. Qu-yuk uttered a barking call and the family broke into a cumbersome sort of trot, untidy wings threshing to steady their awkward progress. Quickly the lad pursued them, gaining with every stride.

Qu-yuk wheeled suddenly and confronted the boy. Ikalo stopped for a moment, then advanced slowly with his spear levelled. But the cob did not retreat; his black beak was half open, ready to strike, and the useless wings were arched to play their part in the battle. Ikalo stopped again.

"You are brave, Qu-yuk!" he whispered, and his spear lowered itself to the ground. "This time you know that I will kill you, and still you are not afraid!"

The boy recalled the memorable picture the bird had made when standing on the hilltop, shining in the sun and proud of his prowess. He remembered, as well, the defeat he had suffered that time, also the first meeting when the pen and cob had combined to drive him from their home. Ikalo's spear levelled again and he took a step forward.

Qu-yuk's mate uttered a short note; she and the cygnets had reached the

water. They were safe. But the male swan stood still, his eyes steady on the advancing enemy.

The boy glanced back over his shoulder. He noted that none of his family had yet crossed the hump of the island; they were still busy with the squawking ducks near the canoe. Ikalo shouldered his spear, waving a hand at the watching cob.

"Go, Qu-yuk! This time I could have killed, but—Go, Qu-yuk, before Paksaw the Hunter comes!"

Ikalo hurried back by the route he had come. When he reached the hump and had made sure that his father and the others had not witnessed his doings, Ikalo turned to have a final look at the swans. The pen and cygnets were already far out on the lake, swimming strongly for the mainland. Qu-yuk was just entering the water. They were all safe from the spearmen, this time.

Then the boy felt a qualm of guilt. Was this not a bird-killing hunt? Why had he not used his spear?

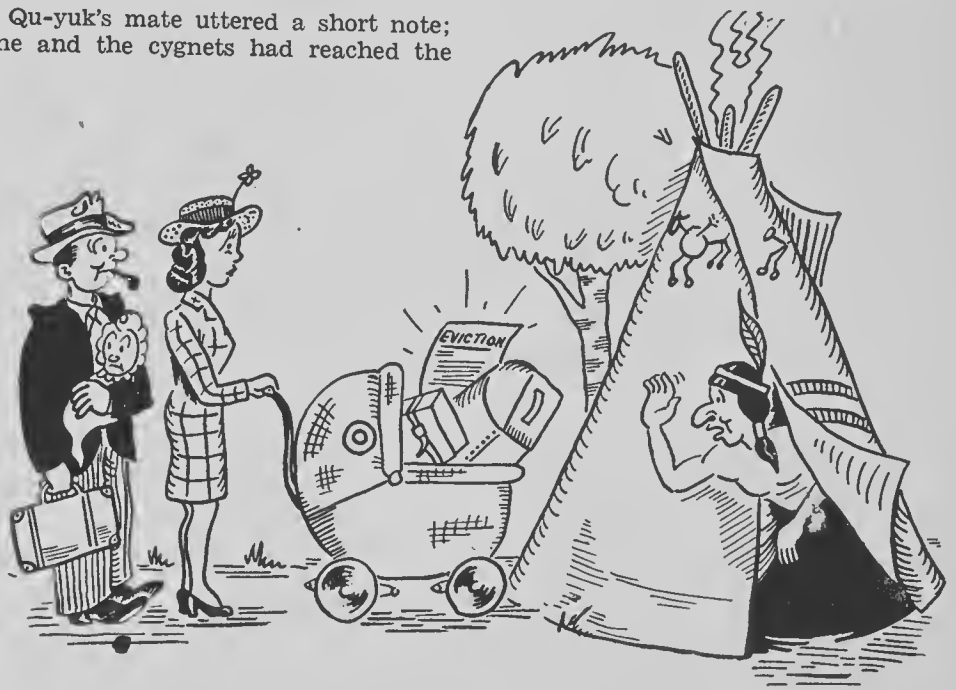
"Swans are tough to eat," he muttered.

Young swans are tender, however, and well he knew it. Ikalo rubbed a hand across his chin, slightly ashamed of himself. He glanced toward the far end of the island, then turned to shout at the others.

"Paksaw, and my brothers! Come quickly, for here is Ni-yut-in the geese!"

NOW the summer season was nearly done. September brought its keen frosts, hardening the mud-flats against the probing beaks of sandpiper and plover and Tullik the snipe. Such birds were already winging south, with the insect feeders among the land birds closely following their wise example. Ducks congregated in large and noisy flocks, preparing for the flight. Gulls screamed their protest at finding no more of the summer's feast, when the bodies of dead salmon littered every beach after spawning. And the Eskimos were busy along the caribou routes, killing for food and to secure a supply of skins for their winter clothing.

Qu-yuk's family was smaller now. Early one morning a cygnet had gone ashore to preen itself on a prominent rock, and a wolverine's evil form had launched out from the shadows and struck down the unwary bird. Another young one had been killed by an eagle. Qu-yuk and his mate had rushed across the water with great wings threshing, for they had united before to drive away the hungry attentions of the large birds of prey. But the young swan was already dead by the time they reached the scene;

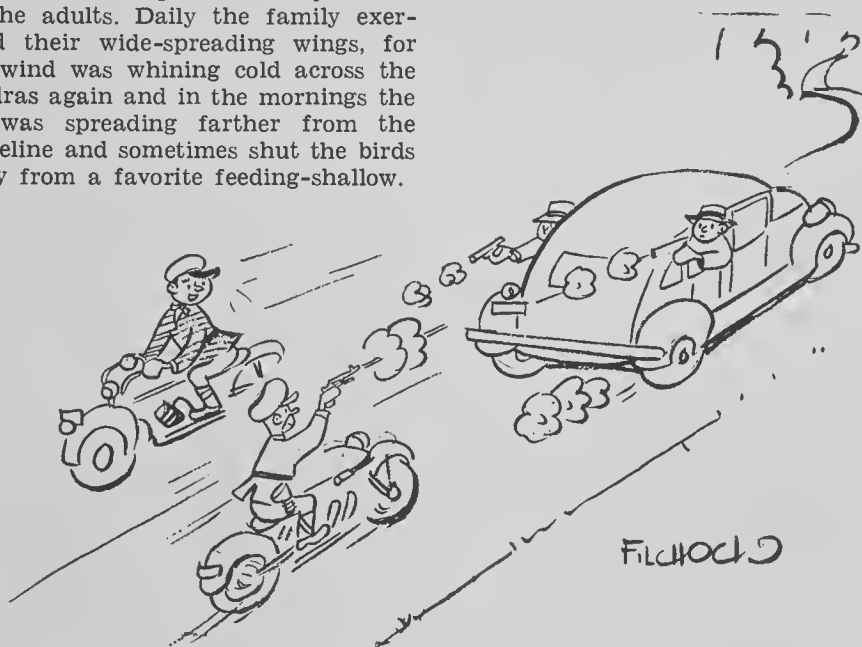


"Ugh. No room."

BALES
-P-

the eagle flapped heavily along the water surface and half carried and half dragged the cygnet to shore.

So now there were only four members in the swan group, all fully feathered by this time. The young ones were not so large as the parent birds and lacked their snowy plumage; ashy-grey was the juvenile color, with purplish beaks and livid feet in place of the jet black of the adults. Daily the family exercised their wide-spreading wings, for the wind was whining cold across the tundras again and in the mornings the ice was spreading farther from the shoreline and sometimes shut the birds away from a favorite feeding-shallow.



"Good to see you back on the job again, Watkins..."

Soon the ducks were gone and the lake seemed strangely quiet, with the lonely cry of the loon mourning at intervals across the almost empty waters. The geese marshalled their family flocks and formed a V as they stretched their black-stocked necks southward. The pen swan, watching the geese depart, uttered a low murmuring that made the large male restless. Thus the morning came, after the ice had again blocked them from feeding, when the cob trumpeted loudly and the four birds went foot-paddling along the water for twenty yards as their huge wings labored to lift their heavy bodies. They circled above the lake twice, gaining altitude, then pointed their beaks south and west towards the distant California coast where they would winter.

As they flew over a certain part of the caribou country, Paksaw's family heard their whistling flight song and raised their eyes to watch. Ikalo made a little motion with his hand.

"Good-by, Qu-yuk!" he called. "Maybe we will meet again."

Ikalo's wish was to be fulfilled. The boy grew rapidly that fall and winter, and when the reluctant spring came again he was a sturdy-sized fellow who was suddenly interested in Oo-lo, the daughter of Paksaw's friend who had joined the family at the river-mouth camp. Great excitement came to that camp one day, for an aeroplane skirted the thawing shoreline and coasted to a stop in the quiet waters of the wide river estuary. From the plane came two white men, and one of these set up his camp close to the Eskimo settlement and asked many questions about birds.

"Have any of you found metal bands on the legs of any birds you have killed?"

"Who ever heard of such foolishness," asked Paksaw. Birds do not grow metal bands on their legs, surely! But he and his friend and their families promised to help the man; this strange fellow wanted to be shown birds' nests and such trifling matters. He had many books, in which were pictures of all manner of known and unknown birds were colorfully shown.

"Ai!" cried Ikalo in delight. "Here is Qu-yuk, the Whistling Swan!"

Then memory stirred in the boy's mind; he remembered shooting his best arrow at the giant cob, of seeing that arrow shatter to fragments on a stone near the black feet of the swan. Above the nearest foot was a wrap of bright metal, even as the man had spoken about to Paksaw and the rest.

Ikalo was about to tell the man, but a thought deterred him. Where was Qu-yuk now?

Across the melting snows the boy walked, across the tundra flats to the little ridge that overlooked the hollow. A shout of pleasure came from him, for there was Qu-yuk's mate, a wad of old moss in her beak, piling up a new

Ikalo liked the white man; he could tell by the other's eyes that he spoke the truth. So the boy led the bird-crazy one across the soft snows of the flat land and pointed a finger down into the hidden hollow where Qu-yuk was standing guard while his mate built a nest. The white man put special glasses to his eyes and looked eagerly at the giant swan.

"Yes!" said he, and his voice was almost trembling. "That's my band! That's my swan!"

"He is my swan, too," protested Ikalo. "Did I not spare his life last summer, when I could have killed?"

The bird-man pulled out a little book. He turned the pages, then stopped and looked at some writings.

"It is our swan, then—yours and mine together. And here is something that will surprise you, Ikalo. That large band of metal was wrapped on Qu-yuk's leg twenty-two years ago this past April. Twenty-two years! That's a long, long time, Ikalo!"

The Eskimo boy counted slowly on his fingers, in the way his mother had taught him.

"Ai!" he grunted in surprise. "Qu-yuk, the big one, is older than me!"

The bird-man was looking at the pen swan through his binoculars.

"His mate is an old bird, too. Did you know that Qu-yuk chooses a mate for life. If you had killed Qu-yuk last summer with your bird-spear, his mate would have lived alone from then on until she died. And if she was killed first, Qu-yuk would live alone until his death, too."

Ikalo considered this, watching the devoted pair busy at their season's work.

"That means they have a heart-feeling for each other, like people?"

The bird-man smiled.

nest on the shores of the secluded spot. And there was Qu-yuk himself, proudly on guard again. Ikalo could tell by the very stance of the wonderful white bird that it was his old enemy. Then the lad looked at the cob's legs.

"Yes, it is so! Qu-yuk wears a band of bright metal wrapped on his leg!"

Ikalo returned to the river-mouth camp and sought out the bird-crazy man. Boldly he asked a question: Did the man want to kill all the birds that wore the metal band?

"Of course not," smiled the other. "Why do you ask?"

Ikalo hesitated. Then he admitted knowing a bird that wore such a band. But if the bird-crazy man wished to kill the bird, he—Ikalo—would not tell him any more.

"One time," explained the boy, "I held a bird-spear, so, just a little way from the breast of this bird that I know. I could have made a stab, so! And the bird would have bled from its umata, its heart. But I did not kill."

"Why not?" prodded the curious ornithologist.

"Well," Ikalo was rather shamefaced, trying to explain himself on this point. "Well, my bird is a very brave bird. And one time I saw it standing white on a hilltop and the sight pleased my eyes."

"White, and brave," mused the bird-man. "Boy, are you talking about a swan?"

Ikalo nodded.

"And Qu-yuk, my swan, wears a bright metal band on his leg like the ones you ask about, except that it is much larger."

QUICKLY the bird-crazy man got out his gifts, wonderful new knives and shiny looking-glasses and special little chemical stoves that cooked food in hardly any time at all and flashlights for the winter season. He offered Ikalo his choice of gifts if the boy would only show him the swan with the large metal band.

"Do you wish to hurt Qu-yuk in any way?" demanded Ikalo.

"I only want to look at him," said the bird-man, smiling. "Once, Ikalo, I put a metal band around the leg of a swan that was wounded. I made the bird well again, then I turned him loose. And the band that I wrapped around that swan's leg was not like these government bands I have shown you, but much larger. I was only a boy then, and I made a special band for the leg of my wounded swan. That's why I'd like to see your Qu-yuk."

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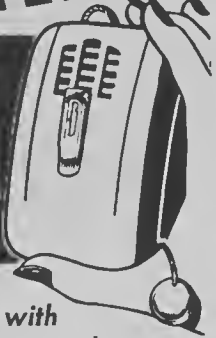
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"That's right, Ikalo—a 'heart-feeling' like you say! And that's why I'm going to ask you to promise never to kill Qu-yuk or any of his kind, even when your people go to the lake islands to spear birds for the summer feast. Perhaps you could even ask your father, Paksaw the Hunter, never to kill the great swans."

The boy nodded eagerly, glad to make such a promise. But he was thoughtful about this mating news of Qu-yuk.

"Do you know Oo-lo?" he suddenly asked the bird-man.

The other shook his head.

"Well, she is the daughter of An-yac, my father's friend. I am soon to be a man and Oo-lo is to be my wife. I have a heart-feeling for her. Because of it, I wish we could be like Qu-yuk and his mate, and stay together for life."

"You could do that," smiled the bird-man. "A lot of people are very happy that way, just like Qu-yuk and his mate."

"Ai!" Ikalo beamed down at the great birds. "Then Oo-lo and I will watch Qu-yuk the Beautiful, and learn!"

Northern Beekeeper

The career of K. E. Baines demonstrates that "it pays to start 'em young"

By MABEL W. R. McPHAIL



K. E. Baines, beekeeper of Tisdale, in front of the local warehouse.

K. E. BAINES of Tisdale, Saskatchewan, was recently mentioned in a national news broadcast because of a beekeeper's curiosity. While Mr. Baines says there was little fact in the announcement that he had a colony of bees protected from bears by an electric fence in the Moose Lake district of northwest Manitoba, it may be assumed he is trying to discover the difference—if any—between honey from growth on virgin land and that of a mixed farming area. That the colony is reported to be located at Moose Lake, the territory of Tom Lamb of muskrat fame, is scarcely coincident. Tom Lamb is well known in Tisdale where many members of his family reside.

Keber Elwin Baines was born at Saltcoats and settled in Tisdale in 1935. A hive of bees became his boyhood care, and interest, and determined his future. Through experience, wide reading, and attending short courses on beekeeping, Mr. Baines has extended his apiary of 70 hives in 1935 to his present 500.

Tisdale was recommended by the provincial apiarist as a likely place for honey production. He based his advice on the amount of alfalfa grown throughout the district. Since then

there has been considerable discussion as to whether bees gather much nectar from alfalfa. However, the Tisdale district does produce much good honey, and since Mr. Baines arrived the production of honey has become a local industry of expanding proportions.

For a number of years honey was shipped by rail or truck to Yorkton for packing and grading. When new premises were required for the Co-operative Association, K. B. exerted his influence to have the warehouse built in Tisdale. This has proved a great convenience as all members of the Association in northeast and east central Saskatchewan have their honey graded and packed for the Canadian market in Tisdale. The Tisdale plant in 1945-1946 processed 900,000 pounds of honey and in 1946-1947 when the average yield per colony was only 110 pounds the plant produced 750,000 pounds. Mr. Baines is vice-president of the Co-operative Association of Saskatchewan Honey Producers. The warehouse employs a manager who is also the grader, an engineer, two men and six girls for eight months of the year.

The banner year for honey in the Tisdale district was 1938 when the average yield per hive was \$20 pounds.

In 1938 K. E. Baines won, for



The Cat skippers on the Lassiter project at Wanham, Alta., have named this 18-foot brush breaker "The Queen Mary" because of a fancied likeness to the great liner.

the second time in succession, the highest award for white honey at the Imperial Fruit Show held at Bristol, England, at which exhibits from all over the British Empire competed.

The winters of 1944-1945 and 1945-1946 Mr. Baines spent at Reddington in the Sacramento Valley, California, learning about the raising of queen bees for package shipments. So fascinating did he find this that only the lack of a suitable manager here prevents his return to Reddington for a time.

It was a good day for the beekeepers, small and large, when K. E. Baines chose Tisdale as his location. There may be keepers of more numerous colonies but none that has worked for the industry as has K. E. Baines.

Mr. Baines carries his vigor and enthusiasm into other spheres than honey production. He has been a consistent booster for the development of the local beach resort on the Barrier River south of Tisdale. This is becoming an anglers' paradise on holidays and weekends. K. B.'s interest in politics has made him the chairman of the local C.C.F. organization.

Since Mr. Baines considers the best honey is produced from the fireweed, which is only found on burned-over land, can it be in his search for virgin bee pasture he is seeking new honors for himself in particular and Canadian honey producers in general?

UNDER THE PEACE TOWER

Continued from page 13

people in Canada favor private enterprise, are capitalists at heart, and definitely do not like the tenets of socialism. Don't take my word for it; just count the vote last election. What the people will do next election is for the time being purely academic; we can only go by records. Therefore, it is safe to say that they have not yet decided to go overboard for Coldwell socialism. But they seem to feel that Mackenzie King will never get them into any real harm. Thus if he invoked some state controls, he would have the support of the Liberals. He might pick off a few Progressive Conservatives who feel that John Bracken is not precisely the answer to a Tory's prayer. And if King could nibble off a socialist vote here and there, it would not be the first time he had made political converts. All in all, then, we might get King and socialism, and we might get some of it soon.

But be sure of this; more and more we are going to be controlled by the state. Certain privileges, certain perquisites are lost to us, as time goes on. As we more and more make the world our oyster, paradoxically we less and less have as much say about what we can do in this cosmic oyster of ours. The 20th century is one of vanishing privileges for many. On the other hand, it is a century of increasing privileges for many more. Old age pensions have come, and we accept them. We do not call them detestable socialist devices. We take the money, gratefully. The baby bonus is here to stay, and who's against it now? More and more we are going in for pension schemes, for unemployment insurance. We are veering closer and closer to the form of state medicine. All this socialism. No more can we keep these privileges away from the people than King Canute could keep the tide out with a broom.

In other countries, socialism was introduced by socialists. Here it may be the job of the Liberals, with somewhat mixed motions, to introduce the legislation and the way of life that Mr. Coldwell has long been advocating. It will be interesting to see M. J.'s face when this begins to happen.

●This Feature is furnished monthly
by United Grain Growers Limited

Monthly Commentary

More Money For Wheat Producers

The past month has seen a number of different developments each of which promises to add substantially, both to the present year and later, to the income of western grain producers. The greatest part is in connection with wheat.

Great Britain has agreed to pay \$2.00 per bushel for 140 million bushels of wheat during the third year of the contract between that country and Canada. The price now agreed on contrasts with the minimum price for 1948-1949 which was included in the British contract when made at the first of August, 1946, and also contrasts with the price basis of \$1.55 per bushel in effect for the first two years of the contract.

There has thus been added to the prospective income of western wheat producers, from sales to Great Britain, 105 million dollars. The price for the final year of the contract, 1949-1950, will not be negotiated for another year. The minimum price basis of \$1.00 per bushel guaranteed for the final year of the contract may also be subject to upward revision, the extent of which will depend upon developments during the next year.

Even before negotiations with Great Britain had been completed, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, the Hon. Mr. MacKinnon, had announced that at its next session parliament would be asked to increase the Wheat Board initial payment from its present level of \$1.35 per bushel, which would mean an equalizing payment on all wheat deliveries since August 1st, 1945. Discussing that announcement on this page last month, the statement was made that it would be surprising if the equalizing payment was less than 15 cents per bushel or more than 20 cents per bushel. The larger amount now seems likely, and an increase in the initial payment to the basis of \$1.55 per bushel. The new arrangement with Great Britain would seem to make such an increase quite practicable and, moreover, the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Mr. Gardiner, has been suggesting that exact amount.

The new basis of payment on wheat will mean probably something more than 180 million dollars additional to reach the pockets of western farmers before July 31st, 1948. An additional 20 cents per bushel on deliveries of 1945-1946 will amount to 47 million dollars, and on the deliveries of 1946-1947 to 65 million dollars. The exact quantity to be delivered this year is still uncertain but probably the amount involved on such deliveries will not be less than 50 million dollars. Presumably, as soon as parliament authorizes the increase in the Wheat Board initial price, farmers will get \$1.55 per bushel on remaining deliveries for the current crop year. At the same time the Wheat Board will proceed as rapidly as possible to pay out 20 cents per bushel on deliveries since August 1st, 1945, up to the time when the new initial price becomes effective.

The Canadian Wheat Board presumably already has in hand more than enough money to cover these payments. It has had a margin of 20 cents per bushel on wheat sold to Great Britain, the difference between the initial price basis of \$1.35 per bushel and the sale price of \$1.55. Until September 15th of this year, the Wheat Board was taking a loss, on producers' account, of 10 cents per bushel on wheat sold for domestic consumption in Canada on the price basis of \$1.25 per bushel. On that date the domestic price basis was advanced to \$1.55 per bushel, so instead

of the former loss, the Wheat Board is now realizing a surplus of 20 cents per bushel on sales made in the domestic market. On every bushel sold for export to countries other than Great Britain the Wheat Board has been realizing a much larger surplus, ranging all the way from 65 cents per bushel to \$2.00 per bushel.

These surpluses, so long as they remained in the hands of the Wheat Board, constituted a guarantee fund protecting the government against any possible loss on its price guarantee on a basis of \$1.35 per bushel in effect until July 31st, 1950. There is no possibility of a loss up to the end of the present crop year. In view of price prospects for next year, including the price to be paid by Great Britain, loss during 1948-1949 seems out of the question. There is only one crop year, that of 1949-1950, during which a loss is conceivable. Consequently the government seems perfectly safe in allowing a large distribution from the funds now in hand and in advancing the Wheat Board initial price basis to \$1.55.

If a change had not been announced for this year the prospect would have been for a very large distribution, after 1950, on participation certificates issued during a five-year period. The change now in prospect will simply mean that farmers will get, earlier than was ordinarily planned, money belonging to and ultimately to be paid to them. Ultimate distribution of participation certificates, of course, will be less by the additional amount to be paid out during the interval.

Since the beginning of this crop year the Canadian Wheat Board has been making a distribution, amounting to something more than 60 million dollars, on participation certificates for the crop year 1944-1945, the last crop year before the present five-year pooling arrangement came into effect. Thus, during the present year, western wheat farmers will be receiving a total of more than 170 million dollars in respect of wheat marketed during earlier years, an amount which not many years ago might have represented total wheat income during a single crop year.

Wheat sales to Great Britain, on the basis of \$1.55 per bushel, during the first two years of the agreement have brought much less than if sales had been on the basis of "world prices." No one can yet say whether or not the \$2.00 basis during the third year of the contract will give Canadian farmers any recompense for that fact, or whether it will mean a further sacrifice in comparison with wheat prices elsewhere prevailing.

Ceilings Off Oats And Barley —Prices Rise

On October 21st price ceilings were, by government action, removed from oats and barley. Considerable price advances were immediately recorded in the market, an indication of the extent to which the income of producers of coarse grains had been restricted in the past by such ceilings. The price advance undoubtedly would have been considerably more had it not been for the previously announced government policy, which was reiterated to the effect that exports of oats and barley would not be allowed during the current crop year. Thus the Canadian market was insulated, to a very large extent, from the influence of the high prices which prevail for such grains south of the border.

Concurrently the government abolished the subsidies on grain bought for feeding purposes which had been previously in effect, 10 cents per bushel on

oats, and 25 cents per bushel on barley and on feed wheat. The buyer of such grains, whether intended for meat animals, for dairy purposes, or for poultry feeding, thus faced an immediate increase in his costs, quite apart from that imposed by the higher market prices for oats and barley. Ceilings had previously come off dairy and poultry products and on October 21st were also removed from meat. The livestock feeder, however, did not know to what extent the prices for his products would rise to correspond with the increase in costs for grain. Thus, while one body of farmers in Canada, the western producer with oats and barley for sale, benefitted from the change, there was another body of farmers who suffered and have been objecting to it.

Probably all farmers have objected to the time at which the change was made. The western producer wants to know why the government did not act earlier, to give him the full benefit of the change from the beginning of the crop year. On the other hand, farmers in eastern Canada and on the Pacific Coast would have preferred to see the change delayed until the end of the current crop year.

The packinghouse strike was probably responsible for the delay. On September 15th the government lifted price controls from a long list of articles and commodities. Almost certainly the change which was made on October 21st would then have been made except for the strike. Presumably the government hesitated to lift price ceilings on meat when the strike threatened to make meat extremely scarce. Presumably, also, the government hesitated to remove the subsidy on feed grains, at a time when, because of the strike, many farmers were forced to withhold from market and to provide feed for hogs and cattle which were ready for slaughter. The change was made as soon as the packinghouse strike was over. Thus to the cost which that strike had already imposed upon farmers there must be added those losses resulting from the retention of price ceilings for five weeks during a season of heavy marketings for oats and barley. The logical time for making the change would have been either at August 1st or a short time after, before the new crop oats and barley began to be marketed by western farmers.

Prices recorded for oats and barley since the ceilings came off cannot yet be accepted as indicating the probable range during the remainder of the crop year. It will take some time to establish just how heavy the demand for feed grains will be under the new conditions. Quite possibly some feeders of livestock will reduce the scale of their operations. Others may continue as before and hope that prices for hogs and cattle will rise to correspond with increased costs of feeding. Before the change was made, it was feared that the supply of oats and barley available to buyers of feed in Canada might not be sufficient for all requirements this crop year, in the light of a grain crop failure in eastern Canada. There could be, on the one hand, a considerable increase in supplies if western farmers should decide to sell oats and barley which formerly they had planned to feed, and there could also be a reduction in demand from eastern Canada and from British Columbia. If any surplus of oats and barley should thereby result, it might become necessary for the government to revise its policy and permit some export, under licence, of these grains either to the United States or overseas.

High Prices For Wheat

The Canadian Wheat Board is accustomed to sell its "Class 2" wheat, that is for export to countries other than Great Britain, on the basis of "world prices." In practice, that means on the basis of prices prevailing on the Chicago market, taking into account premium for prompt delivery, and also for the high quality of Canadian wheat. The first price for "Class 2" wheat at the beginning of August, 1946, was \$2.00 per bushel, which came into effect after the former ceiling of \$1.55 per bushel had been removed by government action. From that level the price rose, during the next fifteen months, until on March 23 it had reached \$3.39 per bushel. For a considerable time Canada has been charging countries other than Great Britain more than twice the price of \$1.55 prevailing on sales to Great Britain. The climb was almost steady, although there have been occasional temporary recessions to correspond with declines on the market at Chicago. Thus, within a few days after October 23, the price for Class 2 wheat had been marked down by 14 cents per bushel.

It is this rise in prices on the Chicago market, and for Class 2 wheat, which was responsible for the recent negotiation of a price to Great Britain of \$2.00 per bushel for the third year of the contract and also for the impending adjustment in the initial Wheat Board price elsewhere referred to.

Too much, of course, cannot be expected from sales of Class 2 wheat in increasing the value of participation certificates issued by The Canadian Wheat Board. After providing 160 million bushels for Great Britain, and after taking care of Canadian domestic requirements, both on the basis of \$1.55 per bushel, the quantities left for sale on the world price basis have been comparatively small.

Fears For United States Winter Wheat Crop

There is a strong contrast between the outlook for the winter wheat crop of the United States and that which prevailed a year ago. At that time ideal conditions had prevailed for seeding and early growth of the winter wheat crop and high hopes, later to be fully justified, were held for the harvest to be gathered in 1947. Early prospects were maintained. As a result of high yields on the largest winter wheat crop on record, the winter wheat yielded well over 1,100 million bushels. The total wheat yield in the United States from the 1947 crop was almost 1,500 million bushels.

This year a very unsatisfactory outlook prevails. A long period of dry weather in the southwest has reduced the area seeded to winter wheat, and created very unsatisfactory conditions for the seeded crop. Germination has been slow and uneven and it is feared the crop will go into the winter in a weak condition and be easily susceptible to winter killing. Memories have been revived of the dry years of the 30's when a large part of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas became known as the dust bowl of the United States and when thousands of people were driven from the land because nothing would grow. During the past six years growing conditions in that area have been extremely good. Encouraged by that fact and by high prices prevailing for grains much land, formerly regarded as sub-marginal, has been put into wheat, and farmers generally have been enjoying an extremely high level of prosperity.

The unsatisfactory outlook for winter wheat has contributed to the recent strength of wheat prices at Chicago.

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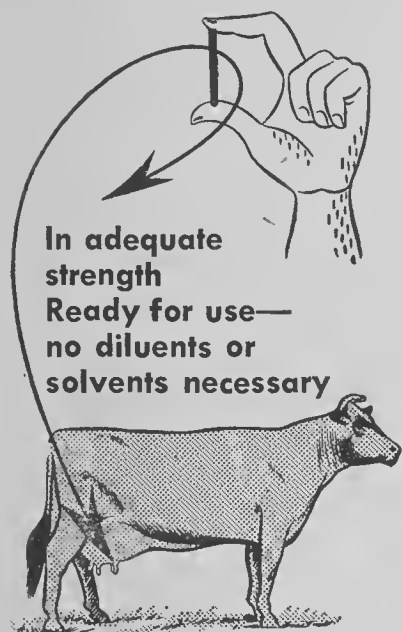
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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

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Duck Shooting Deluxe

Ducks are plentiful in the Hazeldine district this year and local Nimrods are having little difficulty in securing their daily bags. Reinhold Klimek has set up the enviable reputation so far of an average of two ducks for every shot fired. This, it will be conceded, is real marksmanship.—*Hazeldine, Alta.*

Hail Destroys Crop Prospects

This district was looking forward to harvesting the biggest and best crop in its history. However, just as our farmers had their harvesting equipment all set to handle what looked like a bumper crop, fate stepped in and dealt a crushing blow with the worst hail storm ever experienced here. Hail stones of egg-size beat 75 per cent of the crop into the earth, and many farmers were unable to recover feed for their stock. Like the true neighbors they are our farmers are helping each other by sharing their feed and garden stuffs with others less fortunate. Although the hail damage has been costly, the friendly and generous attitude of neighbors lessens the blow, and people are heard to remark "This is a good world to live in after all."—*Beauvallon, Alta.*

A "Wild Goose Chase"

While out goose hunting, Mike Lakusta, our hotel proprietor, impatiently waited for the geese to fly over. Suddenly he looked up to see a nice flock of geese just over his head. Being anxious to take advantage of a rare opportunity Mike let go—picking off two nice fat geese. Just as he licked his lips ready to take another long chance shot, Mr. Burns, farmer north of Clondonald yelled "Hey, those are my geese." (Mr. Burns' tame geese were in the habit of flying from his barn down to the lake every morning.)—*Clondonald, Alberta.*

Off to Bonnie Scotland

Mr. and Mrs. S. Watson of Renwer will sail shortly for a year's vacation in Scotland, during which they intend to visit relatives and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson were early settlers in the Renwer district. They homesteaded for a number of years and later started a post office and general store.

Their many friends in this and neighboring districts wish them a safe and pleasant journey and a speedy return.—*Renwer, Man.*

Ready for the Winter

United Grain Growers have erected a two-bin coal shed at Rossendale and are now in a position to provide a much needed service to their many customers by carrying stocks of both Drumheller and Souris coal.—*Rossendale, Man.*

Receives \$1,135.15 for One Load
Recently H. R. Knudson hauled in one load of rye to the U.G.G. elevator, weighing 311 bushel net, and received \$1,135.15 for the load. This may not be a record for one load but it is certainly a very large amount of money to be paid for one load of grain. Mr. Knudson has grown fall rye for several years with considerable success. He usually sows early in August and later uses the rye as pasture for his large herd of cattle.—*Archerwill, Sask.*

Good Roads and Good Fields

Gravelling of the Flin Flon highway has started at the White Fox end; gravel being hauled from a local pit. The present contract is for 17 miles of new road and if the weather holds there is a possibility that another 11 miles may be covered this fall. The intention is to continue work on the highway as long as possible.

This year's alfalfa crop is the best for some time. On some fields the yield was as high as 450 pounds per acre. At the current price this would bring the owner \$238.

The White Fox Alfalfa Seed Growers' Association recently expanded, building an additional elevator, increasing their storage and cleaning space.—*Love Siding, Man.*

Local Bays Win Calf Club Honors

Alex Stow and Don Murray, of the local Calf Club, have won the right to represent Manitoba in the National Calf Club contest to be held at the Toronto Royal Winter Fair on November 17 and 18. They won this honor in elimination competitions conducted by the Provincial Extension Service.—*Graysville, Man.*

Wins Championship

Miss Rita Stitt won the championship for the best beef type calf of the Vista district at the recent annual fair. Competition was very keen in all classes so Rita is entitled to the congratulations which attended her winning entry.—*Vista, Man.*

Good Neighbors

An example in community effort was shown by the people of Margaret during the past summer when 70 men turned out for two days to shingle the municipal rink. The ladies did their share by feeding the hungry men at noon on both days. A group picture of the willing workers is shown below.—*Margaret, Man.*



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The Good Neighbor Spirit

The pioneer spirit of neighborliness is still a vital factor in the lives of farmers on these western prairies.

Last spring a Crossfield farmer, Russell Bills, became ill and was taken to hospital. His illness was protracted and the question arose "How to get the crop in?" This problem was neatly solved by the East Community Good Neighbors.

About fifteen neighbors turned out with tractors and implements, and in one long day the crop was sown, the summerfallow was tilled, and everything put in top shape for the spring season.

The ladies of the club took over the farm kitchen and prepared meals for the men at work.

To see a fine crop of grain at the harvest is the bounteous reward of satisfaction these good neighbors have enjoyed in lending a helping hand.—*Crossfield, Alta.*

Duck Hunters Welcomed

The Lake View Hotel is pretty busy these days trying to accommodate all the duck hunters. Some have come as far as Wisconsin and the Dakotas. The farmers think the more hunters the better, as thousands of bushels of grain have been destroyed by the immense flocks of ducks, this being due to wet weather and grain lying in the swath for several weeks.—*Shoal Lake, Man.*

A "Bird in the Hand . . ."

The game of Cribbage: Every card-player's dream when he is playing cribbage is to be able to hold the highest possible hand. A short time ago the U.G.G. agent was playing cribbage and to his surprise and good luck, after the cards were dealt and cut he found that he was holding the highest possible hand — a once-in-a-lifetime happening.—*Strathclair, Man.*

Carnival for Building Fund

A monster carnival was held in Saltcoats Town Hall recently a feature of which was the Crowning of the Queen during the evening. The Legion Hall building fund received quite a boost as a result of this very enjoyable event.—*Saltcoats, Sask.*

Pioneer Passes On

The passing of W. J. Street, well known district farmer, is sincerely regretted by a wide circle of friends and neighbors.

Mr. Street had farmed successfully in the Rignold area for over 40 years. He was a shareholder of United Grain Growers Limited. He also played an active part in community affairs and was for many years a school trustee.—*Rignold, Man.*

Good Neighbors Depart

H. A. Rowan and family are leaving the district and going to make their future home in B.C. Mr. Rowan will be greatly missed as he has been our coun-

cillor for many years. Mrs. Rowan has been very active in church work and also Red Cross work. The boys were in the Dropmore orchestra and will also be missed. A farewell party was held in the Dropmore Hall when they were presented with a beautiful tri-light.—*Dropmore, Man.*

Receives Nice Fat Cheque for Rye Crop

By far the largest cheque to be issued for a load of grain at Inglis, Manitoba, went to Jack Danaluik who brought a truck load of rye to the United Grain Growers Elevator and drove out with \$702.46 in his pocket. This rye was grown on seven acres of land.

* * *

Adding to the new homes being recently built at Inglis is the U.G.G. agent's house which is modern in construction and was built in record time much to the credit of Art Koping, the foreman, and Ellis Sillen, helper, who had the house completed in six weeks.—*Inglis, Man.*

A Record Yield?

When it comes to record yields for this season it is believed here that Chas. McArthur's yield of Regent wheat will be found hard to beat. He threshed 65 bushels per acre. The crop was fertilized and was sown on land which had been seeded to grass for several years.—*Kelloe, Man.*

In Spite of a Bad Start

Bob Wath, a local farmer, purchased enough Registered Montcalm barley this Spring to seed six acres. He had to pay a high price for the seed and was very disappointed when it froze badly in the Spring and he had to plow down all but one and one-half acres. Mr. Wath was, therefore, agreeably surprised when he finally threshed 106 bushels this Fall which will give him enough seed for next year.—*Penrith, Man.*

Record Load of Flax Delivered

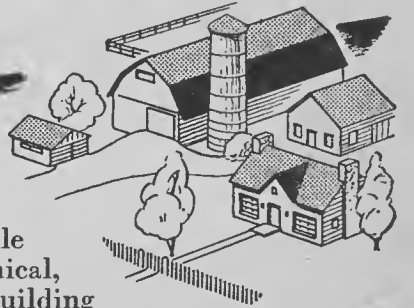
The largest load of flax ever delivered to Medora elevators was delivered to the U.G.G. elevator recently from the farm of Albert Vanrobaeys. The gross weight of the load was 326 bushels. The flax graded 1 C.W. and the price \$4.81 per bushel. As will be seen this load was worth real money. The net yield per acre was 16½ bushels.—*Medora, Man.*

A Fine Project Succeeds

Permission was granted by the Russell Town Council to the Elks Lodge to construct a new play park for the kiddies and the clearing and levelling of the grounds will commence this Fall. The Elks intend to put a paddling pool for the youngsters in the proposed park, the water to be supplied by the town from the well at the fire hall. This project, coupled with the new skating and curling rink will make Russell one of the better towns in the province.—*Russell, Man.*

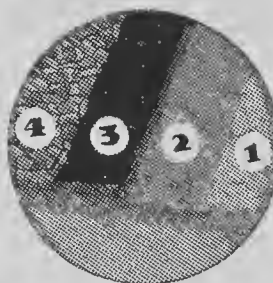
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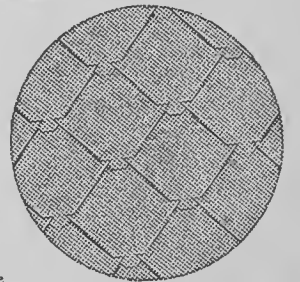


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The Age of Wood

Condensed from the Atlantic Monthly, October, 1947

SCIENTIFIC research, which has done so much for agriculture, is making even greater progress in the utilization of forest products. Saw mills waste from 40 to 70 per cent of the forest tree. Science now holds out the hope that in the not too far distant future this waste will yield a variety of insulating boards, plastics, paints and varnishes suited for specialized needs, and cheaper than anything now available.

Celluloid, the first of all plastics was made of wood. It was discovered by John Wesley Hyatt as the accidental and undesired result of his efforts to produce artificial billiard balls from wood pulp. Cellulose is the base for 70 per cent of the high grade plastics which sell for more than 20 cents a pound. From purified high-alpha cellulose come photographic film, cellophane, and a big family of chemically related compounds which go into many other products. And no list of plastics should omit rayon, even though its huge volume puts it in a class by itself.

Plastics, of course, are made from an infinite variety of other materials ranging from coal tar to the excrement of tropical insects. But few people realize that the synthetic resin which is the basis of the plastic is mixed with wood filler to lessen the cost of production. Fifty per cent of every such item as a fountain pen, a steering wheel, or a telephone receiver is composed of wood flour, prepared by grinding sawdust and sifting through a fine mesh.

Most of the wood filled plastics are of the bakelite type, invented around 1910 by Leo Henry Baekeland. The resin used in these plastics is based on coal tar derivatives. Wood flour does no more than keep the price of the finished product down, like ground oat hulls used in cattle feed preparations. The most common complaint against bakelite is that it is brittle. It could not be otherwise as the fibre has been destroyed by grinding.

The next advance required preservation of the fibres. All that was needed was to impregnate sheets of paper with synthetic resin glue, stack them to the required thickness and cook the stack under pressure in a mold. Table tops, automobile dash boards and electric switch boards have been made in this way for years.

AT first nobody seems to have given much thought to the strength of the paper used. When Pearl Harbor produced a crisis in the light metal industry of the United States, chemists developed specially designed high-strength papers which made up into a plastic called Papreg. This plastic has twice the strength and half the weight of aluminum. Its tensile strength is three to seven times greater than wood and about equal to mild steel. It found a ready use in airplane manufacture and by some is regarded as one of the great inventions of the war.

But with Papreg the scientists had only begun to score. Wood is composed of long cellulose fibres held together by Nature's own glue, lignin. Lignin is to the tree what laundry starch is to the dress shirt front. Without it trees could not grow to several hundred feet in height, stand against storms and bear a load of snow. Nature itself suggested that we extract lignin and use it as a binder for cellulose in the manufacture of plastics.

The extraction and utilization of lignin has, however, turned out to be a long scientific battle. One American paper company which spent a million dollars in this quest stumbled upon synthetic vanillin, the stuff which bakers use to flavor cakes. Wartime scarcity in Germany and Sweden led to the utilization of waste sulphite liquor from pulp mills, rich in lignin,

in the production of soap. The product did not make the grade as toilet soap but was completely satisfactory for laundry use, and helped the Germans to reduce their fat requirements for soap by one-third. Waste liquors from pulp mills and wood sugar plants are yielding tanning agents, raw materials for cosmetics, and compounds that promise value as extenders for rubber and fertilizer for soils deficient in humus. But for some undiscovered reason lignin plastics have not come up to expectations. If lignin is removed from its bond with the fibres of the tree it seems to lose some of its valuable properties.

YEARs before this chemical truth was discovered, Owen Mason, one of Edison's assistants, discovered a product which has since been given his name. The basis of his invention was a gun, loaded with sawdust or chips, which could be sealed for a few moments while the charge was subjected to great heat and pressure. Sudden release of the pressure produces a violent internal explosion in the cell spaces of the wood, tearing the fibres apart and re-activating the lignin so that it forms a new bond for all the fibres in the gun charge.

A factory was started in 1924 for the manufacture of Masonite boards which quickly came into their own for building insulation. But competitors adopted the Masonite principle and its originator was driven to the next step. Gun fibre stock, he discovered, could be squeezed into a homogeneous, grainless, synthetic board of great hardness and water resistance. Secured in its monopoly by shrewdly drawn patents, the Masonite company commenced production of hardboards which now approximate two million square feet a day. Balsa, the lightest, and Lignum vitae, the heaviest of natural woods, weigh seven and 88 pounds per cubic foot respectively. Masonite ranges from one to 90 pounds, even though it is made from wood grown within 100 miles of the Mississippi factory.

The last step in the march of discovery has been the separation of re-activated lignin from the gun fibre and mixing it with furfural, a substance recovered from the wash liquors of the explosion. The product yields fully molded plastics of high technical properties. Much research remains to be done before this laboratory accomplishment becomes an industrial realization but meanwhile it is interesting to speculate on the economic possibilities.

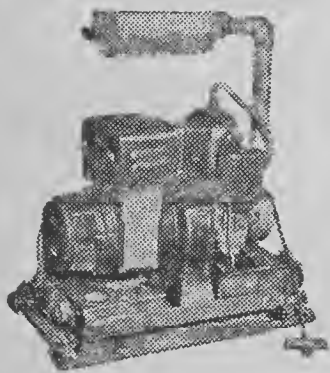
It would be quite feasible to generate 40 million tons of lignin annually from the annual cut of European and North American forests. Assuming that lignin resin would require an equal weight of fibre, the ultimate tonnage of plastics would climb to 80 million tons. Add the output of plastics from other sources indicated by the ascending curve of the industry and the grand total reaches 100 million tons. From the 2½ million tons of hardboard and other plastics now manufactured from wood to 100 million tons is a big jump. It approximates the present world output of lumber. It is one-third the world consumption of metals.

At two cents a pound, the generally assumed figure, lignin would knock the props from under the price structure of the present plastics industry. It would undersell lumber which starts at two cents a pound in the rough and enters the market at six to ten cents a pound. and would easily outrun the light metals, which cost from eight to 30 cents in the ingot. Lignin would be competitive with standard auto body sheet metal, at its present six cents a pound. The American auto industry could consume 3½ million tons of lignin in plastic bodies alone.

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Continued from page 5

by the contract, and special care was taken in drawing up the questions, to arrange them so that they could be answered with the least amount of time and trouble in a busy season; and to absolutely avoid, if such a thing were possible, any inducement to answer any individual question in a particular way. It was of course impossible to completely guard against the imaginations of so many individuals, including, for example, the man who thought we were trying to discover his political leaning.

Lists of subscribers do not separate farmers from non-farmers, or wheat farmers from others. The questionnaire was therefore designed to enable such a separation to be made. In all, 105 returns were from persons with no wheat seeded last spring.

Of the 838 returns from wheat growers, the number who did not answer the three leading questions (1, 2 and 4) varied from 40 on the question relating to the first two years of the contract period, to 95 on the question referring to the last two years of the period. There were 798 who had a definite opinion as to the fairness of the \$1.55 price arranged for the crops of 1946 and 1947 (No. 1), and of these 273 were satisfied and 525 were dissatisfied. Similarly, 743 had definite opinions as to the probability of fair prices being arranged for the crops of 1948 and 1949 (No. 2), and of these 317 were satisfied and 426 dissatisfied.

Taking the four-year period as a whole (No. 4), 785 had definite opinions, of which 341 were favorable, and 444 unfavorable. Question 3 asked whether the subscriber's opinion had changed during the past year. Seven hundred and ninety-one answered this question, of whom 189 had changed their opinion, and 602 had not.

Thus, 56 per cent of the definite opinions offered, and 53 per cent of all wheat growers supplying returns, were, on the whole, dissatisfied with the agreement, believing that it is not likely to prove a satisfactory deal for prairie farmers. Similarly, 65.8 per cent of the opinions offered, representing 61 per cent of all wheat growers replying, were dissatisfied with the \$1.55 price. Only 57 per cent of the opinions, and 50 per cent of the wheat growers replying, felt as definitely dissatisfied with prospects for the last two years.

The figures just given relate to answers to individual questions. It should be remembered that the number not answering individual questions varied. There were, however, 773 persons who each answered all three questions. Of these, 77 were non-wheat growers, and 696 seeded wheat this spring. It was desirable to classify these returns as to the degree of favor or disfavor expressed, and a method was devised whereby this was possible. It was discovered, however, that it would be necessary to eliminate the returns from 35 wheat growers and six non-wheat growers, whose answers were inconsistent. These included, for example, six who were satisfied with each of the two two-year periods of the agreement, but dissatisfied with the agreement as a whole, and 33 who were dissatisfied with each of the two two-year periods, but satisfied with the agreement as a whole.

Eliminating also the non-wheat growers' opinions, left us 657 opinions from wheat growers, of whom 92 were only moderately for or against the agreement, and 565 who had stronger views. Thus segregated, it was discovered that 218 wheat growers favored not only the agreement as a whole, but each of its two-year periods, while 347 wheat

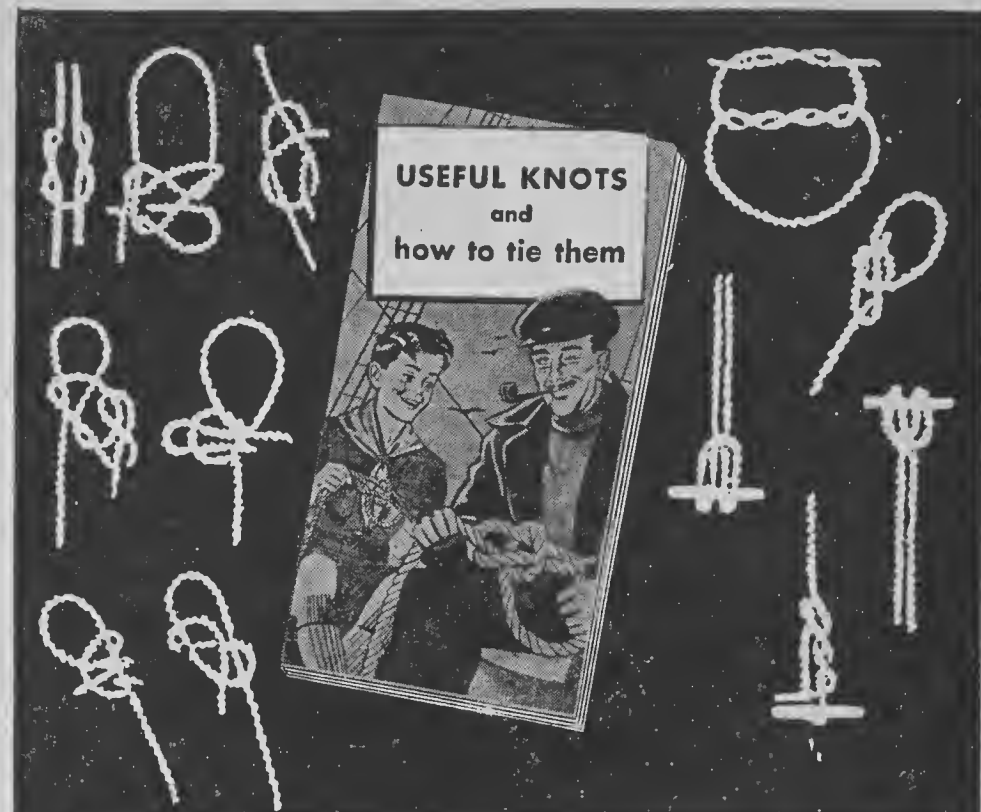
growers were equally opposed. Those of moderate opinion numbered 40 in favor and 52 against, giving a combined figure of all wheat growers both strongly and moderately in favor of 258 as compared with 399 opposed.

Of the 943 returns of all kinds received, there were 216 which could not be classified either as strongly, or moderately for or against. They included 181 wheat growers and 35 who were not. For the most part one could only guess at the intent of this group. Some may have had unmistakable opinions, but failed to record them as such. Others were quite contradictory. Between them, they managed to find 19 different ways of expressing their reactions to the three key questions. By any measurement which it seemed practicable to apply, it appeared probable that the reaction of this group would not be significantly different from the opinions of those who are able to express themselves more definitely.

It may be of some interest to record the fact that the 943 returns represented land owned to the extent of 478,939 acres, land farmed by the respondents amounting to 451,768 acres, and land in wheat this year amounting to 173,839 acres. The 613 Saskatchewan returns represented 311,558 acres farmed and 127,067 acres in wheat. For the 223 Alberta returns, corresponding figures are 99,669 acres farmed and 35,319 acres in wheat. For Manitoba, 86 returns yielded 33,469 acres farmed and 8,702 acres of wheat.

THE controversy over the agreement has brought out a considerable number of reasons why it should be opposed, in the judgment of those who do not like it. These reasons include: 1, criticism of the pooling arrangement associated with the agreement; 2, criticism of the complete monopoly of wheat marketing given by legislation to the Canadian Wheat Board; 3, price disparity during the first year of the contract between the contract price and the world price (estimated by the Minister of Trade and Commerce in July to amount to 77 cents per bushel for the 1946-1947 crop year); 4, the claim that Canada is giving a subsidy of cheap wheat to Britain and that the farmer is paying for it; 5, the belief that Canada's regular wheat customers will be discontented; 6, the contention that no political agreement can bring stability to wheat production in a country so governed by climate as the prairie provinces; 7, criticism that because of the agreement the farmer has been forced to subsidize all the people of Canada with wheat at about \$1.00 per bushel below the world price; 8, the argument that Canadian wheat producers are not getting a price which bears a fair relationship to the prices which European farmers are securing for wheat of inferior quality; 9, the belief that, as a bilateral agreement, the deal will therefore tend to operate in restraint of world trade; 10, that the quantity for which Canada has committed herself to Britain is too large.

In favor of the agreement, a formidable list of arguments has been put forward by those who support it. By far the most important argument advanced in favor of the agreement is related to the almost universal desire among farmers for some measure of farm price stabilization. On September 5, Mr. Gardiner delivered a radio address in Britain in which he expressed not only government policy, but the feelings of many thousands of western wheat growers who do now, or would like to, support the wheat agreement. He said, "Canada could obtain more money for all these products... (meat, eggs, bacon, apples, cheese and wheat)... than she is receiving from the United Kingdom, but we look upon the security of the long-time contract as having some benefit...."

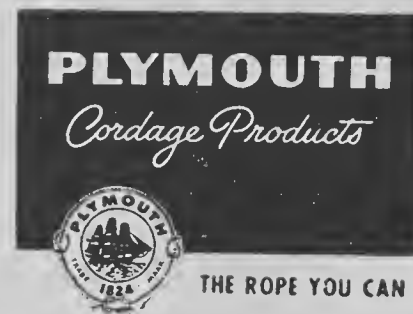


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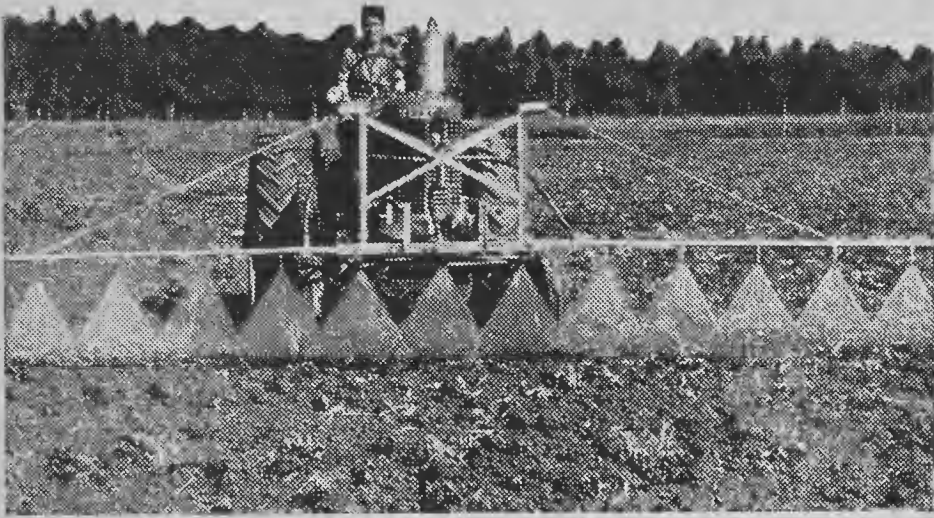
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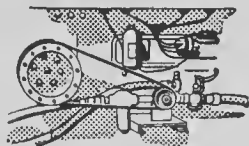
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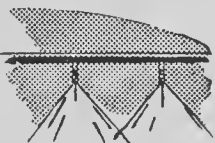
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"... We are already a surplus-producing area. That surplus can be increased immediately if security and reasonably high standards can be obtained, but that security must extend over a sufficiently long period to give stability. . . . In any case it is our desire to maintain the security provided in the United Kingdom contracts, so long as no other plan mutually satisfactory is forthcoming."

Many farmers also feel that Britain needs help at the present time and they would like to do their share. They also feel that the agreement will help to bring about a world wheat agreement; and in this connection the Minister of Agriculture expressed government policy when he also said in the address referred to: "We would prefer the long-time multilateral agreement to the bilateral. We see some advantages in a Food Board or Council over either plan to provide stability or security, and would readily yield to either the multilateral or international method of financing, as a matter of principle. We have the long-time contracts with the United Kingdom now and would be adverse to dropping them until a sufficient number of nations have entered into international arrangements with F.A.O., or multilateral agreements which would provide equal security."

The president of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool has repeatedly expressed the view that if it had not been for the British agreement and the operations of the Canadian Wheat Board as the sole purchaser of Canadian wheat, the entire wheat price structure would have collapsed. A considerable body of farm opinion prefers to put its trust in government regulation of wheat marketing and bulk sales, rather than in their own individual marketing skills. Similarly, many of those favoring the agreement believe that to the extent stability of price is provided by the agreement, such prices must be neither extremely high nor extremely low, but "reasonable."

To the charge that the agreement is a bilateral one and therefore exclusive and in restraint of trade, Mr. Gardiner provided the official rebuttal when he said that the contract was cleared with Washington and London as "a commercial contract contemplated within the terms of the International Trade Organization proposals, a stabilizing influence in world trade, and an encouragement to expansion of world trade and employment rather than a restriction upon them." Also when he said: "We have been prepared to discuss a similar contract with any other country which has been a customer for a reasonable quantity of our wheat. We have discussed the possibilities with a number, but up to date (December, 1946), no other country has definitely proposed a contract."

NOT all of these reasons for or against were offered for selection to Country Guide subscribers. However, the



"That'll keep the kitchen going for a month..."

eight reasons included in our letter were thought to include the ones most likely to influence judgment. Among 114 who considered the price arrangement over the four years as satisfactory, nine were among those who opposed the agreement. Of those who thought that the price was too low, 28 favored the agreement strongly or moderately, and 322 opposed it. Of the latter, 211 were in Saskatchewan, 77 in Alberta, and 34 in Manitoba. That the agreement would stabilize prices was believed by 191. Of these, 20 opposed the agreement, 133 favoring it were in Saskatchewan, 45 in Alberta, and 13 in Manitoba. There were 195 who believed \$1.55 to be too low, but that hoped-for stability would be worth the difference. Of these, 18 opposed the agreement. Of the remainder, 135 were in Saskatchewan, 45 in Alberta, and 15 in Manitoba. Those believing that Canadian wheat

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should sell on the open market for what it is worth numbered 179. As might have been expected, 174 of these opposed the agreement, and of the total 113 were in Saskatchewan, 44 in Alberta, and 22 in Manitoba.

Opinion as to whether the agreement would or would not help to bring about a world agreement was split almost exactly even, 172 believing that it would, and 173 that it would not. Eighty believed that the quantity arranged for with Britain was too large. Of these, 75 opposed the agreement, and of the total 58 were from Saskatchewan, 18 from Alberta, and four from Manitoba.

One of the questions was designed to ascertain, if possible, any difference in reaction on the part of those delivering to elevators owned co-operatively and those operated by the private grain trade. There were 654 giving clear answers to this question, including 63 from Manitoba, 441 from Saskatchewan, and 150 from Alberta. It should be pointed out that the answers are not necessarily conclusive, because a farmer delivering to a Pool or U.G.G. elevator is not necessarily a member or shareholder, while in turn a Pool member may deliver to a line elevator, perhaps because no Pool elevator is available at this point. A considerable number of farmers deliver to more than one elevator, but of the 559 reporting deliveries to only one elevator, 331 were strongly or moderately opposed to the agreement, and 228 in favor of it. Of those opposed, 213 used a co-operative elevator, and 118 a line or private company elevator. Of the 228 strongly or moderately in favor of the agreement, 186 use a co-operative elevator and 42 a private elevator.

By provinces, 23 who were opposed to the agreement and 15 who were in favor of it, use a co-operative elevator in Manitoba. The Saskatchewan figures were 143 using a co-operative elevator, and opposing the agreement, as compared with 133 favoring it. In Alberta the co-operative figures were 47 opposed and 38 in favor. Those using the private elevators exclusively numbered 160, of whom 118 were opposed and 42

were in favor. These figures seem to indicate that farm opinion on the agreement is more or less independent of marketing affiliations.

NOW that a higher price has been arranged for the third year of the contract period, the edge has no doubt been taken off the well-developed opposition to the agreement, which was current prior to October 1. Though the world wheat supply is reported to be very slightly larger than a year ago, the available supply is still much short of demand and world prices are ruling very high. (Highest Canadian Wheat Board Class II price to October 23—\$3.37). Whether demand will slacken off and a sharp drop in the world price take place in time to more or less even out the returns to the Canadian wheat grower, is a question which cannot yet be answered. The truth seems to be that the Canada-United Kingdom Wheat Agreement is a gigantic experiment in price stabilization, the like of which the wheat farmers of the world have certainly never before experienced. The Country Guide survey of farm opinion on the question, in addition to bearing directly on the wheat agreement itself, has clearly revealed that farmers are like most other people in being price conscious, and in preferring a plump bird in the hand to two birds of uncertain plumpness in the bush. Opinion, nevertheless, is accented in favor of price stability, and for this a great many are prepared to make substantial sacrifices in immediate price advantage. Our survey seems to indicate that when the disparity between stabilized and open market prices is not too great, farm opinion tends to agree with the Minister of Agriculture when he said: "If there is to be stabilization—and that is what farmers undoubtedly want—the farmer cannot get the peak of the return, either in price or in the distribution of participation in the period of high return. In that, the farmer is only anxious to have applied to his industry a similar continuity of return to that which prevails in every other industry."

Our Letter to Farmers on the Wheat Agreement

August 22nd, 1947.

Dear Sir:

The Canada-United Kingdom wheat agreement is a four-year contract providing for the sale of wheat (basis No. 1 Northern, Fort William, Vancouver, or Churchill) to Britain by Canada as follows:

Crop Year	No. Bushels	Fixed Price	Guaranteed Minimum Price
1946-47	160,000,000	\$1.55	(Actual price to be negotiated and will have regard to any difference between world prices and prices paid under the agreement for the crops of 1946 and 1947.)
1947-48	160,000,000	1.55	
1948-49	140,000,000	\$1.25
1949-50	140,000,000	1.00

In view of the widespread interest in this agreement and the importance of wheat marketing to prairie farmers, The Country Guide is writing to a large representative group of prairie farmers to ask their opinions of the agreement.

The following questions have been carefully prepared to require not more than five minutes of your time in this busy season and only require a check mark (✓) or a cross (X) opposite whatever statement or answer represents your opinion.

The enclosed envelope requires no postage, since we will gladly pay return postage at this end. We will very much appreciate your help.

- Are you satisfied that the price of \$1.55 arranged for the crops of 1946 and 1947 is fair? Yes..... No..... No Opinion.....
- Are you satisfied that fair prices will be arranged for the crops of 1948 and 1949? Yes..... No..... No Opinion.....
- Have you changed your opinion about the agreement during the last year? Yes..... No.....
- On the whole, do you believe the agreement is likely to prove a satisfactory deal for the prairie farmer?
an unsatisfactory deal for the prairie farmer?

OR

- have you no special opinion, for or against?
- On which of the following do you base your answer to Question 4?
(a) The price arrangement is satisfactory.
(b) The price is too low.
(c) The agreement will stabilize wheat prices.
(d) The agreement is for too large a quantity.
(e) The price is low but stability is worth the difference.
(f) Our wheat should sell on the open market for what it will bring.
(g) The agreement will help secure a world wheat agreement.
(h) The agreement will make it more difficult to secure a world wheat agreement.

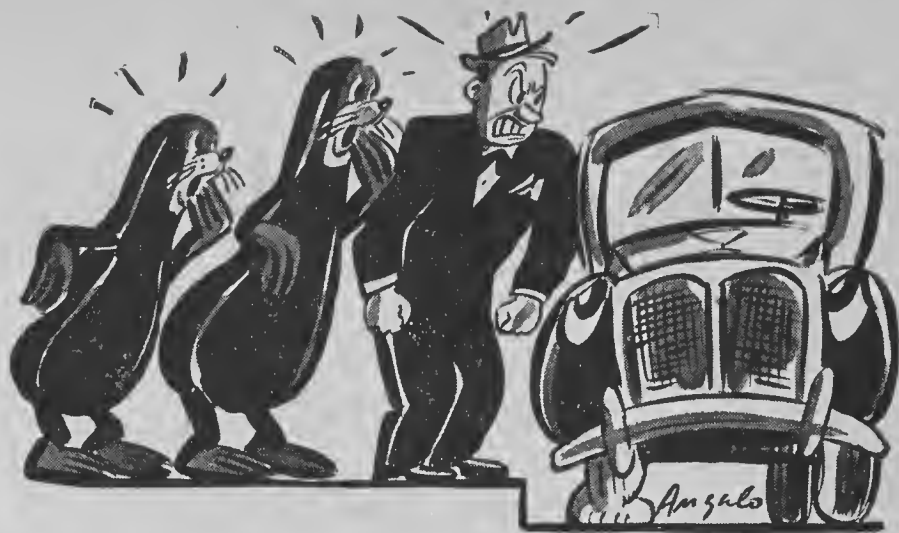
- How much land do you own?acres.
- How much land do you actually farm yourself?acres.
- How many acres were seeded to wheat for this year's crop?acres.
- Do you market your wheat through a farmers' co-operative company (Pool or U.G.G.) or through a private grain company?
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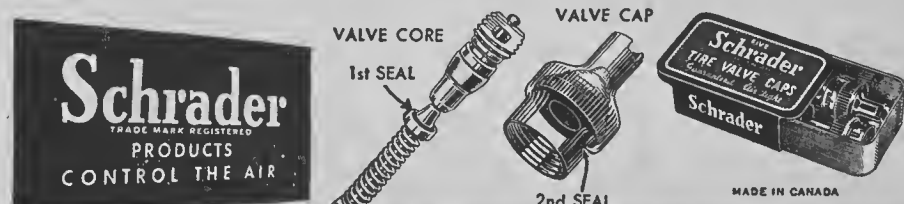
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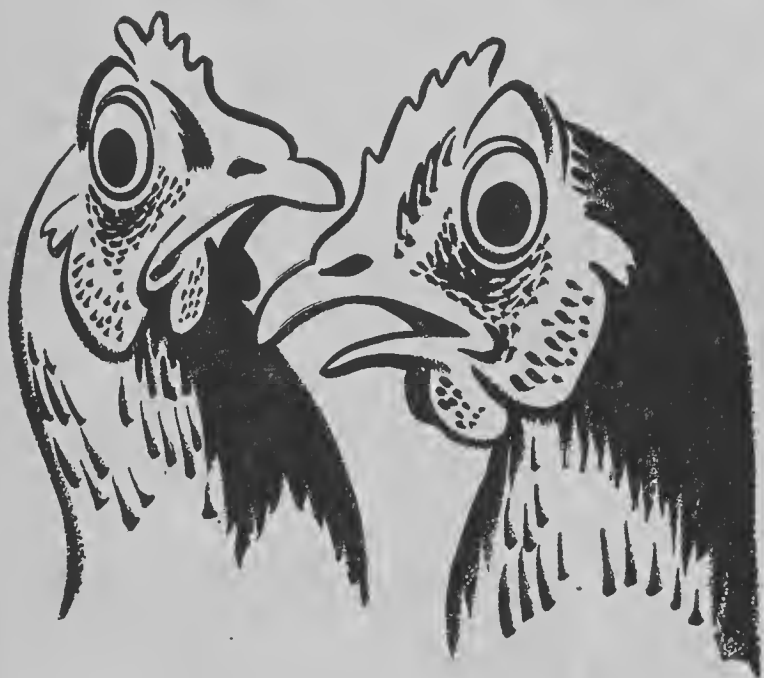
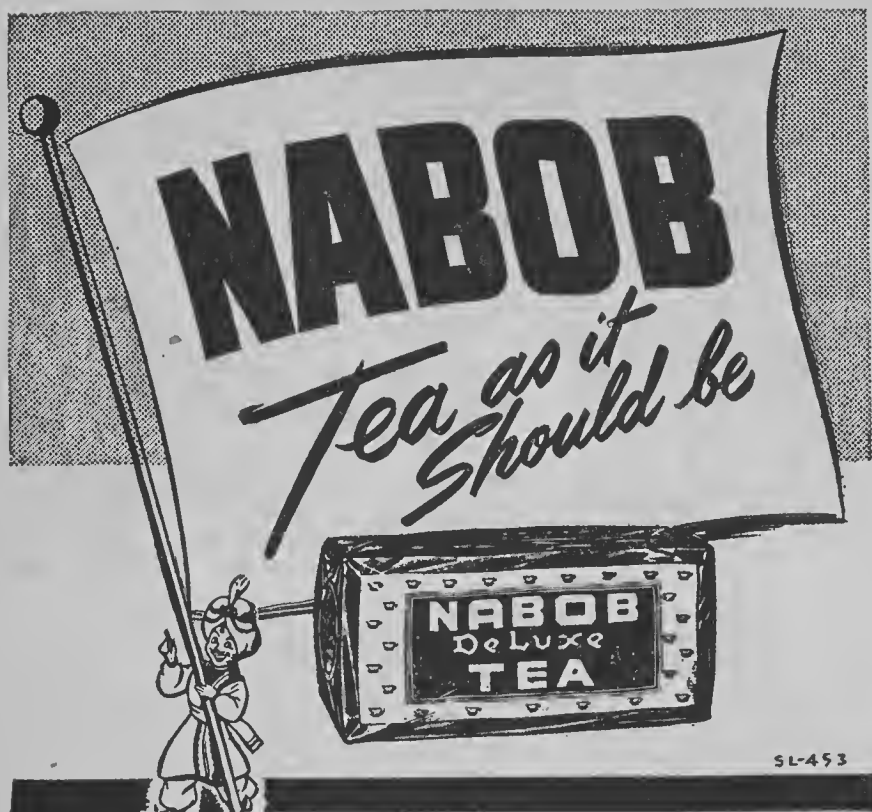
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Bold Denizens of the Wild

These young creatures ventured close to civilization

THE pictures on this page show two little animals that displayed little respect for encroaching civilization.

Mrs. Sylvia Broeckel, Star City, Saskatchewan, who sent us the picture of the beaver, says that these animals are on the increase in the north. Early last month the one in the picture was found in the roadway south of town. It was a plucky little chap and showed no inclination to run when a group of on-lookers came upon the scene, snapping its teeth when they attempted to come too close.

Since the beaver was in danger of being run over by passing cars it was captured by popping a wash boiler over it, and subsequently taken to a creek three miles away, where other beavers were at work, and there released. In the interval between capture and release it was taken to a water trough on Clifford Broeckel's farm where it disported itself while having its picture taken.

The picture of the little girl and the



"The little badgers barked like pups."



Owing to the housing shortage this beaver used the horse trough for a temporary residence.

badger was sent us by Mrs. R. A. Wilson, Buzzard, Saskatchewan. According to her account, Mother Badger moved to a hill a few hundred feet from the Wilson home about the time the young were due to arrive. The day came when the little badgers were allowed out, but Mamma Badger kept them close to the entrance of the hole. On their first expedition afield, the Wilsons intercepted them and got several pictures, one of which appears herewith. The little badgers growled and barked and pretended to bite, but were quite harmless. When the children scratched their backs, they grunted with evident pleasure like pigs. A proffered saucer of milk disappeared in quick time.

However, says Mrs. Wilson, Mamma Badger disapproved of such goings-on, and although the children had one more opportunity to play with them, she moved them away next day.

An Angora Rabbitry

By S. E. WARREN

NOT long ago I visited an Angora rabbit ranch in southern Alberta, in the irrigated district known as Circle Hill. It is owned and looked after by Mrs. Percy Talbott, wife of the ditch-rider there.

Mrs. Talbott is raising no young Angoras this season as the price of First Grade Angora wool (2½ inches or longer), has dropped by 25 per cent. But though the future of raising Angoras is very uncertain just now, she is still enthusiastic over her job of rearing and caring for these fluffy white "woollies" that take such a slice out of our pocket money when we buy Angora wool.

In this rabbitry, the bunnies are plucked every six weeks. Mrs. Talbott never clips them. Clipped wool is shorter and therefore grades lower, causing a loss of several dollars per pound. In plucking she uses a hair-comb gently when there is any tendency for wool to mat. The animals are tame and gentle, seem to enjoy the plucking process when done with a light hand and at the right time. Not all prove to be good "woollers" however. Good woollers should average about one pound of wool per year. So that when a rabbit does not come up to that standard it goes into the discard.

In spite of their gentleness when handled rabbits fight fiercely among themselves and destroy much of their wool unless they are kept in separate hutches. So each little Snow-White has a hutch of its own, about 30 inches long, 24 inches wide, and 16 inches high. The hutches are set along one side of the rabbit shed like tiers of

bunks. They are made of woven wire, but the mesh must not be too open or they will force their way out. Laths or woven wire form the bottom of the cage which has a large removable tin tray underneath to catch all droppings and refuse. A food hopper in the front of the hutch can be tipped outward to let waste food fall on the floor. Fresh, clean water is kept in the hutch always.

The shed which houses the hutches is wooden, with large cellul-glass windows kept open in summer. It is lined with heavy paper for winter warmth, and the roof is covered with rubberoid.

The hutches and food must be dry and clean always. Dry is a "must" when you are raising Angoras. Their main foods are not expensive where grain, alfalfa, and vegetables are raised. Grain and alfalfa are the foundation foods, and Mrs. Talbott keeps the latter in a small covered rick close to the shed. But she never forgets a supply of fresh, green weeds or vegetables, for the rabbit dearly loves these.

This owner never goes near the hairless young or their mother for at least five days after birth. And if a baby happens to fall or crawl out of its woolly nest, she replaces it with a stick, never with her bare hand. In this way Mrs. Talbott avoids loss among the new-born Angoras for the doe is invariably over-sensitive to the presence of humans at this time. One evening, after being absent all day, she returned home to find signs of the presence of visitors. They had looked over her rabbit ranch as well, with the result that all the young rabbits were afterwards found to be dead.

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GOOD TIMBER

Continued from page 9

many years he had been boss shorer. Thousands of tons of earth and masonry rose sheer above him, a delicate framework of wood stretched outward like the extended fingers of a giant hand, and now the thrust of this entire skeleton was to be placed upon a single timber—the key.

HE climbed the long ladder to the street level and made his way past the shouting laborers to a pile of lumber stacked at the curb. Two monstrous beams lay atop one side of the pile. He glanced at them, judging their fitness, for they were alike as twins. They might have been brothers, he thought, growing side by side in some northern forest, cut down by the loggers, skidded along the rough roads of the timber country, and finally hauled to this construction job, where they lay mutely waiting for him to make his choice.

His eyes traveled the length of one beam. The grain was straight and true, wide and heavy with resin. Old Pedar smiled. It was a fine timber. He turned to the other giant fir, and again a gleam of pleasure came into his eyes. He paced beside it, admiring, weighing its merits, and comparing. He noted the beauty of its grain, the firm texture of the wood, and the scarcity of knots. There seemed but little choice.

He leaned forward and touched it, then stood for an instant tense and silent. His hands moved slowly along the stick.

"Bad timber!" he said.

There was no doubt in Pedar's mind—his hands had told him, and they had never been wrong. The stick was bad. The core was dead—rotten. He turned from it in disgust and placed his gnarled fingers upon the first timber. Lightly, yet with a touch that was sure, he ran them along its length. And he smiled.

"That is good," he said. "Here is wood with a heart. It is alive."

He cupped a hand to his mouth and shouted to the top foreman, who stood beside one of the hoists:

"Hi, George—send this stick down. It is the key, and my men are waiting for it."

"Just a minute, Pedar," answered the foreman. "I've got a load on the hook now."

"Get it down quickly," said Pedar. "And, mind you, this is the one I want. See? I will mark it."

He searched through his pockets for a piece of chalk, and drew a large cross at one end of the stick. He patted the wood gently in approval, enjoying the feel of life in it.

All was readiness for the key when Old Pedar reached the bottom of the excavation. Stout blocks were set in the sand to receive it and the men stood looking upward, waiting.

"Below! Belo-o-ow!"

A long-drawn cry sounded from above. A heavy timber swung outward over the pit. Sharp and black against the sky, it twisted and turned at the end of a derrick cable. The gang ducked to cover as Big Steve stepped out into the centre of the excavation, signaling to the man on the hoist.

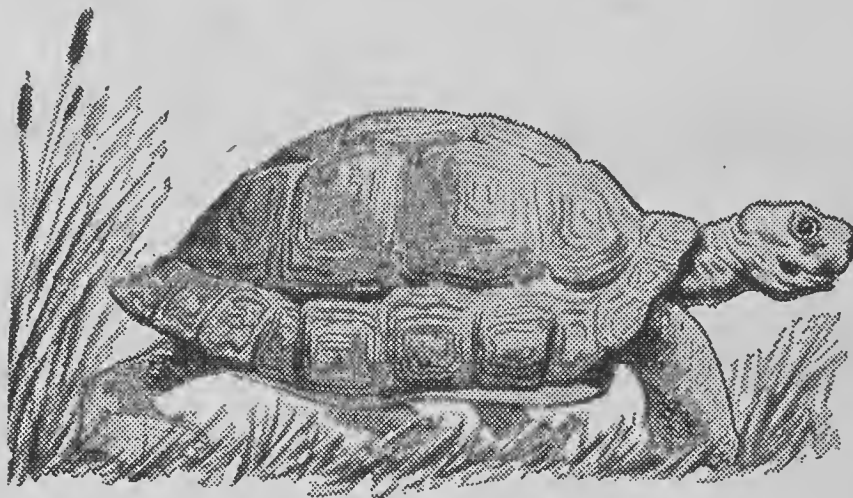
THE timber sped quickly down and jerked to a stop when Big Steve spread his arms. Now his hands were upon it. The men of the gang were grouped about, heaving, straining to set it upon the blocks. Suddenly Steve called an order. The beam swung free as the men stepped back. Old Pedar, from his place at the side of the excavation, could not hear what was said, but he frowned at the delay as Steve waded through the sand toward him.

"Well—what now?" he asked.

"That stick," said Steve. "You have seen it?"

TOUGH AS

TURTLE SHELL

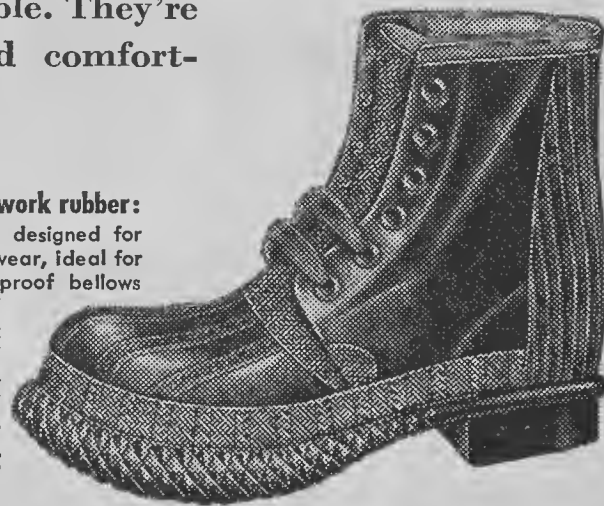


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"Of course I have seen it. Why do you think I climbed sixty foot of ladder?"

"But, Pedar, that stick is bad."

Sudden fury was in Pedar's eyes. He lifted a clenched fist and stepped forward as though to dash it against Steve's face. This upstart! This fool! Matching his knowledge of timber against that of a master and daring to say he was right!

"So that stick is bad, eh?" Old Pedar's voice was harsh with rage. "Krogvik has grown to know more of timber than his boss, so he thinks. But look you, Stian"—he held his hands before Steve's face—"for close to forty years these hands have picked each stick that went into the jobs, and always they have been true. Yet you would tell me I am wrong—you bungler!"

Big Steve's eyes were steady upon those of Pedar.

"Pedar, again I tell you—" His teeth bit down on the words and he swung upon his heel.

Pedar watched him through eyes that were clouded with anger. And suddenly he knew he was not alone. He turned quickly, and Johnston, the superintendent, was at his elbow.

"You and Steve at it again?" asked Johnston. "What is it this time?"

"Stian grows too big for his shoes."

"Oh, I don't know about that, Pedar," said Johnston. "Steve is a good man—probably the best man you have."

"Better than Pedar Ulvestad, eh?" said Pedar sharply.

Johnston laughed. "You've made good time on this job, Pedar," he said.

The boss shorer nodded in reply. There had been no answer to his question, rather there had been an evasion. And suddenly Pedar felt old, and very tired. Perhaps it was time for him to go.

Steve Krogvik was the logical successor. No other man in the gang could compare with him. But less than ten minutes ago this same Steve had made a mistake that could not be countenanced by any true timberman. Pedar was puzzled. Was this man fit to run the gang?

"One hour more and we'll be finished here," he said. "Do my men go on a new job tomorrow?"

"Yes, Pedar," said Johnston. "We're ready to break ground at Eighty-first Street in the morning."

"I am not sure—" For the first time in years Pedar was having difficulty with his words. He drew a deep breath. "I am not sure I would like to take that job."

"I think I understand," said Johnston. "Forty years is a long time in construction work. Well, I don't blame you—I wish I could get out of it, too."

The words were empty in Pedar's ears. They were sound, nothing more.

"I suppose you would like to have Steve take over the gang," Johnston continued. "He's a good man, Pedar. Shall I tell him about his good luck?"

"No—do not tell him," said Pedar. "I will do that myself later—tonight, when he comes to my home."

"Oh, I see. A surprise for Helga, too. All right, Pedar; get him off to a good start."

It was a tired group of shorers who climbed the ladder when the work of placing the timber was complete. Usually there was laughter when a job was finished, and sometimes they chided one another for minor mistakes. But tonight no words were spoken, and they listened in silence when Pedar told them the location of the new job.

If something was amiss, Pedar did not notice it. His thoughts were busy with the manner in which he would tell Steve of his good fortune.

"Hi, Stian," he called to him. "Would you like to come to my home for supper?"

Big Steve turned and faced old Pedar. "Ay, Pedar," he answered. "I would



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like to, but tonight I cannot. There is something I must do."

"After supper, perhaps?" Pedar asked. "There is something I must tell you—something you will be glad to hear."

"Thank you, Pedar," said Steve. "I will come later."

Pedar's hands were dry as he swung the wheel of his roadster, and rolled up to the door of his home in the suburbs. He walked slowly up the gravel path. He stopped to stare at the beds of flowers. Through the scent of the flowers came a transient, subtle odor. Old Pedar knew it—there was rain on the wind. It would storm later.

His meal was a silent one, and when he failed to answer the first of Helga's questions, she asked no more. Later, when the dishes were cleared away and washed, she came and stood behind his chair.

"What is it, Father?" she asked. "What troubles you?"

For a moment he said nothing. How tall she was, this little girl of his. Tall and beautiful, with heavy coils of soft blond hair braided and caught at the back of her head. Pedar looked up.

"I will miss you, Helga," he said. "It will be hard without you."

"Without me? Why do you say that?"

"When you have married Stian and—"

"But you will be with us," she said. "There will always be room in our home for you."

Slowly Pedar shook his head. With any other man this might be possible, but not with Steve Krogvik.

"No," he said. "Young people must be alone."

He recalled the steel in Steve's eyes when they had met his, earlier in the day. Steve would be all right. He would do well. But that look in his eye—it had not changed beneath Pedar's tirade. He had gone back to his work, but he had not been convinced. He still thought that timber was bad.

COULD Pedar have been wrong? Bah!

The stick was good. He had run his hands over it, and the feel of it was perfect. But that other that had lain beside it! . . . A terrible thought came to Pedar's mind. Those men on top who handled the hoist—had they made a mistake? He had marked the good timber plainly. He recalled the wide chalk cross he had placed at the end. And then there came a picture of a huge stick twisting at the end of a derrick cable. It swung completely around several times. And Pedar fought to see it again. That chalk mark! Was it there? Had he seen it? Had they sent down the wrong stick?

Perspiration was cold upon his forehead. His breath was quick and it rasped in his throat.

"Father—Father—what is it?" Helga came from behind the chair.

Pedar turned his head away. Realization came to him. Steve had been right—the stick was bad! He glanced at the window. The first fitful gusts of the storm had carried a splatter of rain-drops against it. Old Pedar groaned. For a time that rotten timber would hold. It was strong enough to resist the weight of the sand, if the sand were dry. But now, with the rain adding its tons of weight to the sand, that stick would crack.

And Steve had let him do this. The man who was to marry his little girl, had stood there, cold, hard, and impassive while Pedar ordered the stick to go in.

Old Pedar looked about him at the walls of the room. They were gone, and in their place he saw four towering walls of timber. Supporting beams spread a delicate pattern like the web of some monstrous woodspinning spider. At the base of the pit a single heavy stick acted as a key. Pedar waited to hear it snap. It was miles away, but when it went he would hear it and something within him would break.

He glanced again at the window. The rain was coming faster, slanting in long, wind-driven lines. Tons of water were soaking into the ground. It was too late to do anything. The time had passed with the first breath of the storm. Now the walls of the excavation were straining to their utmost. Little streams of sand were twisting between the joints of the face boards, dribbling, sliding past the binder of hay. When the crash came—when that timber snapped—these streams would turn into roaring rivers. The sand would pour from beneath the surrounding buildings. The brick walls, robbed of their support, would crack and crumble. And Old Pedar saw his reputation broken and smashed beneath tons of masonry.

Old Pedar rose slowly to his feet. He staggered to the door like a drunken man.

"Why don't you tell me what it is?" Helga cried. "Please, Father, tell me."

Tell her? No, that was one thing he must not do. She loved Steve, trusted him.

PEDAR felt the rain driving against his face. He was stumbling along the garden walk, hatless, coatless, and with his hands twisting and twining together. Helga was beside him, clutching at his arm, but he seemed not to realize. Something was drawing him, pulling him toward the job. He stepped into his car, kicked over the starter, and drove with automatic motions. There were occasional stops for traffic lights, but Pedar was unaware.

That timber—it was time for it to break, time for all hell to break loose at the excavation. They were closer to the job now, swinging into the congested streets of midtown Manhattan. Pedar drove faster. And soon he saw the tall masts of derricks pointing black fingers into the darker sky.

He was out of the car, slipping and splashing through the puddles in the street. He had no knowledge of why he hurried nor of the reason for his coming. He stumbled against the high board fence that fronted the street level. His hands tore at the gate, swinging it open. Was there still time? Time? Time for what? What was it he wanted to do?

He stepped inside and crossed to the ladder. For a moment he paused, and his eyes drifted down into the pit. A cry came from his throat. There were flares burning down there. Grotesque shadows of men danced in gigantic patterns along the walls of the excavation. He heard them shouting, cursing, laughing, as men do when they work at a task they enjoy. And loud above the other voices came that of Steve Krogvik.

Old Pedar gripped the ladder rails with hands that shook. Step by step he lowered himself, and water splashing from the lip of the pit fell upon him unheeded. His feet sank in the sodden sand as he crossed toward the heavy timber that acted as a key. A flare was burning beside it, and sharp against the wet wood was the mark of a cross.

Another timber lay to one side in the sand. It was cut and slashed with the mark of many tools and bent spikes studded its length. It was the timber Pedar had ordered Steve to use. And now the tall shorer was standing beside his boss. His head was up, and he looked long into Pedar's eyes.

"That stick was bad, Pedar," he said. "I have changed it."

"That is good," said the boss shorer. "But why, Stian, did you let it go in?"

"Johnston's ears were too large. It is not well for timbermen to argue when the superintendent is close."

Pedar stepped forward. He placed his hands on Big Steve's shoulders, and slowly he smiled. His arms seemed to tingle with the feel of good timber. And suddenly he realized it was the first time his hands had ever been upon Big Steve.

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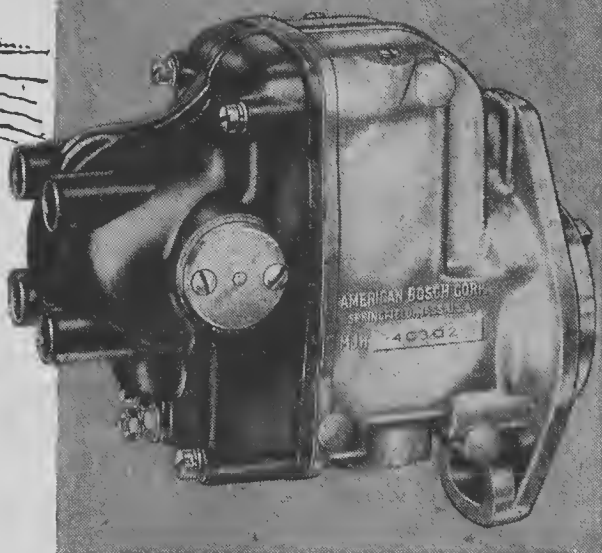
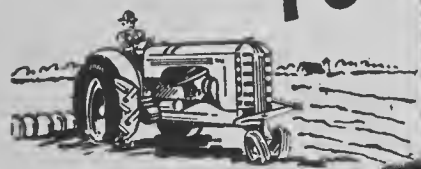
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"Send It With the Mailman"

A familiar picture on Canada's rural routes

By HARRY J. BOYLE

IT would take a lot of calculating to figure how many times the phrase, "Send it with the mailman," is spoken over the telephone to the storekeepers in the villages and small places in Canada. That thought kept running through my mind the other night at the party in the township hall.

Peter Wilson has been delivering mail on our rural route for exactly 35 years. Somebody on the Concession thought it would be a fitting idea if we all chipped in and threw a big party for him. It spread like wildfire along the party line and last Thursday, aided and abetted by Mrs. Wilson, it was held in the township hall.

Peter, feeling out of place in a blue serge suit, was asked to take Mrs. Wilson to a special Institute Meeting at the hall. When he walked in the door everybody started to applaud and poor Peter's face turned as red as the brick in our house.

We played euchre, had lunch, and then the Reeve stood up and made a speech. It was one of those pompous ones, written out by the school teacher who had to use every big word in the dictionary to make it look impressive, but underneath it all Peter knew that the folks on Rural Route 2 were just trying to thank him for all the times they imposed on his good nature. They gave him a good pipe and a pound of tobacco and an easy chair and Mrs. Wilson got a silver cake plate. After that we all danced, and wouldn't you know it, Peter played the fiddle for most of the dancing.

Peter has been a familiar figure on this road for 35 years. He used to drive a dapple grey mare with an old buggy that sagged to one side. The mail sacks were kept in a big box in front with a hinged tin lid on it to keep the wet out. In the wintertime he drove a cutter. During recent years he hugs along in a wheezy, old car. Mail contracts don't pay enough money to pay for new models.

Mailmen, as I understand it, are not supposed to carry anything but mail. I mentioned this to Peter one day and he just laughed, "Harry, the gov'mint wouldn't mind if they knew the facts of the case." Then he started explaining what he was carrying that day in addition to the mail.

He had a bottle of medicine from the veterinarian for Jim Jones who had a sick horse, a washboard for Mrs. Tom O'Leary, who has a family of eight, and broke hers in the morning, some hair ribbon for the Simpson girl to wear to a dance, a roast of meat for Mrs. Alec Craig, who was having the threshers unexpectedly, \$100 in cash that Pat Finnegan was sending to pay for a

horse he bought from Ned McAllister, and so on.

I had to leave my car in the village to be fixed and he gave me a ride home. When we were going by the Fry place, Grandma Fry dashed out saying that her daughter Nellie, who was expecting, phoned to say that the pains were on her. The men were all back in the field so she rode down to her daughter's place with Peter. I also noticed that he slipped a magazine into Old Man Black's mailbox. He chuckled and said, "The old man is batching and he never gets any mail so now and again I slip a magazine into his box and say that it's a sample."

Peter is not unlike hundreds of other mailmen. He delivers mail order catalogs in the spring and fall and is burdened to death at Christmas time with parcels. He bucks snowdrifts in the winter time and often breaks the road for miles after a real blizzard. He cusses when he has to fumble for four coppers in the mailbox to pay for a stamp, and there's nothing harder than trying to pick up coppers with a pair of woollen mitts on. He takes renewals for newspapers and magazines. In the spring he takes maple syrup into the village stores to be sold. He often takes a basket of eggs along one day and brings back the groceries the next, as he did for me, when a horse in an absent-minded way put a hoof over my foot and applied the pressure.

He knows who gets the bills and the lawyer letters. He knows whose in love with who and often carries notes back and forth from one farm to another on the Concession, asking only that the "Gov'mint" gets its four cents for the mission. He knows more about people on the Concession than anybody and he never talks about it to anybody.

Peter made a little speech the other night. He was embarrassed and he stumbled and finally said, "Well folks, I appreciate this a lot but after all the gov'mint pays me for drawin' the mail so there wasn't really any need for all this fuss over me."

I'm glad we did though!

A dentist . . . in London, who always subscribed to several American magazines to while away his patients' time when they were sitting in his waiting room, told me recently that he's given the practice up. Looking at the food "ads" in the Ladies Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post was too much for most of his patients. When he came to look in their mouths . . . they were watering. (Macdonald Hastings broadcasting to BBC North American listeners).



The ferry at Saskatchewan Landing, 26 miles north of Swift Current.

FARMING BY GRAVITY

Continued from page 8

the water will flow downhill to the cropped land when it is needed. Consequently he resorts to dams, reservoirs, weirs, headgates and canals, and in this way controls the water.

TO understand irrigation in western Canada it is necessary to know first that a large part of the water that flows in our prairie rivers originates in run-off from the Rocky Mountains; and second, that the prairie provinces really represent a 1,000-mile slope of land, falling eastward from a height of around 3,500 feet above sea-level at Calgary, to less than 800 feet at Winnipeg. This means, in effect, that irrigated land in western Canada must, generally speaking, lie east of the water supplied to it. It is interesting to think that one could, in theory at least, drop an empty corked bottle, or a small board, in a tiny streamlet on the side of a mountain in the Glacier National Park in northeast Idaho and later pick it up again at the mouth of the Nelson River where it empties into Hudson Bay. The bottle meanwhile would have travelled along, say, the Waterton River, The Belly, The Oldman, the South Saskatchewan, The Saskatchewan, through Cedar Lake, and finally along the Nelson River to Hudson Bay. This fact will explain why the Hudson's Bay Company was so powerful in the early fur-trading days, because it was given a monopoly of the trade of all lands watered by streams flowing into Hudson Bay. In all such territory it had complete legislative, judicial and executive power.

Most of us have heard quite a bit about the irrigated districts of southern Alberta, even if we have not seen them. There are 12 districts already organized, which serve something over 500,000 acres. Of this area, 127,600 acres are irrigated from the St. Mary River, and are organized into four irrigation districts, Lethbridge-Coaldale, Magrath, Raymond and Taber. If you were to drive along the highway three or four miles southwest of Magrath, you would see an insignificant little stream alongside the road. It is so unimportant looking that it would be difficult to realize that the welfare and economy of almost all the Lethbridge-Taber area south of the Oldman River depends on it. The history of this stream (which for part of its length follows a natural coulee, so unimportant in itself as to have no name) goes back at least 60 years to the time when the first attempt was made to develop coal deposits near Lethbridge. Two railways were built, one to Medicine Hat and the other to Great Falls, Montana, and the company was given more than a million acres of land as a subsidy. To colonize this land The Northwest Irrigation Company (later incorporated into the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company) was formed, and the St. Mary

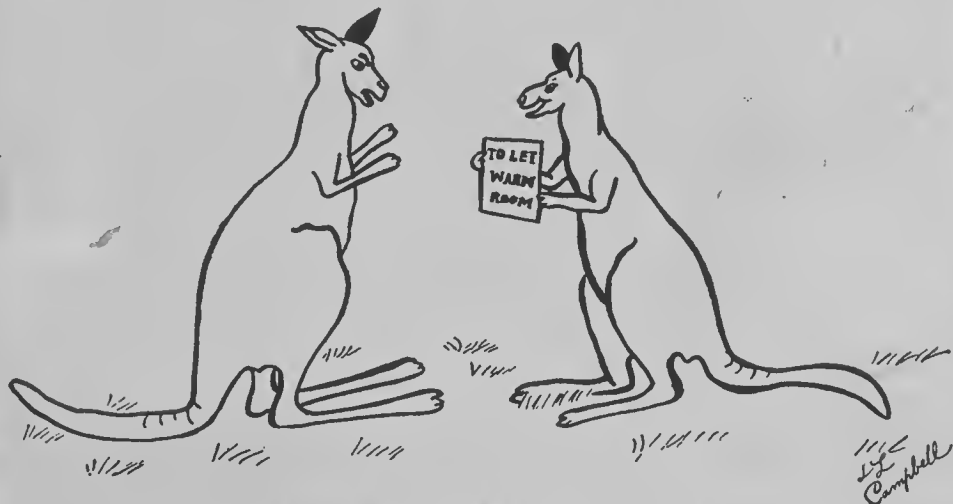
River was tapped about six miles north of the international boundary, near Kimball. The main canal of this early project, first designed in 1895 to carry 500 cubic feet of water per second, and later enlarged to 1,200 cubic feet per second, has been doing duty ever since and is the little stream already mentioned.

CANADA'S share of the water of the St. Mary River is sufficient to irrigate an additional 94,000 acres, besides supplementing the water supply for the 127,600 acres already served. To utilize all of this water a dam is necessary across the St. Mary River for the storage of water. By diverting water from the Belly and the Waterton Rivers, an additional 232,620 acres can be irrigated and the cost per acre of developing the entire project considerably reduced. By linking with it the use of Canada's share of the water from the Milk River, the entire project will irrigate 465,000 acres of land between Cardston and Medicine Hat. This acreage will utilize all of the water available.

The large central reservoir on the St. Mary River, which will be located near Spring Coulee, will store 285,000 acre-feet of water, or enough to cover 285,000 acres with water a foot deep. It will be connected with the Waterton and Belly Rivers by large canals; and the entire project will also involve a system of canals connecting up a series of nine other reservoirs, having a combined capacity of 466,000 acre-feet. The three largest of these will be located at Chin, Vertigris and Milk River Ridge. Others will be located on the Waterton River, and at Raymond, Milk River Forks, East Pothole, Sevenpersons and Horsefly.

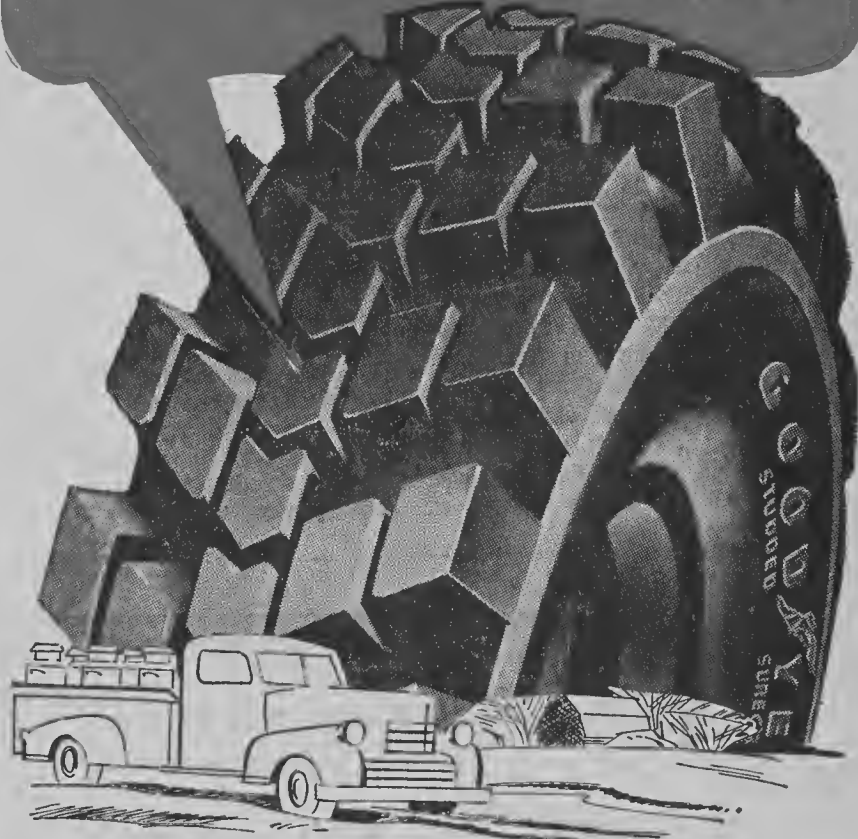
The 465,000 acres to be irrigated eventually, are not all in one solid block. Though all will be connected with the central water supply, the slope of the land is, of course, not uniform and some areas here and there are not suitable, for one reason or another. The map shows a division of the projected development into two large areas. One of these runs east from Chin, along the south side of the South Saskatchewan River to Medicine Hat, with an extensive break of non-irrigated land between Bow Island and Sevenpersons. The other large block extends southeasterly from Raymond and Magrath as far as the Milk River. The two blocks therefore will run more or less parallel with each other along either side of the Foremost-Manyberries line of railway and from 10 to 20 miles apart. Between Lethbridge and Raymond the two blocks will be connected by a comparatively narrow strip of irrigated land.

The entire 465,000 acres has been divided into 25 areas which will be developed gradually over the 14 or 15-year period. Similarly, the 10 storage reservoirs will be constructed one by one as development progresses. It is of interest to note that much more water must be stored than can ever reach the crops to be grown on the irrigated land. Evaporation alone will cause a loss of water each year, equal to 32 inches in depth from all exposed surfaces, of



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which 13 inches will occur during July and August alone. Evaporation combined with seepage over the entire system, will lose a third of the available water. Thus, to be able to deliver an average of 1.4 feet of water per acre to the irrigated land, the engineer must allow for these losses and plan his storage reservoirs accordingly.

THE St. Mary dam is the key structure in the entire development, and will be the largest and most costly item as well. It will be 186 feet high, of compacted earth-fill construction and will create a lake about 15 miles long and about six miles wide at the widest point. When completed, the Hutterite village already referred to will be at the bottom of this lake. To build the dam will cost nearly four million dollars and will take three years from the time construction was started. Counting excavation of rock, and the earth, gravel and rock filling necessary, the building of the dam will involve moving more than four million cubic yards of

material. Something like 22,000 barrels of cement and about two million pounds of reinforcing steel will also be required.

Before the dam can be built it will be necessary to construct a round tunnel 20 feet in diameter and 2,100 feet long, to divert the water of the river from its course while construction is under way. When constructed the dam also must be provided with an outlet tunnel 17 feet in diameter and 2,900 feet long, to let out the water for irrigation. The cost of these two tunnels alone will be a million dollars or more.

The dam on the St. Mary, incidentally, will be the largest earth-fill dam in Canada. These are the most expensive dams built, but are the only kind feasible where foundation conditions are poor. Though the St. Mary dam will be half a mile long at the top, the length at the river bed will be only 300 feet. The difference is due to the necessity for tying the dam into the valley walls by excavating long, wedge-shaped channels into the high banks and anchoring the dam to the valley sides. For this particular purpose the most im-

pervious soils available for the earth-fill will be necessary.

It is the centre core of heavy impervious clay that gives an earth-filled dam its strength. For the sloping sides of the dam, different earth is used. It doesn't have to be so sticky. For the more compact central core, the soil must be carefully and regularly sampled. When the fill is under way, physical analyses of the soil are made constantly, as the scrapers come from the borrow pit. Moisture content is also very important and should be about the same as for good plant growth. When this soil is put on the dam its quality is constantly studied and plotted. It must be rolled and packed to get it properly compacted. Engineers are able to determine not only the weight of rollers to use (they are hollow and can be adjusted with water or sand), but the number of times rolling is necessary.

SINCE 14,800 acres of land will be flooded, it will be necessary to purchase a considerable acreage. Of the

5,000 acres held by the nearby Hutterite colony, about 1,500 acres will be needed, while an additional 5,800 acres will be acquired from the 1,800 Indians of the Blood Reserve. All of this detail as well as all administration of the entire project on behalf of the P.F.R.A. is under the jurisdiction of Mark Mann, administration officer for large P.F.R.A. projects in Alberta.

Past experience has shown that irrigated land in southern Alberta can support between eight and ten times as many people per square mile as land dry-farmed. People, not land, are what make a country. To develop an area which will only support three or four people without water into one which can support 25 or 30 people with water, is good national business. It is good for the individual, the community, the province and the nation. It is good for the railways, the banks and for all secondary industries. With all of these advantages in prospect, the St. Mary and Milk Rivers Development would seem to be especially valuable as a post-war project.

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GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING

Continued from page 7

"I — I didn't mean Thunderhead." Ken's breath suddenly left him and with it his courage. "Now, your grandmother, Carey—she's possessive about you, too—but in the wrong way!"

"About me too!"

"Oh—I—" He could not go on. Bravely he looked into her face, then burst out, "Carey, do you—I-I-like me?"

"Why, of course! You know I do!"

"Oh, yes, I know that, but, well I mean, for instance, as well as you like Howard?"

"Oh, much better. Howard is superficial."

"Well, what am I?"

"You are mature."

KEN savored this. *Mature*. The word brought him over the edge of boyhood. It was wonderful—*mature*. Then he grew doubtful. She had said it so seriously, she was always so motherly to him that he would hardly have been surprised if she had suddenly taken her handkerchief and wiped his nose. He didn't know if this was a good sign or not.

The honk of an automobile horn startled them. He pulled Carey to him as it rushed by. It was a moment that might have turned into something and again Ken's breath left him, but there was Carey slipping her arm confidently in his and saying, "I think we ought to go back—Grandma will be looking for me." And as they sauntered homeward she began to talk hesitantly about her grandmother, saying she wished she didn't have to sleep in the same room with her, if only she had a room to herself she could get up early and go out riding with Ken—go out to the ravine where the horses were.

"Tomorrow morning," said Ken, "we're going to decide definitely just where the corral will be built. They've got enough men and the permit to cut the timber. We're going to have breakfast at five-thirty and ride out, your uncle and Dad and I. We'll meet Buck and the men out there. Why don't you come along?"

"Grandma would never let me. You know that, Ken."

"Carey, you know, I think it's awful the way your grandmother bosses you."

"Sometimes I—kind of—do, too, Ken. And when I was visiting at your ranch I made up my mind I wouldn't stand it any more. But when you're away

from her, you forget what she's really like and how there's something in her that just makes everyone give in to her. But you find it out again the moment you're with her."

Ken had found this out once or twice himself. Even his father gave in when Mrs. Palmer blazed her eyes. But he stuck out his chest and insisted, "I don't see how you stand it! I'd just tell her to go chase herself!"

Carey gave a little gasp. People didn't talk about her Grandma that way. But presently she turned shining eyes to his and said in a low voice, "Maybe I will!" And then, more boldly, "I will, Ken, I will!"

Just as they reached the hotel a tall man in a business suit walked up the front steps and took off his ten-gallon hat.

"I'm looking for Captain McLaughlin."

Ken and Carey sat down on the top step.

Rob stood up. "That's my name." They shook hands.

"I'm the Deputy Sheriff," he showed his badge. "My name's Elmer Barrows."

Rob introduced him all around and said, "Take a seat, Sheriff. What's on your mind?"

The Sheriff cut himself a plug of tobacco and put it in his mouth. "Well, it's about these horses you're going to take out of the state. I hear that's what you're here for."

"That's right," said Rob. "The black filly belongs to Mr. Greenway here."

"Is she branded, Mr. Greenway? I happen to be the Brand Inspector as well as Deputy."

"No, there's no brand on her."

"You understand I have to be satisfied as to the ownership of these horses before they can be moved. How many head are there?"

"There's between fifteen and twenty head not counting the colts," said Rob. "Sure, we can prove ownership. Mr. Greenway has papers for his filly, and the groom can identify her. He brought her from England."

"And where do the others come from?"

"All over Wyoming and Colorado," said Rob, grinning. "Wherever the stallion had a mind to steal them. When we've got them corralled and have taken the two we're after I'll leave the rest for you."

"That'd be the best way," said the Sheriff.

"And save me a lot of work," said Rob. "You can examine the brands and notify the owners."

"I'll know Lady Godiva," said Mr. Gildersleeve.

"And this man will know his, if I'm not mistaken," Rob pointed to a ramshackle little Ford sedan which had

just stopped before the hotel in a cloud of dust.

OUT of it stepped a heavily bearded man with his two tall sons.

Rob went down the steps to greet him. "Jeff Stevens! Come after your two mares, I'll bet!"

"That's right," said Stevens, and Rob shook hands with the three.

"How'd you smell this out?" he asked.

"Oh, they was talkin' about it down to Glendevy, said you had the stallion cornered up here and was goin' to round him up and catch the mares. So, thinks I, I'll just trot up there with Tad and Hick and get my mares while the gettin's good."

He burst into a snicker.

"Suits me down to the ground," said Rob. "That means I can have my work team back again."

"They sure helped me out, Mr. McLaughlin, but they ain't a patch on Molly and Lizzie."

"Come up onto the porch and meet our friends here." He made the introductions. "This is Mrs. Palmer—"

"Pleased to meetcher, I'm sure, Mum," said Stevens with his greasy hat in his hand.

"And Mr. Greenway—"

"Howdy, howdy—"

"And Miss Marsh. She is the owner of the filly we're looking for. You know my son, Ken. And this is the Sheriff—"

"I ain't no sight for sore eyes to Jeff," drawled the Sheriff.

"Do sit down," gushed Mrs. Palmer, "and tell us, did you lose some mares too? Dear me. This stallion of Kenneth's seems to be a regular blue-beard!"

"Don't know as he's got a blue beard, Mum, but he's a son-of-a-gun for stealin' mares. If the Captain here hadn't lent me a work team don't know how I'd have got my crops in this summer."

"How about that, Sheriff?" said Rob. "Is there any law says a man is legally responsible if his stallion goes around rustlin' mares?"

"Not as I ever heard tell of," said the Sheriff.

Jeff was immediately in a huff. "Ain't no man goin' to think I'd take it lyin' down—to have a rich man's stallion steal the mares I needs to make my daily bread!"

"Well, you got a team from the Captain, ain't you? You got no kick coming."

"The trouble I'm in," said Rob, "is that it isn't my stallion, but it is my responsibility. The horse belongs to Ken."

"Puts you in a helluva fix, Cap'n," drawled Barrows.

Ken, seated on the top step of the verandah, gave an embarrassed laugh.

Down the street, enveloped in a cloud of dust came two riders. They were Ross and Tim who had not been able to resist the temptation to show some of the McLaughlin spindle-legs to the town. They pranced along sideways, Ross twirling the end of his rope and greeting all and sundry with jovial yells.

As they got abreast of the hotel, Rob called to them to come and meet the Sheriff. The boys dismounted, tied the horses to the hitching pole and, standing below the verandah, leaned on the top rail of the porch and were introduced all around.

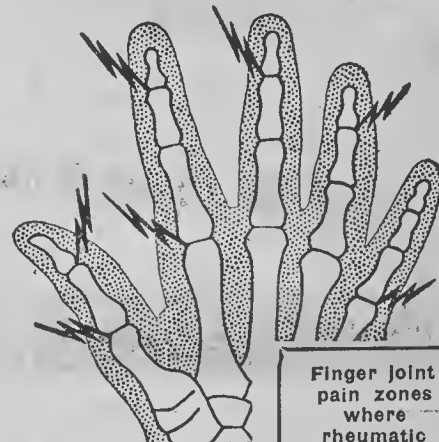
"This is Jeff Stevens," said Rob.

"The fellow that Thunderhead stole the mares off of?"

"I'm the guy," boasted Stevens, beginning to enjoy his fame. "I've come here to git mine from that fence-jumpin', mare-stealin', murderin' son-of-a-bi—I beg your pardon, lady, I was going to say, that murderin' hellion!"

"Gol-durn," said the little bronco-buster slowly. "Seems like everybody in the state has seen that stallion but me. I'd give my eye teeth to ride him. Bet I could take him into a rodeo and win

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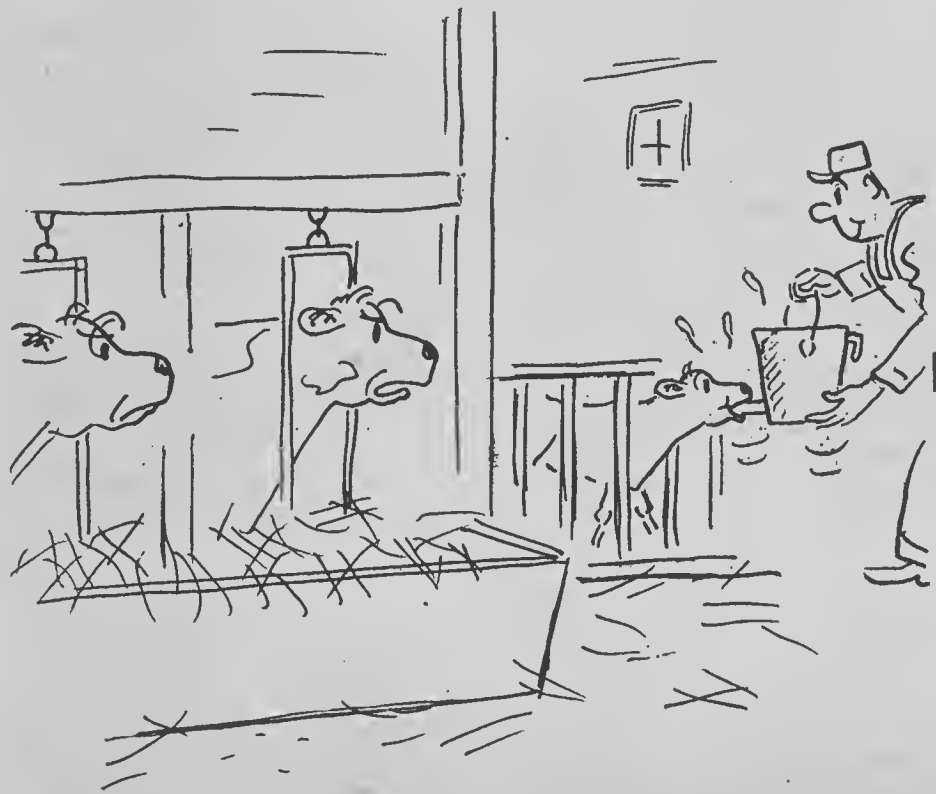
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everything in sight. They say he's a buckin' fool!"

"Buckin' fool!" exclaimed Ken indignantly. "Bucking isn't all he can do. He can run. He's the fastest horse anywhere around."

"I can vouch for his speed," said Greenway. "Ken put him in my race over at Saginaw Falls two years ago, and that horse would have won if he hadn't taken it into his head to buck. He broke out into the middle, and did he put on a show!"

Half a dozen voices spoke up, with tales of some bucking horse they had owned or ridden.

Tim asked Jeff Stevens, if he had been an eyewitness to Thunderhead's kidnapping of his mares.

JEFF STEVENS raised his voice as he told the story. His two boys, Hick and Tad, perched on the rail of the verandah, were smoking cigarettes that they rolled themselves with careless nonchalance.

"It was when the two mares were being taken from the plow, right there near the corral. They knew wot was comin' before any of the rest of us had caught on. They began to nicker and ra'r around. Lizzie she went up straight and Tad here, he wuz loopin' up the harness on her, and he lost his balance and sat down kinder sudden—"

Tad gave a sheepish grin and his brother dug him in the ribs.

"The harness cum down half off her, and before you cud say Jack Robinson, there was that son-of-a-gun, that white devil plunging right into us, neighin', screamin', lungin' at Liz, she giv a jump and run like hell with Tad still holding the reins and riding along on the seat of his pants—"

Hick burst out with, "Haw, haw, haw—he sure did."

"Well, he let go, and did he cuss. By that time all you cud see was the two of 'em, one white, one brown, tearing along, away off on the prairie. She stopped once, to kick herself free of the harness. The stallion, he tuk the collar in his teeth and tore it off'n her. Yes, sir, I seen that with my own eyes. A smart one and no mistake. An' I'm a son-of-a-gun ef he didn't come back a week later and steal the other mare. I tell you there's nuthin' a man kin do, lessen he was sittin' there waiting for him with a gun."

There was uproarious laughter, profane exclamations, more questions were asked, and the stallion's fame and stature grew.

Half the town, it seemed, was gathering around the front verandah of the Grand View Hotel. The Sheriff introduced them.

"This is Charley Gage, President of Stock-Growers and Lumberman's Bank of Westgate."

"Sit down, Mr. Gage."

"You boys down thar, come up here and meet Mr. Greenway who owns the racing stable in Idaho, and Mr. McLaughlin—these boys are our fire brigade—"

The guests of the hotel, transients, travelling salesmen, a few of the town's people drew their chairs around and joined in.

"It's this here stallion of Ken McLaughlin's is creating all the commotion," said the Sheriff. "He's come to the end of his tether now, and half of these folks you see here is men that have had mares stolen by him."

"Is he yours, sure enough?" asked one of the fire brigade of Ken.

"Yep," said Ken, uncertain as to whether he was a hero or a villain.

"Can you ride him?" demanded Jeff Stevens, slapping his two hands down on his knees and leaning toward Ken.

"Sure I can! I raised him from a baby!"

"Gee whittaker!" marvelled Tad Stevens, shaking his head. "Put a saddle and bridle on that devil! Not me!"

Jeff Stevens still had his deep, bright

little eyes fixed on Ken. "Say! Joe Daly was a-tellin' me—he's the fellow that tends your rams for you, ain't he?"

"Yep."

"Well, he had it that Jeremy told him that Gus had a yarn about your ridin' that stallion bareback way off in the mountings somewhere when he was a-roundin' up his mares."

"That's right," said Carey loudly. "He did. He told me so!"

"Carey!" exclaimed her grandmother. "Moderate your voice, my child."

"Is it a fact, Ken," insisted Jeff.

Ken was modest. "Thunderhead's easy to ride, I've ridden him bareback ever since his back was strong enough to hold me."

TIM and Ross were corroborating the story of Ken's exploit. There were murmurs of amazement and everyone turned to look at the boy again.

Greenway leaned to Rob. "Did he really do that?"

"Yes," said Rob. "The damndest stunt I ever heard of. He didn't know he was doing anything out of the ordinary. Stuck on for a mile or more, then slid off, came home covered with cuts and bruises."

"Good God!" said Greenway and turned to look at Ken with new respect in his eyes.

"He's a rider," said Rob. "With him on his back I've seen Thunderhead do a half mile in 47 seconds. He sails over fences, rocks, roads—cattle guards—nothing stops him."

Greenway was thoughtful, dallying with the idea that if Ken had been such a fine trainer for Thunderhead, he might be the one to get Jewel into form.

The Sheriff turned to Rob. "What you going to do with this fairy-book hoss when you catch him?"

"Let's catch him first," said Rob.

"Gol-durn it," yelled Ross, "give him to me! I'll make him famous!"

"He's famous already," said Ken sourly. He felt himself in a spot. Just what should be done with Thunderhead had not yet been talked out between himself and his father. He avoided raising the question, he didn't want his father to commit himself. Catch the horse, get him off the range and put an end to his raiding—that was as far as they had gone. But Ken knew his father would not be content with that. Thunderhead would be just as much of a menace on the Goose Bar Ranch as he was on the plains. Rob would want him got rid of, gelded, sold, given away, shot! He wouldn't care!

It made Ken feel tragic and bitter and desperate. If only things would work around so that Thunderhead could race again.

"Hi, Ken," said Ross, "how about it?"

"What you goin' to do with him, Ken?" persisted the Sheriff. "You know you can't ever take a chanct of his getting on the range again."

"No," joined in Jeff Stevens loudly, "you got to keep him off'n the range! If ye don't, us ranchers'll do it for ye!"

"Dear me! What a violent sort of life!" said Mrs. Palmer.

"I'm going to race him," said Ken, burning his boats behind him. He didn't look at his father. This was as good a way as any to ask permission to do the thing he was longing to do.

"Sure enough, Ken?" asked Tim. "You figurin' to put him in Mr. Greenway's Free-For-All again?"

Ken was gathering courage. "This time, I'll ride him myself," he declared, "and he'll win."

"I believe he might at that," said Greenway, "if he were ridden by someone who can manage him. He's got the speed."

"I can manage him," said Ken bitterly.

"But he ought to be in a steeplechase," said Carey, "because he's such a good jumper."

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"Yes," Ken grew bolder. "That's what I was figuring."

"Maybe the American Grand National at Belmont in November? He and Jewel can both be entered." Carey clasped her hands and rocked where she sat. "Oh, wouldn't that be fun! I wonder which one would win!"

The Sheriff turned to Rob. "How about that, Mr. McLaughlin?"

Rob was busy filling his pipe. He answered quietly, "Ken goes to school. He's going to keep on going. How could a kid go around to race tracks with a stallion?"

"Lots of money in it," said one of the men.

"Sometimes. But what kind of a life? What father would want to make a race tout out of his son? You know, Greenway—what would you say to that?"

"Make him stick to his muttons, McLaughlin. If he gets mixed up with race horses and racing he'll descend to my level."

There was a guffaw of laughter which Ken took to himself. "But wouldn't you want to race your horse if he was a winner, Dad?" he asked passionately.

ROB grinned. "I'm just human enough, Ken, that I would. If a man raises horses, it's just about impossible to avoid having hopes for them. He wants them to turn out the finest there are. And that usually leads to the race course."

"But why shouldn't it?" inquired one of the fire brigade, mystified that there were any arguments whatever against so glorious a career as horse racing.

"Ask Mr. Greenway here," said Rob. Greenway answered, "It's a tragic thing that the horse, the finest of all animals, has been so exploited. Though I am a racing man myself I must admit that by and large they are a tough crowd."

"It's the money," said Mr. Gage, the bank president. "Men make such a killing now and then that all the gamblers and slickers in the world hang around."

"That's it," said Rob. "And, too, there's a certain self-glorification—"

Greenway laughed. "That's right. The owner gets to thinking he's the horse—does all the runnin'—wins all the prizes."

There was more laughter at this. Then Ross and Tim said good night and mounted their horses and rode away.

Mr. Gildersleeve and the banker were next to leave; the crowd melted.

Ken went to bed in agony about Thunderhead. What would be done to him? Don't think about it . . . just think about having him again . . . standing against that arching neck, feeling those great muscles ripple . . . and to know him his own again . . . to get on that fierce back and be carried through the air . . . like flying or sailing. . . .

A strange feeling ran through his body. It felt like the electric heat that charged the stallion and that, when one rode him, fused them into one.

GOING upstairs to her room, Carey kept rehearsing it. "Go chase yourself! Go chase yourself!" Her courage was still high. Of course it would not be those rude words, it would just be some act of independence that would show her grandmother, once and for all, that she was a little girl no longer.

What if her grandmother were really sick? But for the first time Carey was doubtful of this.

Late that night she rolled up on her elbow in bed and looked across the big old-fashioned room to where her grandmother was sleeping in the other double bed. Her breath came slowly and regularly, now and then with a deep snore.

It was hearty, healthy breathing. As a matter of fact she never had attacks of any sort at night and yet she had said she must have Carey in the same room with her in case she had a heart attack. Thinking long and seriously about this, Carey decided that her grandmother's spells, convincing and pitiable as they were, occurred mostly when things did not go her way. Well, then, the time had come to rebel. She must turn on her inner alarm clock for five next morning, and if there was any interference, be ready to put her grandmother in her place.

It was too hot to sleep. Not a breath of air came in through the wide-open window. Carey put the sheet down from her and kicked it to the foot of the bed with a motion that said, "go chase yourself." Then she sat up, drew her nightgown off over her head and defiantly threw it aside. She put the pillow away and lay flat, a long slender shape of nakedness, her hair thrown upward so that it would not heat her neck.

Now she felt much more courageous. A car whizzed past on the highway outside the window. A train whistle, far away, echoed in the mountains. These sounds from outside gave her a sense of the world, of life beyond herself that she could seize and be one with, if only she could grow up and have courage.

She woke promptly at five. Her grandmother was still asleep. Downstairs there were sounds of people stirring in the kitchen—the stove being rattled. There were voices—that one sounded like Ken's!

Moving noiselessly she fastened her bra and drew on her small, white silk shorts. Her bluejeans were in the closet. Taking an enormous silent step across the room, she turned to look over her shoulder at her grandmother. She met the fierce grey eyes, wide open, blazing.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"I was—je-jess g-g-getting up—"

"Well, just get back!"

Carey leaped back into bed and pulled up the sheet, then lay there scolding herself and calling herself a coward.

Later, when it was time to get up, her grandmother played a little different part. Carey was "Dearie" and "my pet," "my own little girl." Mrs. Palmer told Carey how she had missed her during the last month, how lonely she had been, how hard it had been to have no help when she was ill, only the servants.

CAREY went downstairs to breakfast with her, then out onto the porch. And wrote letters for her grandmother. And held her wool. And took a walk. And rocked and rocked, her eyes on the faraway peaks of the Mummy Range.

That night Rob had a talk with Nell over the long distance telephone. They exchanged their news. Rob missed her awfully and told her so. He told her of the horses, so conveniently trapped near the headwaters of the Spindle River.

"They're in the bag."

"Are they really?"

"Yep. In a bottom between two ridges. At the north end we'll build the corral."

"Can you get men enough?"

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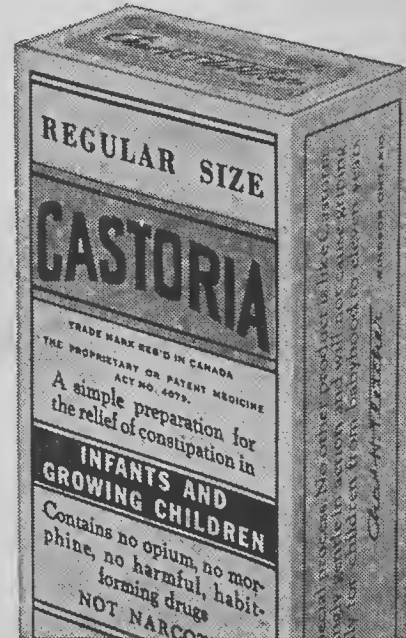
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"Jewel?"

"Jewel nothing! Thunderhead!" Rob spoke proudly.

"How many mares are there?"

"We can't count exactly, they're in and out of the brush and I don't let anyone get close to them. Don't want to scare them. But there are more than I thought. He's picked up some more. Perhaps twenty."

"Twenty mares! That's a full band!"

"Yep. He's a rustler!"

"Have you seen Jewel?"

"There are a number of black mares. We can't tell one from the other from a distance."

"How about colts?"

"Lousy with 'em! He sure has done a good job with that band—fed them well—a colt running beside every mare. There are two Palominos."

"Any white colts?"

"Not one."

"Funny, isn't it?"

"No, it's natural. He's a throwback. The Albino didn't reproduce himself, he reproduced the dams."

"Have you talked to Ken about Thunderhead?"

"What about him?"

"About what's to be done with him."

"No."

"Well, what is?"

"Ken's got an idea."

"Oh, Rob!"

"Yeah! He wants to race him again!"

"Rob!"

"You might know."

"What do you tell him?"

"I don't even talk to him."

"You wouldn't consider it, would you?"

"Certainly not! Keep him out of school again?"

"He's been doing pretty well in school."

"Nell, don't you back him up in this!"

"No, Rob, I think you're absolutely right."

Rob fumed. "Racing! It's like a drug. It gets into the blood. Once you're bitten by the racing bug there's no hope for you."

"Well, what are you going to do with Thunderhead?"

"You know as well as I."

"What?"

"Well, I can't bring him home."

"Of course not."

"And he has to be kept off the range."

"Certainly."

"So there's only one thing left."

Nell was silent. The silence dragged on. "Hello!" said Rob. "Are you there, Nell?"

"Yes, darling, I'm here. I was just thinking." She gave a little groan. "Of course Ken will be broken hearted but I think you're right. Go on and geld him."

"Yep."

THERE was another long silence. Then Rob said, "There's a good veterinarian in town. I'll have him do it as soon as we get Thunderhead into the corral. I'll not take the chance of his getting away again. This way, we can have him at the ranch; he will be a magnificent saddle horse for Ken."

"Yes." Nell heaved a sigh. "It should really have been done long ago. Are you going to tell Ken?"

"Tell him nuthin'," said Rob gruffly. "When he sees it done, he'll know it."

There was another long silence from Nell, then a sigh. "Yes," she said.

Mr. Ashley Gildersleeve rented himself a horse and, in his business suit and with a large cigar in his mouth attached himself to the riders who were guarding the ravine. Lady Godiva was

not going to get away from him again if he could help it.

THE sky was brazen. The trees on the mountains stood breathless, not a leaf moving.

In the dust holes out in the Spindle River bottom the mares lay down and rolled, kicking their heels. There was a delicious tickling as the hot sand sifted through the hair to the skin. The great bodies writhed on their backs, like big foolish fish with helpless bellies exposed. Not every mare could complete the roll-over. It took a big squirm and heave. They twisted until every inch had been scratched by the hot sand, then thrust out their forefeet and, bracing against them, lurched up. Then came the violent shuddering which shook them free of dust and sand and caked sweat. After the roll and shake every mare was as refreshed and invigorated as a lady after a Swedish massage.

On the borders of the ravine and between the winding washes and rivulets was an abundance of half-cured grass, burnt umber in color. This was its most nourishing stage. While the perpetually hungry mares grazed, the colts slept flat on their sides, or they pretended to graze a little, too, copying their mothers, trying to reach the grass which they could only do by stretching their little short necks and spreading wide their forelegs.

In the evenings when the light was low and tinged with a rosy gold, they romped like children. The delicate little bodies took on sportive attitudes, heads pulled up and back, little hairy chins tucked in. They bucked and kicked, they reared and pretended to fight one another, tiny forefeet flailing the air. Then they would drop to the ground and gallop wildly about making a small sound of thunder.

The work of cutting the timber and building the forty-by-forty-foot corral went on quickly and quietly. No hammers or nails were used. Posthole diggers made the holes for the uprights, the long poles were fastened against them by baling wire.

And then the wings, wings a hundred feet long, seven feet high.

"I should think," said Greenway as he and Rob rode slowly along the mountain side above the corral, "that six-foot wings and fences would have been high enough."

"Six-foot fences would be high enough for the mares," said Rob, "there won't be any trouble with them at all. They've all been handled, they'd trot right into a corral and look for oats. Unless he has picked up some wild mares as well. Buck was saying he thought there were some wild mares in the bunch—but Thunderhead is the only one there will be trouble with, and if he really wanted to get over a six-foot fence, he'd manage it somehow."

Greenway whistled, "Six feet! Great Scott! Why, no corral or pasture will hold him!"

"That's the devil of it."

"What are you going to do with him when he's caught?"

Rob laughed. "Theme song! What to do with Thunderhead! You wouldn't like to buy him, would you?"

"If I did, the first thing I'd do would be geld him. How does it happen he hasn't been gelded before this? He's certainly not a horse for the stud."

"That young son of mine. Now and again a colt dies of the gelding, you know, one or two of ours have—Ken was determined no chances should be taken with this love-of-his-life. He'd manage it one way or the other—luck, too. One year, when I had the vet come out Thunderhead couldn't be found. I let it go till the next year and then Ken talked me out of it."

"Six feet!" Greenway was still marvelling. "And no training except what Ken has given him. No wonder the boy has ideas about putting him in jump races. Why wouldn't that be a way out



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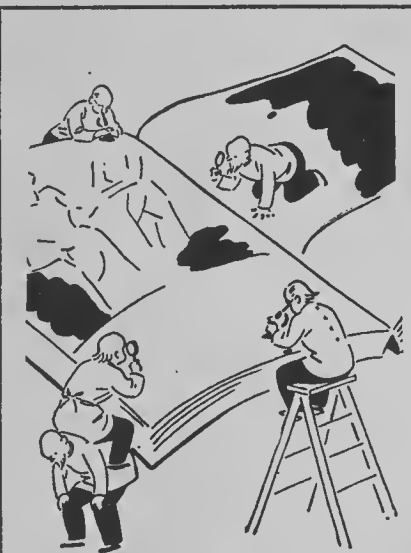
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for you, McLaughlin? He might win, someone would buy him and your troubles would be over."

"It isn't practicable," said Rob. He was about to add, "Besides, it's not necessary—I'm going to have him gelded before he ever gets out of this corral we're building," but decided to keep this to himself. "Look over there," he pointed to a purple cloud just pushing over the mountains to the north. "We're going to have weather. This heat is due to break."

Greenway was wiping his neck with his handkerchief. "It would suit me if it was snow," he said. "This heat gets me."

"Maybe it will be snow. No telling. Any time after the Fourth of July, comes winter."

"Rob, I want to ask you something." "Shoot."

"I'd like to take Ken back with me to the Blue Moon for a visit of a few weeks—or as long as you can spare him."

Rob said doubtfully, "That's certainly very kind of you—"

"Not kind at all—purely selfish. Carey and he are great pals—have you noticed them together?"

Rob turned to face him and both men burst into a laugh. "I sure have!"

"Well, that child of mine doesn't have enough companionship with young people of her own age. She's had the time of her life with you and your wife and your boys this summer and it's been good for her and I want it to go on."

Rob asked, "How will your sister feel about this?"

THERE flashed through Greenway's mind the conversation between himself and his sister which had taken place that morning at the breakfast table. Carey had left the room and he had taken the opportunity to announce that, if Rob would consent, he was going to take Ken back to the Blue Moon Ranch with them.

Mrs. Palmer had expressed herself with her usual vigor. "What on earth has got into you! Surely you can see that the boy has fallen in love with Carey?"

"That's just the reason."

"You wouldn't encourage such a thing!"

"You've got the wrong slant on it. They're just kids. Carey's happy. Every girl is happy when she has a nice boy around. Carey has lived too much alone. It didn't matter so much when she was just a child, but she's growing up and I want her to have more freedom and to be more with boys and girls of her own age and we can begin with Ken McLaughlin."

That had just about floored her, and then, in case she should start something, he had added chuckling, "and don't pull a fainting spell or an attack of asthma, Caroline. You can't put that over on me. This time I've made up my mind and it stands."

Rob was looking at him, waiting for him to answer. Greenway cleared his throat with a little embarrassment. "In a matter like this, it's my say-so. But I don't mind telling you, Rob, that I'm quite worried about the way my sister has got Carey under her thumb. She's a very imperious woman. She won't have anything to do with anyone she can't rule. Except me. The way I've managed, I live my own life, keep out of her way, kid her a little bit, let her do as she wants. But when it comes to Carey—it's a—" He hesitated.

"Well," said Rob slowly, "I've noticed a good deal of that. Is she really ill?"

"I wish I knew. She has a doctor come to see her at home, a tame cat. In my opinion she makes her own diagnosis, tells him what's the matter with her, what she ought to eat, do, how people ought to treat her, then pulls that on Carey and me and anyone she wants to rule. He falls for it."

She turns on her charm—she's got charm, you know."

"Yes, and knows how to use it," said Rob. "But surely, when it comes to Carey, you can do what you think best?"

"It's not so easy. I haven't interfered much so far because Carey is so young and, by and large, has been happy and well. But I admit I have often had a sinking sensation when I thought about what would happen when the time comes for the girl to marry."

"You'd better look out or Carey will never marry. Many a time, a character like your sister's has made an old maid of a girl."

"I know it. She did her best to prevent her daughter's marriage, and she'll do her best to prevent Carey's."

"That accounts for the way she looks at Ken. As if she would like to poison him."

Greenway laughed. "Yes, he's the enemy right now. But it's more than that. Carey is growing up. Her life is opening out. And she feels Carey escaping her!"

"She won't let her," said Rob.

Greenway looked distraught. "The worst of it is, the thing that ties my hands, is that the child is so tender-hearted. And she loves her dearly! Always has!"

Rob was silent. He could understand. To be ruled does not to a child seem cruel. And the habits of love and obedience have tendrils that clutch and cling long into the years.

He said, "You look out, or she'll ruin your little girl's life."

"No," said Greenway, "I shan't give in to her. The thing that will do it is to send Carey away to college. Meanwhile, let me have Ken. There's another reason I want him, Rob."

"Yes?"

"He did a wonderful job training his stallion."

"Yes, I can say that for him."

"Well, Jewel is going to need a lot of training and I'd like your boy to do it."

"Jewel will be in good condition. This life on the range puts them into top form."

"She may have a foal."

"Even so, she won't be soft. I'll wager she'll be in racing form by October or November."

"All the same, she'll need training and Ken's the one to do it."

ROB still did not answer. As between having the gelding done with Ken looking on, or away at Blue Moon Ranch, he preferred the latter. Then, when Ken returned he would be presented with a *fait accompli*.

"Well, all right, Greenway. I consent and I think it'll be a fine thing for Ken."

"That's settled then. I am delighted and I know Carey will be."

Rob pointed down at the camp. "Look, smoke! Time for lunch."

They rode down and dismounted, and joined the men.

Ross Buckley had got a fire going and a big pot of coffee was cooking on it. The men opened the lunch boxes and took out thick ham sandwiches.

Greenway sat on a fallen log and listened to the talk and looked around. He sniffed the warm air, pungent with pine needles and hot earth. He felt the simplicity and beauty of his surroundings. Carey should have been here—his eyes wandered, looking for Ken.

Ken stood at a little distance where the horses were tied. He was about to put the bag of oats on Flicka's nose when suddenly the mare raised her head, pricked her ears sharply, looked down the ravine and gave a ringing neigh.

Rob jumped up and most of the men did likewise. Greenway half expected to see the white stallion burst out of the brush and come plunging toward them.

"Look out what you're doing!" yelled Rob.

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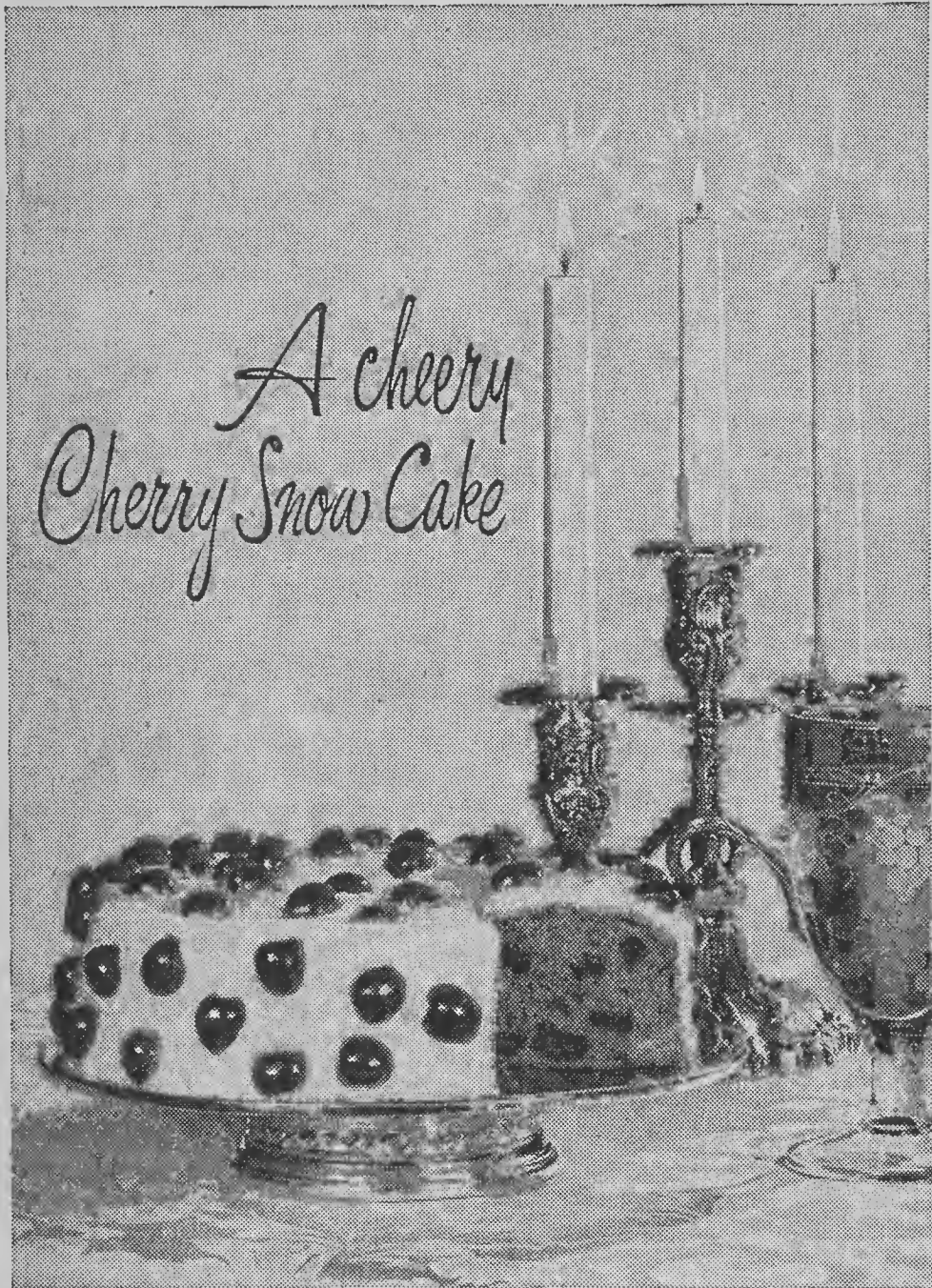
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¼ teaspoon Magic Baking Soda
¾ teaspoon salt
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1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup strained thick applesauce

⅔ cup seedless raisins
⅔ cup chopped pitted dates
Snow Frosting
Maraschino cherries
Citron

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs; beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add alternately with applesauce to creamed mixture. Add raisins and dates. Bake in 9" greased tube pan in 350°F. oven, 1 hour. Let stand until cold. Remove cake from pan. Spread frosting on top and side of cake. Decorate with cherries and citron.

SNOW FROSTING: Cream 2 tablespoons butter. Sift 2½ cups confectioner's sugar; gradually add, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons milk to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains of salt and ¾ teaspoon vanilla extract.



Ken was already turning Flicka around, trying to interest her in her oats. The other horses had looked up but were now quietly munching. There was no answering neigh from the ravine.

Ken came to the fire, took his mug of coffee and sat down on a rock. Greenway studied his face, noting something wistful in the eyes, something stubborn in the mouth—all of it very sensitive, quick, and handsome. Gad! no wonder Carey—

"Ken," he said, "your Dad and I've been cooking up a plan that concerns you."

Ken looked up, "You have, sir?"

"Yes. I'm looking for someone to train Jewel for me. How'd you like to come to the Blue Moon with me and put some good work on that filly?"

"You mean right now?" Ken's face flushed clear to the top of his brow. He was thinking, *Carey! Carey!*

"Yes. As soon as we've caught her."

"Why, gosh! Mr. Greenway, that'd be keen—" His eyes swung over to his father. "Did Dad say I could?"

"Certainly. I think it would be a nice visit for you."

Ken's eyes lingered on his father's face and his own expression changed. He felt worried. There was something so smooth about the way his father had said that. Suddenly he gave a sharp exclamation, "Oh!" and then was silent. While the men talked he sat thinking. Thunderhead—he couldn't leave Thunderhead. As if his thoughts had been audible, one of the men asked, "What's going to be done with Thunderhead?"

"What's going to be done with Thunderhead?"

ROB was silent. Every man present was willing to contribute suggestions. No one had as yet had a good look at either Thunderhead or the filly. The sides of the ravine were timbered nearly to the top. To reach the corral site the men rode out on an old lumber trail along the outer side of the ridge. And Rob had given orders that no one was to go close to the horses.

Ken answered in the negative. "I don't want him gelded," he said.

"A lad of one idea," said Rob sarcastically.

Ken looked stubborn.

"Why Ken, geldin' won't hurt him none," said Tim.

"It might kill him," said Ken.

"Could happen, but ain't likely."

"Besides," said Ken, "he would never be the same again."

"Ken means," said Rob in the same mocking manner, "that he would never be the great Thunderhead, any more!"

The men gulped down the coffee from their big tin mugs.

"But gol'durn it, Ken, what use is he?" demanded Hank Percy, tall leathery woodsman from one of the lumber camps.

Rob answered, "I've got one stallion on the ranch already. And if I brought another stallion there, you can figure for yourself what would happen."

Ross said, "Only thing with a horse like that is, race him, or put him in rodeos. That way you can git the good of all his orneriness."

To race him! This was the conclusion Ken had come to a hundred times himself. The only way out. He stole a look at his father. But Rob was busy filling his pipe.

LUNCH finished, the fire was doused and Mr. Greenway said he was going back to town. Ken asked permission from his father to go with him.

As they rode along the lumber trail Ken said, "Mr. Greenway, I'm awful sorry, but I don't think I can go up there with you to the Blue Moon."

"Why not, Ken?"

"Well, because of Thunderhead. You see, we haven't really decided what to do with him, and I'd be afraid to leave him with anybody else."

"Afraid!"

"Yes."

Greenway pulled up his horse, Ken turned to face him and they looked into each other's eyes. "I'll be damned," thought Greenway, "he believes his father is going to geld the horse the minute his back is turned."

Without saying anything, they started forward again. Greenway was still in deep thought. By the time they had come to the place where the trail crossed the ridge, he had decided the boy was right. That was just what Rob McLaughlin was going to do.

"Don't know as I blame him," muttered Greenway. "But I don't blame the kid either. He'd better stick tight."

"What did you say, sir?"

"Just thinking out loud." He pulled up his horse again and slung the field glasses off his shoulder. He aimed them at the bottom, and through them could see the horses moving in the underbrush.

"Want a look?" he handed the glasses to Ken.

Suddenly there was an exclamation from Ken. "Oh, gosh! There he is!" He dropped the glasses and strained his naked eyes and saw the whiteness of the stallion crossing a patch of green. Mr. Greenway took the glasses, put them to his eyes, and had a glimpse.

"Well, there he is," he said, as they moved on again. "And little he knows that he has come to the end of his career of crime." He looked, smiling at Ken. "Gives you a big thrill, I guess, at the idea of having him again?"

Ken's face was all lit up. "And how!" He kept turning in his saddle to look back.

"Ken, I'd like to help you out."

Ken looked at the old gentleman questioningly.

"Suppose we take Thunderhead with us to the Blue Moon?"

Ken's face went blank. He thought hard.

"You see, I want you to come and if I can't get you without the stallion—"

"Gosh, Mr. Greenway!"

"Well, will you come?"

"Will I come! You bet I will! Mr. Greenway, I'm ever so much obliged. You don't know what a fix this gets me out of."

"Does it? Seems to me it merely postpones the fix a few weeks longer."

But Ken's thoughts were racing ahead. With Thunderhead at the Blue Moon where they had a practice track and professional trainers—of course, Thunderhead would make a sensation—they'd all be out of their heads with amazement at what he could do—and Mr. Greenway being a racing man—and rich—of course, it would all lead to Thunderhead's going into another race—Ah-h-h! The starting bugle! The jockey's silks! the horses galloping around the track, and this time himself in the saddle!

Mr. Greenway was saying calmly, "We'll locate a double trailer and put Thunderhead and Jewel in it together. They ought to be good friends after this year spent together."

SO Carey, after having felt toward Ken as she would feel toward a young lover from whose side she was to be



"That's certainly the last word in realism, to have him reading *The Country Guide!*"

torn in a few days, now had to feel toward him as she would feel toward a young fellow who was to be her companion for weeks. Quite different! She became extremely reserved.

And Mrs. Palmer, not knowing how to register her displeasure, adopted the attitude of piteousness and tremulous bravery which she knew from long practice was the hardest of all on her granddaughter.

And Rob, when he talked again to Nell over the telephone, said, "Isn't it the damndest thing how events work around so that Ken gets what he wants? What do you bet he doesn't get to race Thunderhead again?"

NOW that Mr. Greenway had taken a stand, Carey went out every day with Ken on horseback. They had lunch at the corral with the men. Carey, in bluejeans, made herself useful, or tried to, anxious to be part of the activity. And riding home along the ridge with Ken they would stop and hold the binoculars to their eyes, excited if they caught a glimpse of the stallion or some of the mares and colts. And when Carey saw one of the black mares through the glasses, she would cry, "There she is!" One of them must be Jewel.

Occasionally they joined Buck Daly where he had made his camp on the inner side of the ridge near the mouth of the canyon. He had found a place on the mountainside from which he could see the whole valley and every movement of the horses. Sometimes he rode up to the camp to see how the work was progressing. Sometimes, on foot, he wandered over the country with his silent Indian step. Buck never had much to say.

In spite of all this freedom Carey was not happy. Mrs. Palmer was ailing. The piteousness had turned into pain and dizziness and breathlessness.

One morning—it was the day on which the corral and wings were to be finished—Carey came down to the hotel dining-room in a dress instead of riding clothes. She explained to her uncle that she would not be able to go out to the camp with them, because her grandmother was staying in bed and she had to bring her meals up. Carey was downcast for tomorrow was the round-up.

Without a word, Mr. Greenway rose from the breakfast table and went upstairs.

He found his sister sitting up against pillows, a thin silk bed jacket over her shoulders and a copy of the *Westgate Weekly Sentinel* in her hands.

He drew up a chair beside the bed and took hold of her wrist at which she put her paper aside and looked at him in astonishment. He said gravely, "What is the matter with you, Caroline?"

"I am feeling very badly," she answered with hauteur.

"You need some castor oil, about five ounces."

"Don't be vulgar, Beaver."

"Well, what is it then?"

"My heart has been jumping and fluttering and I have dizzy spells. This intense heat is very bad for me."

"I believe there is a good doctor in Westgate, I'll try to look him up and send him in to see you. Perhaps we had better postpone our departure tomorrow?"

"We are leaving tomorrow?"

"The work is practically finished. We will drive the horses into the corral early tomorrow morning. Then there is nothing to keep us. We can leave immediately."

"I shall be very glad to leave this place." She sank back weakly against her pillows. "You don't know what it is like to be ill and alone in a strange place. Carey has been constantly away from me."

"For the last few days she has, because I insisted on it. But I do not want you to be left without attention if

you are ill. That is why I spoke of getting a doctor. Or a nurse."

"I do not need a nurse. There is nothing that Carey cannot do."

"Carey cannot do *anything* today and tomorrow. She is going out to the camp with us today and when we round up the horses tomorrow. After all, Caroline have a heart! Give her a chance to have some fun!"

Color came into the invalid's face, and rage into her eyes. She sat up with surprising vigor.

"Am I to have no consideration? Where do I stand in this household, I'd like to know!"

His lips set. "I am tired of seeing that child carrying trays and hot compresses and hot-water bottles. From now on, Caroline, you must have a nurse."

"I will *not* have a nurse! I will not be made into an invalid!"

At this, her brother burst out laughing. "I am delighted to hear it. If you don't need a nurse, you don't need Carey. I'll tell her to come up and get her riding clothes on."

Mrs. Palmer's rage boiled over. "You get out of my room and mind your own business!"

At that moment Carey entered carrying the breakfast tray. She closed the door and stood transfixed at the sight of her uncle just rising from his chair by the bedside and her grandmother leaping out of bed in pursuit of him.

"Calm yourself, Caroline." Mr. Greenway backed away. "I think I had better stay and finish this discussion, now that it has started. Carey had better hear."

"Oh, Uncle Beaver, what is it? Grandma, what is the matter?"

"Get out, Beaver, get out of my room!"

Mr. Greenway made no move to obey.

TREMBLINGLY Carey put the tray down on the table and said, clasping her hands, "Oh, Uncle Beaver, she'll have a terrible heart spell! You'd better go. I'll take care of her."

At this, Mrs. Palmer sank weakly on the edge of the bed and dramatically clutched her throat.

But Mr. Greenway was prepared. "No. I shall not go until this is settled."

Mrs. Palmer sprang to her feet again, her bare toe caught in a loose strand of the rag rug which was beside her bed and she lost her balance. Her brother leaped to catch her but he too slipped and they crashed to the floor together.

Her screams were deafening. Mr. Greenway scrambled hastily to his feet and, exclaiming, "She's in hysterics!" seized the water pitcher and emptied it on her face.

Mrs. Palmer's hysterics turned to choking and sputtering. Carey brought a towel, knelt beside her grandmother and tenderly wiped her face. She looked reproachfully at her uncle who helped her raise the old lady and put her in bed again. She was now sobbing.

"Oh, Uncle Beaver!" reproached Carey, leaning down to put her arms around her grandmother.

"I feel like a brute," muttered Greenway. "Caroline, I didn't mean to knock you down, I hope you don't think that."

Wearily she turned her head and sobbed, "Oh, go away! Go away!"

He stood there stubbornly. "I want Carey to have her freedom. Let that be understood."

"Carey can do anything she wants to do." The old lady said this as if there had never been any question of the opposite. A loving smile broke through her tears as she looked into the face of the girl, which hung above her, tender as a Madonna. She laid her hand on her cheek. "Why, little childie! Do you think your grandmother does not want you to be happy? To have all the fun you want to have? Go, my pet, go with your uncle. Put on your riding clothes and ride off into the hills with that



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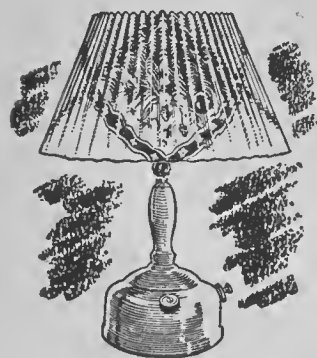


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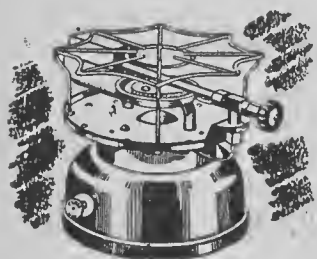
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boy!" She ended with a tragic wave of the hand.

"Come, Carey," said her uncle. But his niece looked at him indignantly.

"Do you think I would leave her like this? Her gown is soaked. It has to be changed."

"I will wait outside while you do that."

"But she is fearfully wrought up. I will read to her and quiet her."

"If she is going to need constant attention, I shall get a nurse."

"I will not have a nurse!" It was a furious scream.

"Well, then, you'll have to stay alone."

"I'll stay today, Uncle Beaver—just today."

"What about tomorrow?"

Carey hesitated. Mrs. Palmer evidently decided that she had better consolidate the small gain she had made. "I shall be better tomorrow, I am sure. If Carey will stay with me today—"

"Let me, Uncle Beaver!"

"All right. But this is the last time."

As the door closed behind him, Carey brought a dry nightgown for her grandmother and helped her change. The old lady, with a sigh of relief, leaned back against the pillows, held out her arms and turned her gaze upon Carey.

Carey dropped on her knees beside the bed. The old arms closed about her. "My pet! My childkins! Don't cry so, it's all right! He didn't mean it. Your uncle is a good man."

"But oh, Grandma!"

"Now, there—there—" She smoothed Carey's hair. "What is this all about? Is my dearie unhappy? Is there something she should be telling her Grandma?"

Carey did not answer. She was crying.

"You aren't keeping anything from me, are you, pet?"

Carey withdrew a little and felt for her handkerchief. The old lady, with her charming, irresistible smile drew Carey's hands into hers and with her own handkerchief wiped away the tears. Carey was thinking furiously. Her grandmother had always wanted the most complete confidence. To keep anything from her was a crime. There must be no secrets. But Ken—she couldn't tell about Ken—there wasn't anything to tell—except those few kisses.

"Well, my precious?"

Carey could not lie, she was not expert enough to evade.

Her grandmother laughed softly as if she understood all and considered it no sin, nothing of great importance, only natural, "Tell me, Carey—"

"Well, I don't know," Carey hesitated.

"This boy—Kenneth McLaughlin—he seems a very nice boy and I like his parents. Has there been something between you? Is that what you want to tell me, dear?"

CAREY clasped her hands and the hot color flooded her face. "Oh nothing much, Grandma, only I do like him."

"Has he—said anything? Tried to—?"

Carey turned her face still farther away. Her ear was scarlet. "Well, he—" her sentence did not end.

"Kissed you?" said her Grandma playfully.

Carey nodded without speaking.

"When?"

"One night."

"Where were you?"

"It was outside the house. I heard the puppy crying. I went out to him. Ken came, too." Suddenly Carey was in a panic. In a moment it was going to come out that she had been in bed; had gone out in her pyjamas—

But her grandmother's mind was on another angle of the scene. Did you let him kiss you?"

Carey nodded silently. Her grandmother said nothing. After a long minute of suspense, Carey turned to look into her face and saw there a look of scathing condemnation. The grey eyes

blazed from between narrow slits. The mouth was twisted in scorn. The face cried to her, "So! I got it out of you! Now I know! I had suspected as much!" And Carey, to the very foundation of her being, felt the shock of this betrayal! She jumped to her feet.

"Grandma! I'll never tell you anything again as long as I live!"

Mrs. Palmer reared up in her bed. "You won't tell me! You won't! It's I that will do the telling! And I tell you now that that boy is not going back to the ranch with us!"

Carey began to shake all over. She stood, battling her tears, not knowing what to do or say. The huge injustice of it. How could she! And she made her resolves, passionately, never to trust her grandmother again, to turn elsewhere for love, to put behind her, forever and ever, her childish dependence upon her.

She looked into her grandmother's face with eyes that were hard in spite of the trembling of her lips. Mrs. Palmer seemed suddenly to grow weak, sank back, turned her head sideways and allowed her face to quiver piteously. "I feel very weak—I've had nothing to eat yet—"

Long habit made the girl penitent. "Oh, Grandma! Your breakfast! It's all cold. You just wait. I'll go down and bring you everything hot."

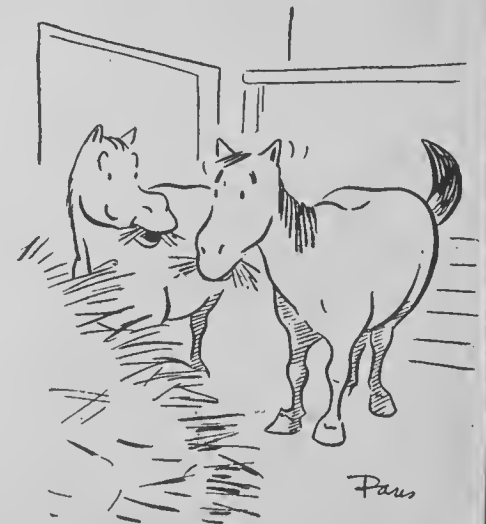
Carey brought another breakfast tray. Mrs. Palmer glanced at it with a pretence of indifference, but the pot of coffee, the pile of toast, the bowl of jam and the tempting odors made it impossible to conceal her greediness. She allowed herself to be helped to a sitting position, and a small table bearing the tray was pushed close to the edge of the bed.

She began to eat. Carey seated herself in the rocking chair and looked out the window, her face pale and woe-begone. The atmosphere of the room was horrible. To be at outs with the one who had always been closest—it dragged at her heart. She did not know how she could bear it—did not know where to turn. And there was a great hollow sinking within her, because Ken was not going back with them. Today, tomorrow—these were the last days she would have to see him.

She realized that tears were running down her cheeks. She found her handkerchief and wiped them away.

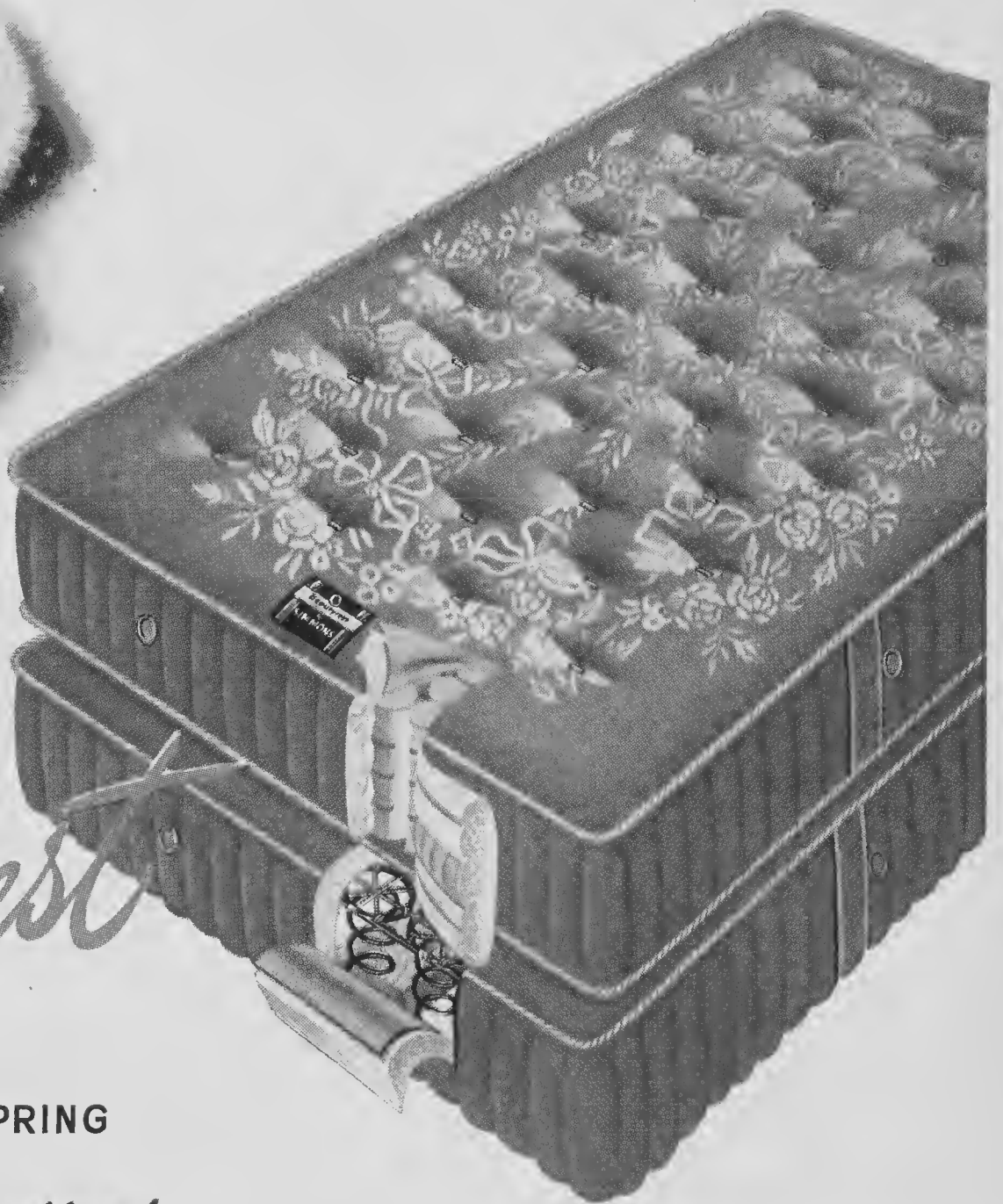
The breakfast was finished. She drew away the table. Her grandmother looked up at her brightly. "I feel better! You know, dearie, I think the attack has passed over! I shall be all right alone. Now you put on your riding clothes and go out and have a good time."

Carey rode furiously along the ridge road. Her face burned. She was unhappy, she was worn out, she was full of bitter disappointment and full of fear and doubt for the future. It was good to give Redwing his head and to feel her body swinging to his motion, her hair blown back, her cheeks blazing hot. Ken—if only she could tell Ken all about it. If she did, he would not betray her, he would be on her



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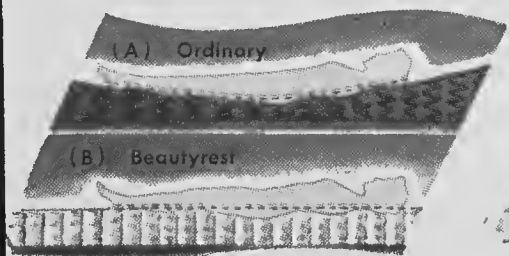
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side, he would fight for her. At any rate it was all lined up for tomorrow. She would see the round-up, would see Jewel! And suddenly all her care was tossed aside. With a surge of happiness she gave a loud yell and flung her head back and swung her arm. Redwing leaped and turned his head, wondering what had happened. Carey burst out laughing and galloped down the last incline to the camp with a face so happy, so starry-eyed, that Ken as he came to meet her, smiled too, wondering what had happened. . . .

NEXT morning, Mr. Greenway was halfway through his breakfast and still neither Carey nor his sister had come down. It was nearly eight-thirty; Rob and Ken McLaughlin had breakfasted and left for the stables. Two or three other tables were occupied and the waitress was bustling in and out the swinging door which led to the big kitchen at the back of the building.

Mr. Greenway was mopping up the last of the maple syrup on his plate with the last piece of flapjack when he glanced up, his eye caught by a swift movement out in the hall, and saw Carey, carrying a blanket and a flatiron, coming out of the kitchen and going toward the stairs. She was dressed in her riding clothes.

He had seen his niece carrying blankets and flatirons before, and felt a quick anger which would almost have done credit to his sister. He rose abruptly and pursued the girl.

"What's the meaning of this, Carey?"

"Lumbago! I can't go out with you."

"Is it real or fake?" he roared.

"I—I—don't know!"

He dropped her arm and she hurried one way, up the stairs, and he the other way toward the kitchen door. He opened it. Three women were there; one waitress in her neat, stripped cotton dress; the other waitress, the older one, a dark, weary woman, was cooking the breakfasts; and Mrs. Evans, who was the proprietress of the hotel, and also the cook, was seated at the kitchen table having a cup of coffee. Mrs. Evans' bare arm, as she raised her coffee cup, was like a great ham.

"Anybody here know anything about nursing?" he called out, holding the door open.

Mrs. Evans put down her coffee cup, wiped her mouth and pushed her chair back. Her bright, pink face, framed in a fluff of blonde hair, was so fat that it sagged forward as she leaned over, propping herself against the table.

"I do. Anybody sick?" she boomed.

"Know anything about lumbago?"

She was already taking off her apron and moving across the room to hang it up. She must have weighed two hundred pounds, he thought, tall as well as broad and with the voice of a man.

"Did you ever use an iron on the back of a person with lumbago?"

She took off her apron. "My grandfather. Had it all the time. Red flannel's the best. Horse liniment's good—wait a minute, I'll get the bottle." She waddled to the corner where there was a wall cabinet and took out a bottle. They went upstairs together.

Without knocking they entered Mrs. Palmer's room. Mr. Greenway pointed to the bed where Mrs. Palmer was lying flat, her eyes half-closed in suffering. She emitted a faint groan with every breath.

CAREY, standing beside her, had the flatiron in one hand.

As her uncle entered the room she said, "She won't turn over!"

Mrs. Evans moved to the bedside and took the iron from Carey's hand.

Mrs. Palmer's eyes flew wide open.

Mr. Greenway took Carey's arm. "Come on. There's nothing more for you to do." He strode toward the door, dragging Carey along with him.

"But, Uncle Beaver! I must tell her how!"

He did not pause. Carey looked backward. "She's got to turn over."

"I'll turn her over."

Mrs. Evans spit upon her finger and touched it to the iron to test the heat.

"Come on Carey." Mr. Greenway opened the door.

"What is the meaning of this outrage—Aouh—h—h." Mrs. Palmer's indignation turned into a howl of pain.

"And you have to press down hard!" cried Carey.

"Don't worry. I'll press down hard. You run along with your uncle. I'll take care of her."

Greenway closed the door behind them.

Thunderhead had known, all week long, of the men who were working at the northern end of the ravine. Now and then, as he grazed, he lifted his head, hearing and feeling the vibration of the feet of galloping horses. But they did not come down into the river bottom. He and his mares were never molested. There was something agreeable in the proximity of men and in the knowledge that work was going on within a few miles of his band. This was like being on the ranch again—the Goose Bar Ranch. Like being a colt, with men coming and going, the sound of voices and laughter and shouts. The smells were all right too. There was no fear, there was no tension or excitement.

IN this river bottom was everything he and his mares required. There were thickets of brush into which they could thrust themselves when the flies were bad, scraping them off, scratching themselves deliciously. There were some old salt licks. There were rivulets of fresh water, there were the sand wallows. And in the evenings, when the heat of the day abated and sunset colors spread over the sky, there came something electric from the air which all the horses felt, and they ceased their incessant feeding; while the colts romped, the mares gathered in small groups, gossiping, and Thunderhead himself, standing near Lady Godiva, who was his lead mare, would become very erect, his head high, his ears cocked sharply as he watched over his herd, his body like a taut instrument played upon by waves of enjoyable sensation.

Because of the eastern ridge, the morning sun did not strike the river bottom until nearly six o'clock. When it did, the horses stood broadside to it, their heads hanging low, their bodies completely relaxed as they took their daily bath of ultra-violet.

On this particular morning, as Thunderhead stood, drinking in the level sunrays, he drank in something else too. It began like a feeling of uneasiness. In a human being, it would have been a premonition. In him, it was an increasing alertness. He began to investigate. Within the immediate proximity of his band, which was scattered over a quarter-mile area, there was nothing to cause uneasiness. He trotted a few hundred yards northward, stopped and searched the air. He got the scent of the horses, of the men who had been working on the corral, familiar odors which he had been smelling for a week. Today the air carried the taint of tension and excitement.

He went back to his mares and commenced grazing again, then jerked his head up as he saw the first of the riders advancing from the south. They were strung across the valley. They came slowly.

One mare after the other jerked her head up. The colts sensed the alarm and ran to their mothers, then faced about to stare at the oncoming men. A few of them began to trot away. Presently the whole band was moving northward.

Soon the horses realized they were being driven. This, to the half a dozen or so wild mares which were in the band, was a new and terrifying thing and their fear ran through the entire herd. A group of the mares bolted up the western slope, but were met by two riders emerging from the trees. The mares jammed to a stop, wheeled and




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galloped back to the rest of the band which by now were coming to meet them. Colliding, they reared. Dust rose in clouds. They milled about, then started back down the valley in the direction from which they had come. But the riders bore down upon them.

"Hi, you there! Git a-goin'!"

The mares propped again, flinging up their heads, wheeled, and the whole herd burst into a run, fleeing straight northward toward the corral.

Thunderhead galloped along with them. They tore through the little thickets, leaped boulders, splashed through the shallows of the streams which wound across their paths. Occasionally half a dozen or so were bunched close, running like race horses. At other times they were widely scattered, each finding its own way.

A horse has almost miraculous vision, but fear affects the senses as well as the mind, and it almost blinded them. When, in the distance, the wide arms of the corral wings became visible, the horses did not at first actually see them. In a cloud of dust they rushed into them, their widened nostrils flaring crimson, their eyes ringed with white under streaming manes.

And now more riders burst out of the trees and with shouts and yells bore down upon them.

Thunderhead was in the lead. He did not intend that his band should be caught in that trap. He wheeled and tried to stop them. But the men pressed closer, swinging their ropes. Thunderhead was everywhere at once, snaking between the mares and the open gates, nipping, chopping, forcing them back, but a few rushed past him into the corral. The men came on. Finally all the mares were jammed through, carrying Thunderhead with them. Men quickly dismounted and closed the gates.

Now the frenzy increased. The wild mares milled, rearing to paw against the walls.

THUNDERHEAD soon had them bunched and under control as if, somehow, he could deliver them from this trap. Then he made the complete circle of the corral, seeking an exit. The mares scattered again.

The men climbed the fence or crowded at the gates.

Ken sat on the top rail with Carey beside him. They were wildly excited and yet oppressed by the violence of the scene and the terror of the helpless animals.

Carey murmured constantly, watching the tiny, nimble foals as they wheeled and reared and danced and turned and sped off beside their dams.

"Oh, look at them! Look at them! Aren't they darling! The poor little things!"

But Ken was watching Thunderhead, his heart aching for him, understanding every movement the stallion made, every look of the wild eye as he reared up, flung himself around and reversed his direction.

Ross came up the fence beside him, rolling himself a cigarette, and just behind them, on the ground, were Greenway and Collins and some of the other men.

"Where's Jewel?" cried Carey, craning her head to see. "Do you see her, Uncle Beaver? Oh, there she is! I think I see her, there in the middle with a little black colt!"

The scene which followed was witnessed by all the men, and talked about for many months to come.

Thunderhead made one last tour of the corral, stopping now and then to rear against the walls, to reach up with his nose, seeking some weak place, some crack through which he could escape. There was none. Then it was as if he gave up. He quieted down; they were all quieting down. He still trotted around and around the enclosure, his ears cocked, the crimson lining showing inside his palpitating nostrils, but his pace was slower.

A rope sang out. It was Tad Stevens. "Thar she is!" he yelled.

Another rope followed and, even while Rob roared, "Cut that out!" and then, frantically, "God-damn it!" the damage was done.

Thunderhead went into the frenzy which a singing rope creates in some horses. He hurled himself at the western fence, leaping as high as he could.

It was a magnificent jump. His great body lifted easily, and then, in the air, seemed forced upward by a second leap of will and determination. Thunderhead could clear a jump of six feet. He couldn't clear this. But his feet were over. He clawed the rest of the way. He balanced on the top of it. He rolled over and turned a complete somersault, righting himself as he landed with a flashing of white legs and flailing of hoofs. He was on his feet. He was unhurt! He was away!

There was complete silence from the spectators, even from the mares, as the stallion streaked up the farther slope and vanished in the trees.

The silence was cut by a shrill whinny from Lady Godiva. She trotted up and down the fence, calling to him again and again.

Suddenly the stallion appeared in a clearing of the woods and turned to look at the corral. A furious, squealing neigh rang from him. Bedlam broke out in the corral. Every mare neighed. Even the colts shrilled their excitement. A wild war whoop from Ross added to the noise, and then came a wave of laughter and profanity from the men.

"The son-of-a-gun!"

"Can you beat that?"

"Hi-ya! Go it, boy!"

As if he had heard these words Thunderhead was off again. He disappeared into the woods.

"Waal—we got the mares anyway!" This was from Jeff Stevens. Tad had one of his mares roped. He slipped down into the corral, drawing her to him. By her side trotted a long-legged colt, dark brown, promising to be a perfect Morgan in type. Hick Stevens roped the other Morgan mare.

Buck Daly slipped amongst the mares without alarming them, slid a rope around the neck of one and drew her into a corner. It was Jenny. By her side was a perfect little filly.

"Dead spit for her mammy!"

"Oh, where is she? Where is she? I don't see her!" This was Carey. She straightened her lithe body and reached one leg down and then felt the firm grasp of her uncle's hand on the back of her belt.

"Don't you go into that corral, young lady!"

"But Uncle Beaver, I—"

"Nothing doing."

She went back over the fence to him. "But, Uncle, I don't see her. I want to hunt for her. Come with me."

"I can't manage that fence." He held her tight. "Collins will go."

Collins went up the fence, puffing. Tim followed him. They got down into the corral and started moving around the edge of the bunched mares, looking for Jewel.

KEN sat fussing with the halter he held in his hands. There was nausea in his stomach and his teeth chattered slightly. He twisted the leather aimlessly. Behind him, down there on a rock in the forest, was Thunderhead's saddle and bridle. He had meant to ride the stallion back down the ravine to the town. More than once the triumph, the ecstasy of this ride had been rehearsed in his mind. Ride him! They didn't think he could ride him! They were all afraid of him! And Carey would have seen him do it!

His father was going to be in a terrible rage over this. Sure as shooting, Thunderhead would start right in gathering another band of mares. His father—where was he anyway? Ken didn't want to see him, not even the back of his head, but suddenly he

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couldn't help looking around and, as his eyes clashed with his father's, it was as if he felt a blow. He looked quickly back at the halter and bit his teeth together to stop their quivering.

One after the other, men climbed over the fence into the corral. Dust and the hot smell of sweating horse-flesh rose to Ken's nostrils. The mares were quieting down.

The Sheriff was examining the mares. "There's some slicks here," he shouted, and several of the railbirds, men or boys from the town who had come out just to watch the fun, yelled in answer, "I'll take 'em!"

"Gi' me a chance at 'em!"

"I need a bronc!"

The Sheriff got out his brand book. They broke up the bunched mares. If, for a moment, a foal was separated from its dam, there were the wildest whinnies, mother and child trying desperately to unite again, wheeling on hind legs, making sudden rushes.

"Got to break 'em first!"

"Break 'em this afternoon! Hold a rodeo here!"

"I'm on!"

Occasionally some man would be in the way when the mares plunged in his direction. He would dive for the fence and pull himself up amid yells of raucous laughter.

Carey's head came up over the top rail beside Ken. Her face was flushed with heat and excitement. Her linen hat was on the back of her head and damp tendrils of dark hair clung to her forehead. Her wide red mouth was open.

Ken glanced down at her.

"Oh, Ken! Ken! Have you seen her?"

Ken shook his head. The nausea was getting worse. He jumped down from the fence, made his way around the corral, and with Thunderhead's halter and rope still on his arm, picked up the stallion's trail and followed it up to the woods. The trail was plain. If he had been on horseback he could have followed it at a canter.

His heart was thudding hard. He sat down on a rock and tried to hold onto himself. Then he lay back flat on the rock and closed his eyes.

Without opening them he knew that the sun had gone behind a cloud. There was sudden respite from the glare. A faint breath of cooler air moved over his face and he gave a deep sigh and felt his heart steadying. The nausea passed. Strength came back to his arms and legs. He wondered how it was that a disappointment—a really bad

disappointment—could make you feel sick so quickly.

He could still hear the racket of the corral, the voices of the men, barking of dogs, the pounding hoofs of the mares, squealings of the colts, but he paid no attention to them.

Thunderhead — Thunderhead was gone again—should he go back and get Flicka and start right off trailing him? If he came up with him would the stallion let himself be caught?

He sat up straight, took his hat off, opened his shirt wider. He was getting himself in hand again. Whatever he had to do, he would do. He felt stronger.

His eyes automatically made the slow sweep which a plainsman's eyes make a score of times a day, taking in everything in the sky or on the earth, far or near.

Below him it looked like a County Fair grounds; the horses, colts, men in the corral; saddled horses tied outside to the nearest trees; the earth beaten flat; clouds of dust rising and eddying; half a dozen dogs poking their inquisitive noses into everything.

THERE were a few clouds in the sky and a menacing bank of them over the mountains in the north, but they hardly seemed to move. The sun had just tipped under the edge of one and now was out again, a brazen furnace in a brazen sky.

In the exact zenith were four motionless black birds. Large birds. Occasionally they tilted a little, slipped, circled up, steadied again. Ken was puzzled. They were not hawks. They did not have the clean lines, the bent wing-tips of hawks. They were heavier birds. He looked away to rest his eyes from the staring, then quickly back at them, passing by them, not staring at them. In that instant's flash he saw them clearly. Yes—they were vultures. Vultures come where there are dead things to eat. His eyes examined the corral but there were no dead things there. Vultures are prophets. They come in advance of death. They hung there in the sky above the corral, waiting.

Ken felt all right now. He could go down and join in with the rest of them and forget about Thunderhead and see Jewel. How happy Carey would be! He could just forget all about his own disappointment.

He ran down the slope. A number of the mares had been brought out of the corral by their owners. His eyes scan-



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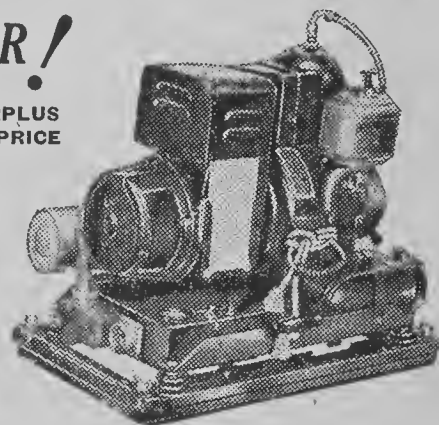
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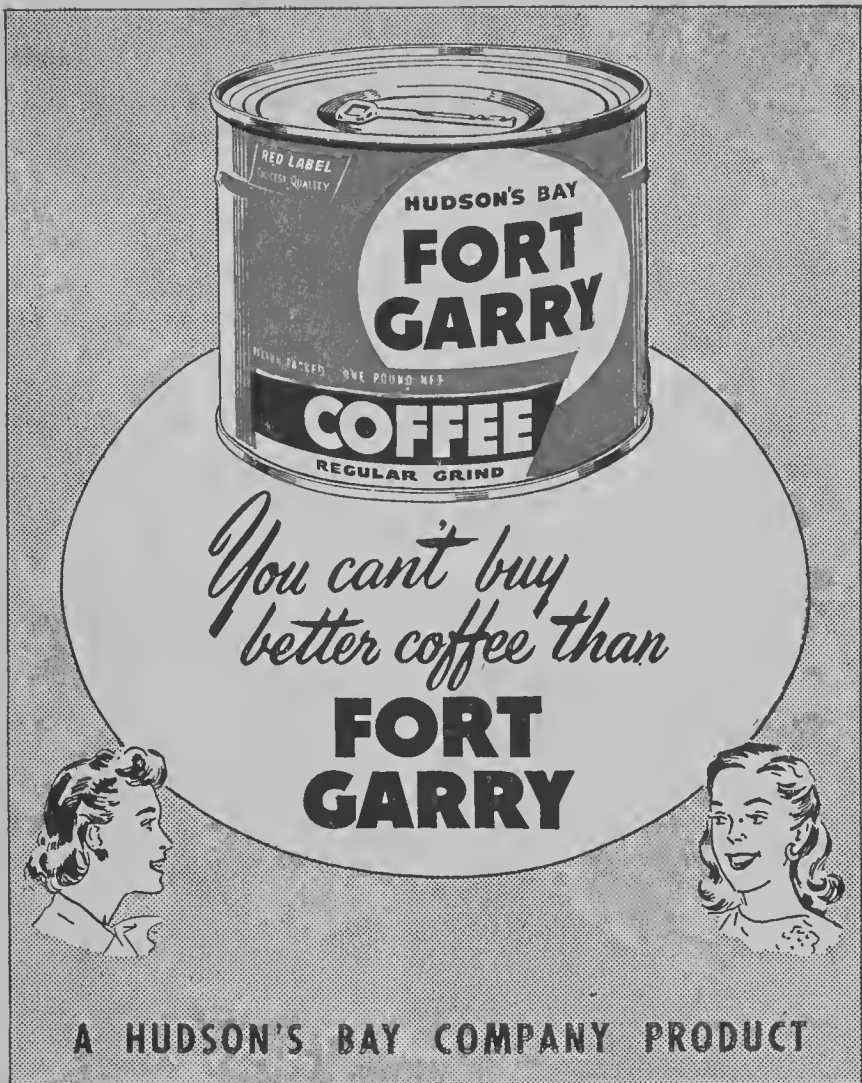
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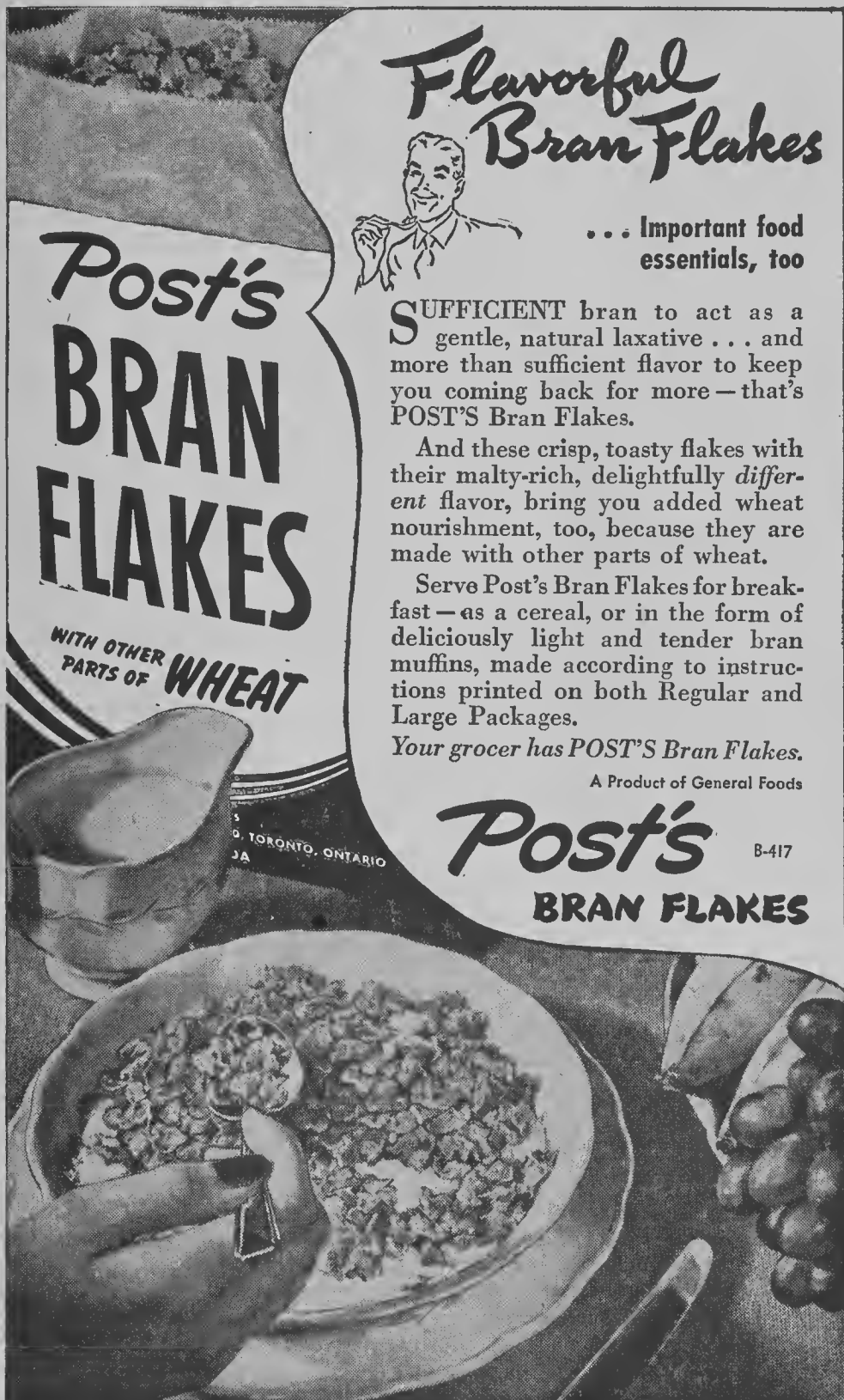
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ned them quickly. There were the Stevens' mares and the two Palominos and Mr. Gildersleeve with Lady Godiva and three other black mares, but no mare that looked like the picture of Crown Jewel.

His father was talking to Mr. Greenway and Collins and Tim near the gates of the corral. Carey stood near them. As Ken reached them she turned to look at him. He saw her face. It was a white, tear-drenched face, the eyes glazed with weariness.

"Jewel isn't there," she said.

Ken stopped short. "Not there?" He couldn't believe it. Thunderhead would never let a mare go once he had caught her. His eyes turned to the group of men.

"No, she hain't there," said Collins. Ken looked at his father.

"The whole damned show for nothing," said Rob in a tight, controlled way.

Mr. Greenway's face was longer, sadder, than Ken had ever seen it. "I am convinced," he said, "that she was internally injured in that fall from the freight car, and even though she was able to run away with Thunderhead, she died later. At the time it seemed to me a miracle that there should have been no injury after so dangerous a fall."

Rob answered slowly. "You may be right. It looks like that. The stallion would never have let her out of his band—unless she were injured or sick."

"That's right, Cap'n," said Tim.

There was a silence, broken by a long sobbing breath drawn by Carey. Greenway turned to her.

"Come, Carey, you and I'll go back to the hotel. It's been too much for you."

"The boys are goin' to put on a rodeo," said Tim.

"A rodeo?"

"They're going to try to break those slicks in there," said Rob with a gesture of his head toward the mares that were still in the corral. "The Sheriff is taking the branded mares, the tame ones, into a stable in town. He'll keep them there until the owners come and get them. He's got to send some wires. But the wild mares are for whoever can break them and ride them."

"Goin' to be some show," chuckled Tim. "Ross, he says he's goin' to git him three of those broncs."

"They're not young mares," said Rob. "They won't give in. There's likely to be some cracked heads."

"And busted collarbones and ribs!" yelled someone.

"Say! Better git a wagon out here to carry off the wounded!"

"Git a hearse!" came an answering shout and joyous laughter accompanied the embroidering of this theme.

Greenway turned to Carey. "Want to stay, Carey?"

Carey shook her head. She was almost swaying where she stood.

"It's — so — terribly — hot, Uncle Beaver."

He put his arm across her shoulders. "You've had enough, my dear. So have I." He turned to Rob. "McLaughlin, I think I'll pull out this afternoon—as soon as we can pack our things. Nothing to wait for."

"No — that's right — nothing," said Rob.

"You're not coming in now?"

"I think I'll stay and watch the boys break their necks."

Greenway took off his hat and held out his hand. The gesture was like a blow to Ken. *They were saying goodbye!*

The two men shook hands. Carey began to cry again and put her hands over her face. She didn't seem to know what she was doing.

"Untie the horses, Collins!" snapped Greenway and the groom ran to obey as his master took Carey's arm.

"Come on, baby," said Greenway tenderly. They walked toward the horses.

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Automatically releases extinguishing fluid if fire occurs. A protection 24 hours a day.
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The Countrywoman

The Tapestry Weavers

By ANTON G. CHESTER

*The years of men are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun
Wherein we are weaving always,
Till the mystic web is done—
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks,
We can only weave and wait.*

*To each one is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.
Yes, the task that is given to each one, no other can do;
So the errand is waiting; it has waited through ages
for you,
And now you appear; and the hushed ones are
turning their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber
of days.*

—By EDWARD MARKHAM.

To Enlist Consumers' Support

THIS present month of November is being marked by the launching of a drive for membership in the Canadian Association of Consumers. There are some three and one-half million Canadian women of 18 years of age or over. It has been pointed out that it is not being over optimistic to expect that at least one in ten will be interested in supporting the aims and purposes of this new organization. Each province has been allotted a quota of membership to enlist.

The purpose of the organization is: "To develop a more enlightened opinion on economic affairs and consumer's interests and to express their opinions in such a way as to benefit the home, community and the nation."

A six-point program has been outlined and agreed upon for study and action, as follows:

1. Prices.
2. Standards, with priority to be given to such subjects as: (a) Shoes, particularly children's as regards quality standards; (b) Sizes of children's clothing, with marking by size rather than age—women's apparel of various sorts, dresses, slips and underwear—hosiery—men's collars; (c) Instructions on handling of materials, especially new materials, as to washing, ironing, etc.; (d) Labeling of highly inflammable materials such as brushed rayon and more research on lasting flame proofing; (e) Standards of color fastness.
3. Housing.
4. Planned spending and saving.
5. The Home Market, emphasizing the relationship of the goods which the housewife buys and uses in her own home, to the well-being of the retailer, manufacturer and producer, giving consideration to the various phases of production, distribution and marketing.
6. Foreign Trade, with emphasis on trade as a two-way street.

IN the initial stages, the drive will be concerned with enlisting membership through existing organizations. Actually it will be open to every woman in Canada, whether she belongs or not to any group organized locally, provincially or nationally. Irrespective of religion or race, politics or language, income or individual group objectives, urban or rural, it is hoped to have Canadian women unite on a peacetime program which will benefit all consumers in the Dominion. Women as spenders of the family budget are chiefly concerned in the matters under study and in possible action to be taken. A yearly membership fee of 50 cents has been set. Provincial campaign committees have been set up. Through the means of meetings, press and radio, the public will be kept informed of the progress made.

One of the things, which we may remember with pride, was the gallant way in which Canadian women united and lent their support to the nation's effort to maintain the price line during war years. Quietly, in hundreds of small and large communities women worked voluntarily at tasks assigned them, under the organization machinery set up in 14 regions across Canada. They were furnished with information concerning the supply of goods and asked to report on the position of prices in their localities. They had the benefit of expert information and became aware of the advantages of enlightened public opinion. They

Women's meeting in Ottawa launches drive to enlist members in new Canadian Association of Consumers

By AMY J. ROE

gained a consciousness of their effectiveness, when united, and an increased sense of their responsibilities as citizens.

It was a tribute to the wisdom and foresight of the Minister of Finance and the Chairman of the War-time Prices and Trade Board, that the support of Canadian women was enlisted, as it was in 1941, by inviting the presidents of national organizations to a conference, at which the movement was launched. It functioned as a volunteer force under direction and policy set by directing officers, working in the War-time Prices and Trade Board.

NOW government control of goods and prices is gradually fading out. With costs and prices soaring, the average homemaker is deeply concerned with the problem of the family budget and with the standard of the goods she buys. The need for authoritative information is great. Enlightened public opinion could do much to rid out abuses and unfair practices. But where or to whom can the average Canadian consumer turn for correct information?

Even before the end of the war, there were many women, both urban and rural, thinking in terms of a permanent consumers' organization. Increasing requests came from a wide variety of sources that something be done in this regard. In Toronto last April a conference of presidents of national women's organizations and French speaking groups, was held to discuss the matter. The meeting unanimously agreed that such an organization be formed. An interim committee was set up to draft a constitution, outline a program and to consider policy and finance.

On September 29 and 30 a conference was called to which 56 national women's organizations and French speaking groups sent two representatives each. A constitution, submitted by the interim committee was



A winsome figure takes the home spotlight.

adopted. The name "The Canadian Association of Consumers" was approved. It was emphasized that national organizations were to be considered as "participating" organizations rather than affiliated groups. Endorsement was given to the establishment of provincial and local branches "whose organization shall be prescribed or approved by the Board of Directors."

Upon recommendation of the Minister of Finance the government approved the expenditure of an amount up to \$15,000 to help meet some of the or-

ganization expense. This money comes from funds appropriated for the Consumers Branch of the War-time Prices and Trade Board, which is being discontinued and will help in setting up the new organization, whose membership is now open to all Canadian women.

The conference voted that the new C.A.C. body should proceed as an independent, self-sustaining organization; that it should not ask for government grants. It is estimated that from \$75,000 to \$100,000 will be needed in the first 14 months to cover cost of a head office in Ottawa, paid staff, equipment, cost of membership campaign and the publication of a bulletin.

A nominating committee brought in a proposed slate of officers, which were elected. Mrs. R. J. Marshall of Agincourt, Ontario, was elected president. The post office address of the Campaign Headquarters is P.O. Box 500, Station B, Ottawa. Miss Harriet Parsons, field director, has her office at Room 204, Metropolitan Building, Toronto. On the Board of Directors are some 20 representatives of national women's organizations, and one representative named from each one of Canada's nine provinces.

MRS. R. J. MARSHALL, president of C.A.C. recently in addressing a meeting of business men in Montreal, said: "Our aim is to bring the views of consumers to the attention of the government, trade and industry. And there, of course, we have a channel for giving information back to consumers."

"What is the pattern of the organization? The organization envisioned is—first, voluntary; second, independent; and third, democratic. It is open to every woman in Canada. It is free from control by government, trade, industry or any other group, and its policy and its actions directed by those who are, or who will become members of it. It will be developed locally and provincially as well as nationally. Its basis will be the federated group of women's organizations but it is hoped it will be developed to include all Canadian women."

Trail To Serenity

SOME of us go all our lives without ever finding out what sort of people we are. Our opinion of ourselves is, too often, formed by the opinion others have of us. Or perhaps our dreams have made it, or wishful thinking.

Our parents and teachers tell us that we are thus, and that we must try to be so. We take their word for it and try very hard, but the world of today is not the world of tomorrow, and what is considered as unshakable as the mountains on Monday may by Tuesday have become only a drift of rock dust passing almost unnoticed across the landscape. That is a discovery which is made by many of us as we grow older—it would save us a great deal of sorrow if we could make it much sooner—but we seem unable to pass it on to those who come after us. Perhaps it is because, like Dunsany's travellers on the road of the priests, we think that the house of knowledge which we enter is the ultimate one and so the only one for future generations to inhabit. Very few of us resemble that one traveller who passed by all the temples until he came to the little god of the chasm who cried: "I know not!"

When we can say that we do not know, it is the beginning of our self-knowledge. But we are so positive. We run a little way up one road, sure that it is the only road for us. It ends in thorns or a rockslide. Without a thought as to the why of that happening, we turn and run up another road—and another—and another. We become quite desperate in our efforts to follow the instructions of our neighbors, so that we shall not be left behind or find ourselves on a strange path alone. How dreadful that would be! So the years go by, spent in believing that others know what we are and what we should do. But most of them are abysmally ignorant both of themselves and their destination, so how can they direct us intelligently? Perhaps by chance or, for the few, by intent the roads they travel are the right roads for them, but that does not mean that they are right for us. When it is too late we may look back and find that those strange, lonely paths were the ones we should have followed after all.

But if it is not too late—if we can stop our aimless running and sit down to look ourselves squarely in the face—what do we want to get out of life? What do we wish to put into it? What things are of value to us, and what unimportant? Why, there is work to

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November Miscellany

Granny's Rag Rug

By JULE TURNER

IF rags can be a hobby, then that is Granny's favorite avocation. No, she is not a rag picker, but she gathers rags of all kinds, the more colorful the better. Silk stockings are especially appreciated. Granny is in her glory when a bag of rags is presented to her from a friend or neighbor. In a few days a beautiful rug is produced.

First the rags are washed and hung on the line to dry. Then they are sorted out as to color and thickness. The colors must be bright, so any materials not of the desired hue are dyed. An all-purpose dye is best as it will dye any material, be it wool, rayon, silk, cotton or a mixture. Once more the rags are dried and then pressed. Next is the job of cutting them into half-inch strips to be sewn together and rolled into balls of different colors. Stockings, of course, must be cut much wider at the silk part as they stretch when worked. Don't think girls, that you can make a rug out of a few pairs of hose. A rug measuring 45 inches in diameter, takes 20 stockings to make one stripe one and a half inches wide. Thus, if you use all stockings and no other material, you would need approximately 200 pairs to make a rug of that size. Granny does not like braided rugs because in sewing the braids together with thread, the thread always seems to break when the rug has to be washed or shaken. That is why Granny likes to crochet hers.

As in ordinary crochet, you start by crocheting a loop about four single crochets, and join, leaving a slip stitch. Second row, make two single crochets in every single crochet. Increase as necessary to keep your rug flat. Make each stripe about one and a half inches wide and run your colors in order, such as green, orange, red and black, beginning with green again, and continue until the rug is as large as desired. The stripes can also be graduated using six, two and one-inch stripes. Now your rug is ready and must be starched to keep it firm. Granny makes her starch in the bath tub. The rug is then stretched into shape on a flat surface and allowed to dry. One rug measuring two yards wide sold for twenty dollars, a nice bit of pocket money for anybody.

In using a little ingenuity, rugs can be made oval, diamond or heart shaped. For an oval one, simply crochet a strip about 18 inches long and work up and down and around the strip until you have the desired size you want.

The tools needed are a good pair of scissors and a steel hook. Wooden hooks are not much good as they are inclined to break, and if made strong enough, they are too thick. Steel hooks have been off the market for some time, and even pre-war hooks were always too small, so Granny had her son-in-law make one out of a spike, and later a better one was made out of a piece of cold rolled steel that was lying around

A story of a lady and crocheted rugs and further points in good design and making of hooked rugs

and of no use for any other purpose. The best size is six inches long and about one-sixth to a quarter of an inch thick.

To have a hobby, or to have some outside interest, is Granny's panacea for all ills. On May 22, 1947, she was 89 years of age. She is never lonesome, disgruntled or bored because of her intense interest in her hobby and books, which are her first love. She reads anything from western stories to the classics. Two years ago she was going blind, but nothing undaunted, she sallied forth to a good eye special-

yourself with rugs everywhere, giving the rooms a cluttered and confusing appearance. One or two well designed, in keeping with the general style of your furnishings and tying in with your color scheme, add greatly to the charm and comfort of a room.

It pays good dividends to plan the work most carefully before putting in a stitch. Get out all the available material and do a little arithmetic—your material and the proposed use of the rug will determine its size and shape. It is well to keep to woollen goods. Silk stockings and underwear ones are in a class by themselves. Wool gives a rich textured surface and its resiliency prevents it from tramping hard and flat in a short time. Hard woven material is difficult to work with but the very edges are best worked in extra strong rags for it is there the greatest wear comes. Old blankets are treasures in more ways than one—they work in beautifully and give enough of one kind of material for an effective background. Underwear and sweaters are good too if they are not too closely woven.

Some or all of the rags may have to be colored and there is magic in a dye-pot. Manufacturers of dyes will give you comprehensive directions for using their products on request either for the standard colors or special shades obtained by mixing two or more dyes. Once I especially wanted a particular shade of mulberry, so sent a bit of the material and the desired color. Their directions gave exactly what was wanted.

WHEN it comes to design you are fancy free and there is no end to available help. Keep an envelope in which to tuck clippings of borders, motifs and color combinations that strike you as effective. Magazines are a wonderful source of supply. Call your design original or not as you like but every design is an adaptation of something you have seen. Keep the patterns fairly simple, as they are most effective, and if you can, find enough material of one kind for a goodly proportion of background.

It is much easier to design your pattern to suit your materials than vice versa. By the latter method you are sure to have far too much of one kind and too little of another. A little experimenting will give you an approximate idea of how far the material will go. Each worker has her own style of length of loop, width of strip and closeness of stitches. An average coverage would be about one-sixth of an inch. Now express your taste as you will. This is the factor which will decide the effectiveness of the finished product.

If you are a rug-maker you most likely quilt, too, so by all means use your quilting clamps for your rug frames too, and then you can roll it as you would a quilt. Hooking can be hard work if you must stretch uncomfortably to do the centre. Some wire two of the clamps, by the back, to strips of wood to be used as legs and then rest the opposite side of the frame on the table. The legs must be of comfortable working height. It seems to take much less room.

Don't waste material and hours of work on a flimsy piece of canvas such as bagging. Hessian cloth is best but is still hard to get. Some stores carry a burlap that is used for heavy curtains. It is a good substitute.

The edges may be finished in a

number of ways. If you intend to hem back the canvas it pays to narrowly hem the edge and machine stitch. This gives a good tacking edge and will not be liable to pull into points at the tacks which ruins the appearance of any rug. Allow about an inch to turn back when you are finished and hem down. To make a firmer and better wearing edge, flat seam and double stitch strips of strong material or braid to the four edges and tack these to the frame. Hooking is done right up to the seam. The strips are hemmed back when the hooking is finished. To save a lot of measuring fold the canvas exactly into quarters or sixteenths and press well. These lines may be marked with a pencil too. They help in placing your design accurately.

Tack the canvas closely along the side strips watching that the threads are kept straight. Clamp the end strips on top and tack the canvas ends to the underside of them. This will keep the canvas level and the corners straight. Keep it taut and on the square. Crooked frames will produce just that kind of a rug and that might be a very annoying eyesore for a long time.

WE all have our preferences as to the hook. My own pet one was home-made from the tine of an old fork. The handle is short and slightly rounded on top. This fits nicely into the palm of the hand and makes easier work. If you use a "bought" one be careful that the point is not too sharp or it will cut the threads of the canvas—and that is a potential hole. A little filing will attend to that.

In cutting the strips the width will be governed by the thickness of the cloth. First, cut the material into quarters and put the strips into separate lots. You won't run the chance of finding yourself short if the work is done in quarters. Perhaps the design could be adjusted a little to make ends meet. Be very careful to cut the strips all the one way of the goods for it can look very different in shade and texture if you don't.

Hook two or three rows around the edge first to keep them straight and true and as much as possible work with the thread of the material.

If your work is very even, nice work can be done by leaving the loops uncut. If you prefer a finish resembling velour, cut off the very tip of the loop. It is a little tricky at first to cut just a snip off the top leaving a tiny bit of the strip on either side, but by holding the scissors almost flat on the surface a number of stitches may be clipped at the same time. Each row must be cut as you go or you will find it painfully hard work at the end. Sharp scissors are a necessity.

Now you are ready to hook and it is thrilling to have the work grow under your hand.

When out of the frames and hemmed, it is a good precaution to sew four rubber sealer rings under the corners to prevent slipping on polished floors. Perhaps you would like to add rug fringe as a finish.

Have a heart when it comes to cleaning your rug. It is cruel to take it out on the back steps and crack and snap the life out of it. The edges would be broken in no time. A good brushing is all that is necessary if you have no vacuum. Once in a while scrub it with a soft brush and the suds of a very mild soap, wiping off immediately with a cloth wrung from clear water. Dry in the shade.

You may like to try your hand at hooking wall hangings of local scenes. It is fascinating to convert a pile of rags into something well and truly made.



Mrs. Maria Orland of Springside, Sask., working at a rug.

ist who performed two successful operations on her eyes and once more Granny can read to her heart's content.

The Hook and I

By RUTH GARVEN

WINTER handicrafts in some form are of interest to most country folk and many a woman's fingers itch to hold a rug hook when the outdoor work slackens and evenings grow long. The seasonal occupations and changing interests are one of the greatest charms of country life. Come winter's end and there is a great satisfaction in having something useful and beautiful made by our own hands. Rug-making fits in well with listening to our favorite broadcasts or joining in family conversations.

During the dreary war years there was little time for anything but Red Cross and other war work and now when we look about our homes we find much that is dingy and worn. The rugs in stores have been scarce and expensive and are not so interesting to you as a piece of your own handiwork. But a word of warning—keep your enthusiasm well in hand or you will find

With Every Good Wish

By HENRIETTA K. BUTLER

THEY say you should never leave your Christmas planning for gift boxes until the last minute. Obviously, there are many reasons for this. By starting months before, even as far back as the spring, you really enjoy the preparation of gifts.

Now, are you fond of gardening? There are so many things in that little patch of yours that would be welcome in someone else's garden, I feel sure. If you have a good collection of everlasting flowers, such as honesty, chinese lantern, strawflower and others, see that they are dried properly, then arrange them in pretty bouquets, tie with dainty ribbon or tulle.

Then there are garden seeds. Samples of your own special varieties in little packets, which you could decorate yourself, unless you have a young son who is artistically inclined and who would like to help you.

A lady I know, living in a city on the Pacific Coast, where lavender grows luxuriantly, gave all her friends, one Christmas, tiny sachets full of the little mauve flowers. Some were done up in little silk bags, while others were gay in pastel shades of organdy, the most unique of these being in the shape of tiny summer hats. These were about three inches across and composed of two round cuts of organdy, and the crowns padded with the sweet scented lavender blossoms. Baby ribbon was sewn around the crown and tied in a bow. These were cunning.

Another idea for Christmas is the giving of bulbs or shrubs. This is perhaps suitable only in a mild climate like that of B.C., as the bulbs should be in the ground at the very latest by the end of November, in order that they may become rooted before severe weather arrives. Gifts of this type must be despatched before Christmas, and a letter of explanation should accompany the parcel.

Gladioli and dahlias from your own collection could be sent at Christmas time, providing there is no risk of their being caught in the mail by frost. Those of course will be planted in the spring.

Shut-ins would welcome a bowl of flowering bulbs. This remembrance requires forethought, for the bulbs must be planted in such a way that they will be just coming into bloom on Christmas Day. The Paper White Narcissus and Chinese Lily are particularly adapted for speedy flower culture.

So much for plants. Now, have you a boy in your home who is fond of fretwork? If so, provide him with the necessary wood and let him help you with the Merry Christmas business. There are such a lot of useful articles to be made with the fret saw. It gives the boy extra practice and the articles are sure to be appreciated. There could be a pipe rack for Grandpa, a workbox for Aunt Mary and a tie-rack for Dad.

We mustn't forget the sweets! If you are fortunate enough to have bees, no better gift could arrive in some homes than honey in the comb, either in the small squares or in a large section, weighing perhaps, five pounds. It may also be given in the extracted form, by the jar. All of these should be wrapped in colored cellophane. Then there is home-made candy, cookies, cakes or mince pies. I believe we all like to sample other's cooking. Who wouldn't get a thrill to receive some pats of home made butter or fresh eggs from the farm?

Last but not least, did you ever hear of anyone who wasn't pleased with a plump chicken, plucked and tied up with gay Christmas wrapping where its head ought to be, while a bunch of green parsley or thyme bedecks its breast. Some folks, too, would love a plum pudding all ready to pop into the pot.

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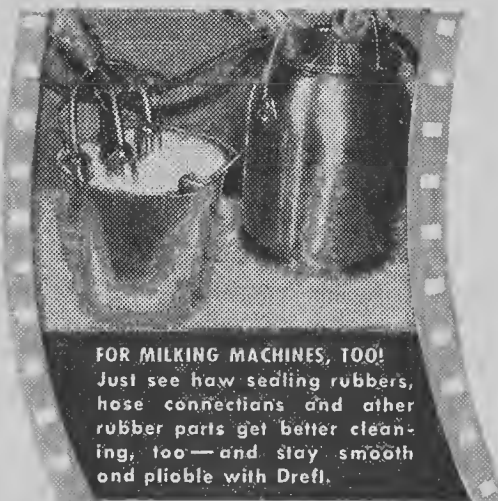
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Raisins in Cooking

Some ideas for making use of this delicious dried fruit in winter menus

By MARION R. McKEE



What is more delicious for a winter meal than a raisin pie, either plain or fancy?

RAISINS are once again becoming plentiful and easy to get. During the time of year when fresh fruits are scarce, raisins should be used to help fill out the fruit requirements for the day, as well as provide a variety in flavor which is welcome to the family.

They may be used to vary many standard recipes. The addition of a cup of raisins to baking powder biscuits, muffins, or cookies provides a tasty change. Ground or chopped raisins may be added to sandwich mixtures. Fruit or vegetable salads are made more delicious by adding whole or chopped raisins to the ingredients before they are tossed together. They may be used in place of candy to give to the children, and will be especially appreciated if lightly rolled in powdered sugar beforehand. Raisin sauce served with ham, pork or other meat adds a delicious and different touch. Raisin pies, tarts, and puddings may be used as tempting desserts.

Raisins are a concentrated fruit and contain more nutrients for equal weights than fresh fruits. They are especially rich in iron and contain all of the vitamins found in the fresh fruit with the exception of vitamin C. Because of their concentrated fruit sugar raisins add sweetness to recipes, therefore lessening the sugar needed

Raisin Pie

1/3 c. lemon juice	1 c. brown sugar
1 tsp. grated lemon rind	2 c. seeded raisins
1/2 c. orange juice	1 3/4 c. water
2 tsp. grated orange rind	6 T. flour
	1 recipe pastry

Combine the lemon juice and rind, orange juice and rind, sugar, raisins, and 1 1/4 cups of water and heat to boiling. Mix flour and remaining 1/2 cup of water to a smooth paste and add to mixture gradually, stirring constantly. Cook 5 minutes. Line piepan with pastry, pour in filling and cover with a top crust or lattice work. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) 40 minutes. Makes 1 (9-inch) pie.

Raisin Sauce

1/2 c. seeded raisins	1/4 c. chopped citron
1 c. boiling water	1 tsp. corn starch
1/4 c. sugar	1 T. butter
1/2 tsp. lemon juice	

Simmer the raisins and citron in the water until the raisins are tender (about 1 hour). Sift the sugar and corn starch together and add to the raisin mixture. Mix well and continue cooking for ten minutes. Add the butter and lemon juice. Excellent with ham or other meat.

Raisin and Prune Stuffing for Turkey

6 c. stale bread crumbs	1/2 c. black walnut meats
1 c. melted butter	Salt
1/2 c. chopped raisins	Pepper
1/2 c. chopped dried prunes	Sage, if desired

Mix thoroughly and use for stuffing turkey or wild game. Other nuts may be substituted for the walnuts if desired.

Raisin Boston Brown Bread

1 c. corn meal	3/4 c. molasses
1 c. rye flour	1 c. raisins
3/4 tsp. baking powder	2 c. sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. salt	
1 c. graham flour	

Sift corn meal, rye flour, soda and salt together and mix well with graham flour. Add raisins. Add combined molasses and sour milk and mix well. Fill greased molds two-thirds full. Cover closely and steam 3 hours. Remove covers and dry tops in moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit). Makes three loaves.

Raisin Bran Muffins

3/4 c. sifted flour	1 egg
3 tsp. baking powder	1/2 c. milk
1/2 tsp. salt	1 1/2 T. molasses
1 c. bran	1 T. melted shortening
1/2 c. seeded raisins	

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add bran and raisins. Beat egg and mix with remaining ingredients. Add dry ingredients, mixing only enough to dampen all the flour. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) 30 minutes. Makes 12.

Raisin Filling for Cookies

1/2 c. sugar	1 1/2 tsp. butter
1/2 c. hot water	Dash salt
1 c. raisins	

Combine ingredients and cook until thick. Cool.

Raisin Rocks

3 c. sifted cake flour	2 c. brown sugar
1/2 tsp. salt	2 eggs, beaten
2 tsp. baking soda	1 c. sour milk or buttermilk
1/2 tsp. cloves	
1/2 tsp. cinnamon	1 c. chopped nuts
1 c. shortening	1 c. chopped raisins

Sift flour, salt, soda and spices together. Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs. Add sifted ingredients alternately with sour milk in small amounts. Add nuts and raisins and mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until brown. Makes 48.

Raisin Orange Slaw

Toss shredded cabbage, membrane-free orange sections and seedless raisins with a salad dressing.

Mothers!

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The Christmas Cake

Begin preparation now for the
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"SUGAR and spice and every-
thing nice," that's what goes
into the Christmas cake. Since
this delicious fruity cake re-
quires three weeks at least to ripen
and reach its full flavor, it is one of
the first steps in getting the Christmas
foods under way. Both light and dark
fruit cakes are favorites and included
below are recipes for both, along with
a few variations which will prove to be
both tasty and popular.

Light Fruit Cake

1 1/4 c. sifted cake flour	1/2 c. finely cut citron
1 tsp. baking powder	1/2 c. seedless raisins
1/4 tsp. salt	1/2 c. chopped
1/2 c. butter or other shortening	blanched almonds
3/4 c. sugar	1/4 c. cocoanut, prem- ium shred
5 egg whites, un- beaten	1/2 tsp. almond extract
1/4 c. finely cut can- died cherries	1/2 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg whites, one at a time, beating very thoroughly after each. Add fruit, nuts, cocoanut, and flavoring, and mix well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in loaf pan, 8x4x3 inches, which has been greased, lined with heavy paper, and again greased. Bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until done.

Walnut Cake

3/4 c. shortening	2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 1/2 c. sugar	3/4 c. milk
1 tsp. vanilla	4 egg whites
1/2 tsp. almond flavoring	1 c. freshly chopped walnut meats
2 1/4 c. cake flour	
1/2 tsp. salt	

Cream the shortening. Add the sugar gradually and beat till light and fluffy. Add the vanilla and almond flavoring. Reserve two tablespoons of the flour for the nuts. Sift the remaining dry ingredients together and add alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk. Beat until smooth. The egg whites are beaten until stiff but not dry, and folded into the batter. Lastly pour in the floured nuts. Grease and flour an oblong loaf pan 12x9x2 1/2 inches or two smaller square loaf pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit). 45 to 50 minutes for the loaf cake.

Dark Fruit Cake

1 lb. (4 1/2 c.) sifted cake flour	1 lb. dates, seeded and sliced
1 tsp. baking powder	1 lb. raisins
1/2 tsp. cloves	1 lb. currants
1/2 tsp. cinnamon	1/2 lb. citron, thinly sliced
1/2 tsp. mace	1/2 lb. candied orange and lemon peel
1 lb. butter or other shortening	1/2 lb. nut meats, chopped
1 lb. brown sugar	1 c. honey
10 eggs, well beaten	1 c. molasses
1/2 lb. candied cherries	1/2 c. cider
1/2 lb. candied pineapple	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and spices, and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, fruits, peel, nuts, honey, molasses, and cider. Add flour gradually. Turn into pans which have been greased, lined with heavy paper, and again greased. Bake in slow oven (250 degrees Fahrenheit) until thoroughly done. Cool in pans. For large loaves bake in 8x4x3-inch pans about 4 hours. For small loaves bake in 6x3x2 1/2-inch pans about 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Makes 10 pounds fruit cake.

Economical Fruit Cake

1 lb. brown sugar	1 lb. currants
1/2 lb. lard	1 box raisins
1 c. syrup	Mixed peel
2 tsp. cinnamon	1 tsp. baking soda
2 c. sour milk	3 eggs
Flour to thicken	

Cream the sugar and shortening. Dissolve the soda in sour milk and add with the eggs, fruit, flour, etc. Bake for about three hours.



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Our School Library

How Maple Creek larger school unit built up a fine circulating library

By ARKLEY L. O'FARRELL

ONE of my most pleasant tasks as a rural teacher was to make the yearly selection of "ten dollars worth of books" for my school. It was a regulation of the Saskatchewan Department of Education that each district must spend not less than ten dollars a year on its library until a certain fixed sum had been spent for books.

Most of our schools had well-chosen libraries. Quite often, where they were more than usually book conscious, the people saw to it that the outlay for the library was generous enough, but in some cases teachers themselves undertook to raise library funds by way of concerts and socials.

It was generally understood that the school library served more than the children. During the long winter evenings when farmers had "nothing to read" the school library books made the rounds from one set of parents to another. For this reason, many "grownup" books were to be found in the rural school libraries, but even so, they were, on the whole, well balanced and a credit to their districts.

But books wear out, and some even grow old-fashioned, so that after several years of drought and depression during which no money at all could be spared for replenishing the libraries, it was not surprising there was "nothing" left to read in the rural schools.

Some attempt was made to remedy this and city libraries were asked to send to rural schools all the old books they no longer wanted! But this demand was greater than could be met, consequently all too many country schools had no books worth mentioning.

Then the rains came, and the crops grew. There was money. And so, when Saskatchewan organized larger school units, one of the first steps taken was to provide "circulating" libraries for the schools within the units.

MAPLE CREEK Larger School Unit was among the first to be set up. In 1945 its circulating library started with about 1,500 books. It now has at least three times that number. This library is typical of those in all the other units as they are all operated in much the same manner.

At Maple Creek, the books are selected by the superintendent of the unit. He keeps himself informed on the new books through press and radio book reviews. His teachers also suggest any they would like to see placed on the shelves. The library is divided into sections for the elementary and secondary grades, and the material used exclusively by the teachers themselves.

The list of books is carefully graded, starting with grade one and going right straight through high school. Each teacher has a list and from it makes the selections she wants for her school. Mailing privileges have been arranged, so if she is unable to call for the books herself, they are sent to her. They are usually kept about three months when they are returned and other selections made.

While snowbound from his schools last winter, the superintendent compiled a more comprehensive list which gives descriptive notes on each book. This is to enable the teacher to select

exactly what she needs, and if that selection is already in circulation, the secretary can substitute a near choice if the books are to be mailed. This list also serves another useful purpose. It can be sent to leading publishers when asked to send new books for the library, and so eliminates the chance of duplication.

Much care has been expended on the choice of the Maple Creek library books, as I learned when I visited it recently. The books for the lower grades are mostly the delightful story type whether they are on health, history or geography. Then there are splendid books on handicrafts and games—indeed, there seems to be every kind of book for every kind of boy and girl. Rural children love to read, and the secretary says they seem to prefer stories, especially those about things familiar to their own way of life. They like nature books, and most of them are very enthusiastic over all the health series.



Office and library are housed in a spacious old dwelling.

The library provides a wide range of reading material for high school students, with considerable emphasis on history and science. At first the four village high schools in the unit

showed scant interest in the new library, so the superintendent had boxes made, and the books for high schools were divided, a box of them being placed in each of the four high schools. This brought most gratifying results. Some of the books became so popular the students did not want to put them back into circulation!

ONE feature of the library which will, no doubt, commend itself to the parents, is the amount of good fiction, both old and new. I was glad to see this because I know how parents and teen-agers will share and discuss these books, and in so doing, establish a bond of comradeship they might not have otherwise.

One of Maple Creek's spacious old homes—built in the days when people knew how to build houses!—now serves as the unit office and library and the dormitory for boys attending high school in town. It is beautifully proportioned, well finished, and has plenty of wide windows. The secretary and his family have their living quarters in it, and the secretary looks after the books as well as the office. Teachers who are able to come in person to make their selections find a homey, pleasant place where they can relax and spend a quiet time looking over the books.

As one mother put it, "If there is anything a child should learn in school, it is to read good books." And if the superintendent of the Maple Creek Larger School Unit has his way about it, that is exactly what all the children under his supervision will learn to do.

And so, in each of the 45 larger school units now operating in this province, the circulating school library is giving Saskatchewan boys and girls "something" to read.

"In books, that which is most generally interesting is what comes home to the most cherished private experience of the greatest number. It is not the book of him who has travelled far on the face of the globe, but of him who has lived the most at home."
—Henry Thoreau.

In England Now

Notes on market sales, going shopping for rations and clothing, the effect of restrictions on travel and social events

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

Monday, September 22nd, 1947. Hurried through housework, in spite of its being Monday morning and there being plenty of mess in the hall from a busy Sunday's trading at the door, to motor 15 miles to father's house to collect a car full of apples and pears for selling during the week. Yesterday and Saturday had been good days and we had nothing left. I don't know that for choice I would be frantically busy trotting in and out with change and parcels of fruit for customers on Sundays but I must agree with the "Husband" when he says that it is the only way to make a living out of this market garden business, if you are in it in a small way as we are; you can't afford to sell more than your rough stuff wholesale, you must get the full retail price for the rest or you can't make ends meet, what with higher wages and taxation and the glut of fruit there has been this year. And with us here the great days for selling are Saturdays and Sundays, for then the miners and the steel workers from the towns and villages motor past us to the east coast or to the canals and rivers of Lincolnshire for the fishing. And after all it is the miners who have the money to spend these days, even when they strike.

I got the rations—that is the groceries, they are always now known as the rations—on my way home and then picked up the children from school. It was a bit of a squeeze to get them in among the apple boxes but it had begun to rain hard and Mouse hadn't got her mackintosh. But they didn't bother about the discomfort, it was much too good a joke being able to help themselves to fruit as we went along. When they came out of school they were dirty but by the time we reached home they were sticky as well.

Tuesday, September 23rd, 1947. Sheffield today for a visit to the dentist and the hairdresser. I delivered some chrysanthemums for a dinner party on the way. They are only now beginning to come out and even then very often the blooms are one-sided or very small owing to the drought we have had since June. Some of the varieties ought to have been out in August and now it is doubtful if they will get out before the autumn frosts get bad in October. One white kind, Alabaster, just came into bud in late July and then shrivelled up and died. The bed is a pathetic vista of brown heads—quite horrible!

After the dentist, I went to lunch with friends and had the now unusual experience of being waited on by a maid in cap and apron. Once this was the case at nearly every house you went to; now it is like an old dream coming to life. We asked about each other's holidays. Everyone this year has had a good one, for once in a way England's climate behaved itself and there have been weeks of sunshine. This topic of course led us to the universal lament about the no foreign travel order. After all these years of being shut in our island fortress, it seems a very bitter pill that now again, because of a money crisis that few of us can understand, we are to be shut in again. For how long? We all ask and no one knows the answer. For some people it has created a problem far more serious than just a disappointment over a holiday; my cousin, for instance, had made all arrangements for her daughter to go to school in Switzerland this autumn term. The child had left her English school and the fees had been paid to Switzerland. Now if she goes, she can only stay till Christmas and then must come home for good. And all

English schools are booked up for years ahead.

After discussing this difficulty, we got onto another rather nearer home, the shortage of jam pots and bottling jars. As everyone is behaving like busy squirrels and storing up for the winter the supply of jars has become hopelessly inadequate and we are now faced with a glut of fruit and nothing to preserve it in.

I hurried away at a quarter to three to do a frantic search around the house for winter coats for the children. This was made more difficult by the fact that the bombed out shops are still carrying on their business in basements and foyers of hotels and cinemas and so you never find all of one store in one place. I had no success. Every coat I saw was of horribly poor quality, which is a waste of one's coupons, or else frantically expensive. A nice natural-colored camel hair coat for Mouse, aged ten, was 15 pounds. As they can only have one coat for school and for best because of the coupons, this was altogether too rare a garment. I don't know what I do next. Write to London shops I expect, but they get so many requests now that it is doubtful if they will be able to do much better. But I must do something or the winter will be upon us.

We played bridge this evening after supper. It was a lovely star-lit night as we got into the car but I played badly and came home depressed and cross with myself. I even began to wonder if it wouldn't be such a bad thing after all when the basic petrol ration ends at the end of this month and we cannot go out to our friends. That is the sort of black effect shopping has on you nowadays—exhaustion and frustration rampant.

Wednesday, September 24th, 1947. Partridge shooting on a friend's lovely place ten miles away. You drive up to the front door through an Elizabethan gate house over a moat and sit to eat your lunch with the glowing family portraits in the dining room, while outside the beech trees on the lawn are faintly gold with autumn and the jackdaws clatter about the chimney.

I dropped the "Husband" and his dog with the other guns and spent the morning exploring the nearby village of Blyth. This is one of the five places licenced by Richard I to hold tournaments and the church is one of the earliest Norman buildings in the country, being founded as part of a Benedictine priory in 1088. The priory was pulled down at the Reformation in the fifteenth century and Blyth Hall now stands on the site but because the south aisle of the conventual church was used for parish worship it was allowed to stand and today, 400 years later, the parish still uses that same south aisle. The great nave of the Norman priory church is still empty as if waiting for the monks, whose property it was, to people it again with their white habited forms.

The ancestors of our shooting friends lived at Blyth Hall until a wild member of the family gambled away their fortune. He was a friend of the Prince Regent, he loved racing, he dressed extravagantly, and by the time he died at the age of 37 in 1817, Blyth Hall had been sold.

Today Blyth Hall stands empty again but the village itself is a busy place and as I came out of the church gates, lorries towing tanks were grinding past along the main street. Gradually the vast dumps of trucks and tanks and guns are being emptied and their con-

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"Know what? We're going to cook up some cookies and muffins too, from those recipes on the Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes package. Better make it the big economy size."

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tents dragged about the country with much clatter and hissing of pneumatic brakes, to the works, where they are to be broken up. The modern version in fact of the old swords into plow shares business.

I joined the shooting party at lunch time, when we sat round our host's dining table and ate our own sandwiches. Rationing makes it impossible for one household to offer many people a meal, so by mutual consent everyone takes their own lunch out shooting and the host supplies a drink. Even this is difficult enough for him but with a little forethought and the expenditure of some money he can get a bottle of whiskey and a little beer. I walked with the guns all afternoon over gleaming stubble or through fields of sugarbeets or potatoes. These last are getting wild and ready for lifting. The root crops on the whole are poor because of the lack of rain and we are threatened with potato rationing. The partridges were very few after last winter but there were a very fair quantity of hares and a few rabbits, which all go awfully well into our meatless larders.

And all afternoon, I could see, away across the rolling fields, the gleaming tower of Blyth church among the trees, almost white in the autumn sunshine. I kept looking away but after a while my eyes would stray back to this constant reminder that we have a great heritage of infinite variety and a past, that to me at any rate, is of never failing interest. And I knew, that in spite of all the difficulties and restrictions that we suffer at the moment, I would not live in any other country but in this England that I love so much.

TRAIL TO SERENITY

Continued from page 67

be done and the day is not long enough for it. So, having found out what sort of people we are, we can take our first steps on the road which is right for us. Perhaps it is well-travelled; that will make it a great deal easier for us. But perhaps it is a briary, stony path with only the faintest marks to show that anyone has ever gone that way before.

But to those who have found themselves and their way, disgrace and death do not matter. They hurt at the time, but everything passes. There is loneliness of the spirit on this path—perhaps the heaviest cross to bear—but there is serenity also. Christ was not the first or the last to be reviled and crucified. He was not the first or the last to be scorned by His own generation and honored by those which followed. If that is consolation, then we have it. But the greatest consolation will come from seeing clearly the path for us, and following it. That will give us strength, courage and understanding to enrich ourselves and others for the better we know ourselves, the better others will wish to know us. In spite of tribulation, we shall be as close to happiness as it is possible for anyone to come.

Whether it is the travelled highway or the dim trail does not matter as long as we know it is our way. Those who are weak will always run with the multitude; they will be tossed about by every wind and always become side-tracked looking for easier and easier paths to follow. But those of us who really know ourselves can never be weak again. We know where we are going and why, and there is more satisfaction in that than in anything else in the world.—Gilean Douglas.

Four times as much heat is lost through windows as through walls of a house. To make sure no cold gets in, put on storm windows. Weather stripping tacked to bottom edge of a door will keep out drafts. Old newspapers or building paper under rugs, make good insulating material for floors.

For Bad Cough Mix This Splendid Recipe, at Home

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Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. (Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.) Get a 2½ ounce bottle of Pinex from any druggist, put it into a 16 ounce bottle and fill up with your syrup. The 16 ounces thus made gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money, and is a very effective relief for coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This splendid mixture has a three-fold action. It soothes the irritated membranes, loosens the phlegm and helps to clear the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep.

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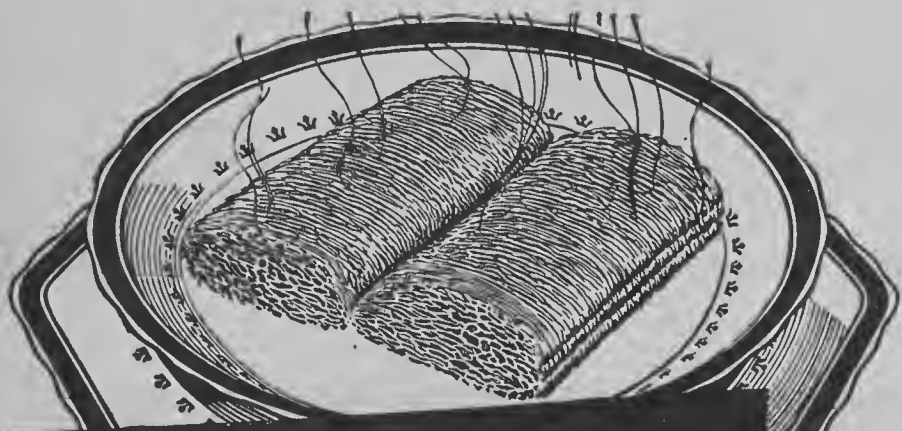
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Beauty Aids to Make at Home

Every woman can be her own cosmetician with these simple formulae

By LORETTA MILLER

THERE'S something about making one's own cosmetics and grooming accessories that gives the conscientious woman a grand feeling. It's shopping for all the ingredients, measuring them so carefully as each "formula" is followed, then putting the finished "product" into a jar or bottle. The final thrill comes when the label is placed on the container and its contents ready for use. And to do a really "finished" job, full directions should be typed or printed and pasted on the package.

If you want to start your own wardrobe of home-made aids, let me suggest that you make your first preparation a good eye-bathing lotion. This is something every member of the family will welcome, especially this time of the year with snappy fall winds blowing dust into bright eyes. Too, after exposure to cool winds, an eye bath is soothing.

First, make the full recipe of eye-bathing lotion, but pour the finished lotion into two, three or even four bottles, placed at convenient spots in the home so that the lotion is accessible to every member of the family.

For Weary Eyes

Place one (1) quart of water which has been boiled for five (5) minutes, and measured after boiling, into a quart jar. Then to the very hot water add one (1) teaspoonful of good table salt, one (1) teaspoonful of drugstore borax, and one (1) teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Do not use regular household borax, but buy a small amount in your local drugstore. Let these three ingredients (salt, borax and bicarbonate of soda), dissolve thoroughly. Then add one (1) tablespoonful of pure glycerine. Be sure the glycerine is bought in a reliable chemist's shop. Shake the bottle until all the contents are blended. Let the liquid cool slightly before "packaging" it. To use: Rinse an eyecup with hot water, half fill with the lotion. Place the cup over the eye, letting the liquid come in contact with the eye. Repeat with both eyes. This lotion may be used once each day. It aids in keeping the eyes clear and bright. It also aids in resting tired eyes and in clearing weary eyes.

A good shampoo that makes the hair silky and lustrous and gives the scalp a healthy glow, should be another important item in any wardrobe of grooming accessories. The castile soap shampoo is an old favorite. Here is the formula which will make a sufficient amount of shampoo to last the family of four through many shampoos. To three (3) quarts of hot water add one (1) ounce cake of castile soap that has been grated or cut into fine pieces. Let the soap and water simmer over a low fire until all the soap has been dissolved. Then strain the hot soap and water mixture through a double layer of cheesecloth and to it add one-half (½) pint of pure alcohol. Pour the finished product into two or three or even more jars and be sure that each is kept tightly sealed. To use: Add three (3) parts hot water for each part of the shampoo jelly. (If three (3) tablespoonfuls of the jelly is used, simply add nine (9) tablespoonfuls of water). Shampoo the hair as usual, making at least two applications of the cleanser, rinsing out each,



Nancy Saunders, R.K.O. star, uses a small brush to groom eyebrows and lashes.

and giving a thorough final rinse to insure clean, sparkling hair.

Sooner or later one member of every family comes forth with chapped lips, hands, arms, legs or face. A smoothing agent that soothes the skin as its cooling application is made, will serve the family well. This is one of the simplest of all "formulas" to follow, but it's likely to be your most often used aid this coming season. Place one (1) teaspoonful of pure toilet lanoline in the upper part of an enamel double boiler. (A small baking dish may be placed in a pan of water which is kept hot over a low flame). To the lanoline add one (1) teaspoonful of cocoa butter, cut into very small bits and let the two ingredients melt. Then shave into them one stick of camphor ice. Let all of these ingredients melt. If you have a miniature egg beater, you will find it most helpful in beating this to a creamy consistency. If no such beater is available, a silver fork may be used. When well blended, place in a clean glass jar. Keep covered when not in use. Directions for using: After exposure to chill winds, when the face feels rough and chapped, apply and massage gently with this rough skin smoother. Used as a hand cream, this preparation should be massaged over hands after they have been subjected to extremely hot water over a long period.

Comfort for the Feet

An effective foot powder will be welcome to any member of the family with occasional foot complaints. This is the easiest of home-made formulas to follow. Add one (1) part of powdered alum to three (3) parts of boric acid powder . . . simply, this means that to one-half (½) cup of powdered alum add one and one-half (1½) cups of boric acid powder. These two ingredients should be placed in a clean, dry quart jar and shaken vigorously until both powders are well blended. If you have an old talcum powder can with a sifter top, fine. If not, a large salt shaker, with shaker top, of course, may be used for holding and sprinkling the foot powder. To use: Bathe hot, tired, aching feet with warm water. Dry well and sprinkle powder generously over feet, and between toes.

With so many fine lotions and creams for overcoming specific skin disorders available, it isn't always wisdom to attempt making them at home. Many such preparations contain ingredients which would be difficult to obtain, or which may be impossible to blend with

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Morning

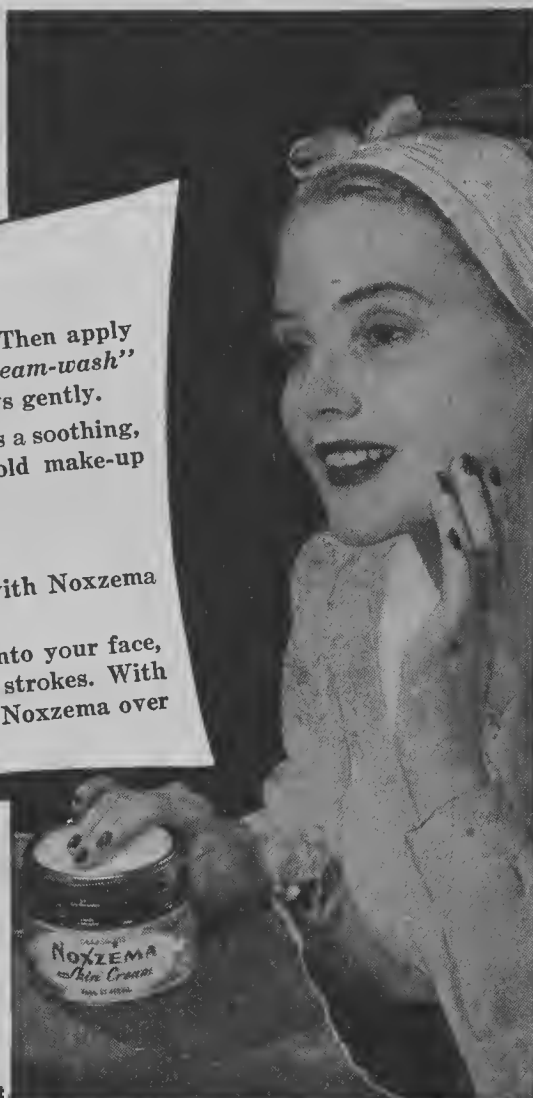
1. Bathe face with warm water. Then apply Noxzema to a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face, massaging skin flaws gently.
2. Apply light film of Noxzema as a soothing, protective powder base to hold make-up perfectly while it helps heal.

Evening

3. Repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema on wet cloth. Dry gently.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face, using upward and outward strokes. With fingertips, gently tap extra Noxzema over blemishes.

That's all you have to do. Noxzema is made to help heal blemishes, soothe rough, dry skin. Preferred by 8 out of 10 Broadway actresses and 4 out of 5 models interviewed. Get your jar today!

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November Styles

2334
SIZES 2-8
HAT-2952



No. 2334—A pleated skirt, jacket, and blouse for the little girl. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 jacket requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric; Blouse, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric; Skirt, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric.

No. 2952—A perky Scotch hat for little girls. Cut in head sizes 19, 20, 21, and 22. Size 20 requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch fabric; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards ribbon.



2327
SIZES 17

No. 2327—A shirtwaist dress featuring the new round yoke and collar and long full sleeves. Cut in sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 15 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch fabric.

No. 2302—Smart jumper and blouse for going to school. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 jumper requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric.



2302
SIZES 6-14

No. 2295—Diagonal lines and scallops bring this dress to the fashion front. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

No. 2329—An attractive wrap around house dress. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric.

No. 2246—A classic and becoming dress. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric $\frac{7}{8}$ yard ruffling.

No. 2321—A dress for the teen-agers featuring the popular pleats. Cut in sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 15 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch fabric, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 35-inch fabric contrasting.

Be sure to state correct size and number of pattern wanted.

Patterns 20 cents each.

Write name and address clearly.



2295
SIZES 12-44



2329
SIZES 12-44



2321
SIZES 9-17

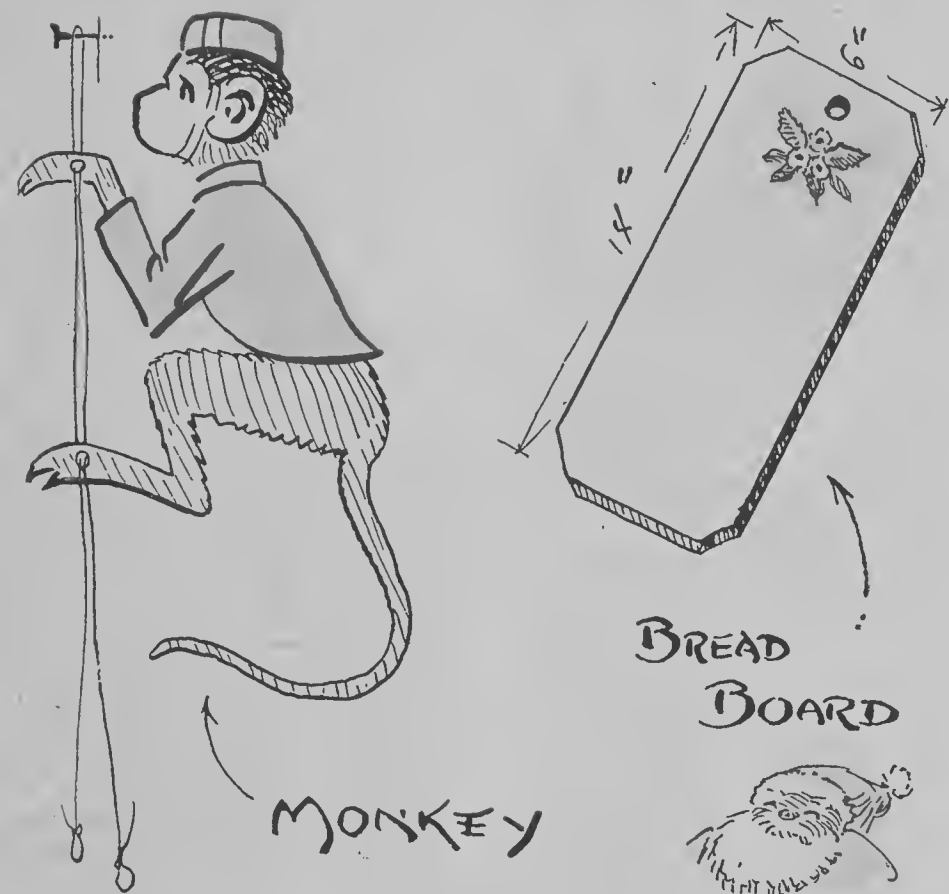


2246
SIZES 14-46

Address orders to The Country Guide Patterns, Winnipeg.

Send 20 cents for the Fall and Winter magazine which includes a complete sewing guide. Illustrated in color, presenting many pages of charming pattern designs for all ages and occasions.

The Country Boy and Girl



The chill November winds blow outside but you and your family are gathered in the house for a cozy evening together. The chores have all been done, the dishes washed and the house tidied. Mother takes up her knitting or sewing and Dad reads or does some "fixing" he had put off for a long time. They are glad to have a restful time after the busy harvest season. How do you spend the time in the evening, that is after your home work is finished? It would be a good time to think about those Christmas gifts you are going to make and we have two suggestions for you—a gift for Mother and one for a small brother or sister.

A handy bread board about 14 inches by 6 inches or larger can be made from any smooth piece of board which is at least half an inch in thickness. Cut off the corners and smooth all edges with sandpaper. Make a hole through the board near the top so that it can be hung up. Now for the painting—start by painting around all the edges and last of all paint a small flower design as shown in the sketch—and there you are, a handy, useful gift any mother would be glad to receive.

Small brother or sister would be happy to find this climbing monkey in his Christmas stocking. Make it of light plywood if you have a fret saw for cutting or of stiff cardboard from a shoe box. Just trace the design on your material, then color it in bright colors with paints or crayons. Puncture holes in the feet, then thread through two yards of string, which you have doubled, first through the hind foot, then up to the front foot. When you hang the middle of the string over a nail and work the ends of the string the monkey will climb up and down the string.

Ann Sankey

The Red Light

By MARY E. GRANNAN

JOE was a little mouse. Jeremy was a little boy. Joe lived in the cellar. Jeremy lived upstairs. Joe often went up, but Jeremy more often went down. Joe liked Jeremy to visit him under the cellar steps, because Jeremy would tell Joe all that went on in the outside world. One day he told Joe about the circus he'd been to. He told all about the clowns and the elephants and the tigers.

"What do tigers look like?" asked the little mouse. "I like that word, 'Tiger'." Jeremy laughed. "But you wouldn't like the animal that goes with the word, Joe. You wouldn't like him at all, because do you know what he looks like?"

"No," said Joe. "He looks like a cat." Joe shivered. "Yes," went on Jeremy, "He looks like a cat that's a hundred million times bigger than our house cat."

"Oh," squealed Joe, and he shivered again. "Let's talk of something else. Let's not talk about the circus any more."

"Alright," said Jeremy. "What shall we talk about?"

"Let's talk about school," said Joe. "What did you learn today?"

Jeremy's eyes brightened, and he

looked very important. "We learned something very special," he said. "It was a song about green and red lights."

Joe cocked his head to one side, and rolled his sharp wee eyes. "Are red and green lights very special?" he said.

"They sure are," said Jeremy. "They can save your life, they're so special. You see Joe, they're on street corners. The red light means to STOP. When you stop, the cars and horses go by. Then the light changes to green, and that means the cars and the horses have to stop and let you go. I'll sing you the song I learned about them." And Jeremy began to sing,

"I know a little story,
I think you all should know.
A red light tells you to stand still.
A green light says to 'GO'."

Joe liked the little song. Jeremy sang it over and over until the little mouse learned it. Then Jeremy said, "Joe, I have an idea. Let's you and I make each other a promise. Let's promise always to stand still until the red light turns to green."

Joe promised. Jeremy promised. And then Jeremy went upstairs. On his way, he began to laugh. He had an idea. He'd play a joke on Joe. He knew Joe never broke a promise, so he knew the joke would work. Before he went to school, he got a bit of red crepe paper and tied it around the

flashlight. Then he lit the light, and set it right beside the cheese in the pantry. Then he went to school. When he came back at noon, the first thing he did was to go to the pantry, and there was little Joe, weary and unhappy sitting by the light waiting for it to turn green. When Jeremy saw him, he howled with laughter. Joe's face darkened. "This light isn't going to change to green, is it Jeremy?"

"No," said Jeremy, "I fixed it so it wouldn't. But you kept your promise Joe. You're a good mouse."

Joe didn't care about that. Joe made up his mind that Jeremy wasn't the only one who could play jokes. Joe knew now where the street lights were at the corner. Jeremy had told him. So the next morning just before Jeremy started for school, Joe ran down to the light post. He scampered up the post, and when the light went red, Joe held it that way. Jeremy came whistling along the street, and when he got to the curb, he saw the red light. He waited, and he waited, but the light didn't change. He thought once of dashing across among the oncoming cars. But he thought of his promise.

"I'm going to be late for school," he cried. And then the clock struck nine. He was late. When Joe heard the clock, he let the light go green. Jeremy dashed to the schoolhouse.

That night when he went to the cellar, he sighed deeply and said, "I didn't have a very good day today. I was late."

Joe howled with laughter. "Yes, I know," he said.

"Joe, you did it. You did it," Joe nodded his head.

"That wasn't fair, Joe. School's important. I was late."

"It's just as bad for me to be late for cheese, as it is for you to be late for school," said Joe.

Jeremy hung his head. "Yes, I guess it is," he said. "I wasn't looking at it that way." Then he laughed. "Well, anyway, Joe, we'll live a long time, you and I. We keep our promises about the red light."

My Own Book of Stories

This month's story for your scrap book is "The Ugly Duckling"—a poor duckling who had a very sad life

at first but who found great happiness later.

Mother Duck was hatching out her ducklings but one egg wouldn't hatch so Mrs. Duck had to sit much longer and she was cross over this delay and still less pleased when she saw the last duckling which was much bigger than the others and very ugly. At first she thought it must be a turkey egg which she had hatched but when she took her ducklings down to the water for their first swim the ugly duckling plunged in with the rest and showed that he was indeed a strong swimmer. Next day Mother Duck took her family to introduce them to the other fowl of the barnyard (as you see in our picture). The old duck who wore a red rag on her leg and who ruled the barnyard thought the ducklings very pretty, all, that is, except the ugly duckling.

"Too bad he couldn't be hatched over again," she said, but of course that could not be. The other fowl of the barnyard pecked and teased the poor ugly duckling and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. Even his mother wished he would leave home. His life was so miserable that he decided to run away.

He had many sad adventures for everywhere he went he was treated unkindly because of his ugliness. He was shot at by hunters and almost eaten alive by a dog. The winter was the worst for he had no place to go and he had to swim very fast to keep the water from freezing around him. A man found him in the water and took him home but his children and wife frightened the poor ugly duckling so much that he was glad to escape.

Once again the sun began to shine warmly and it was spring. The ugly duckling saw some beautiful birds swimming in a canal. He swam towards them even though he thought they would kill him because he was so ugly but they came to meet him and welcomed him. Just then our ugly duckling looked down into the water and saw his own reflection—he had changed from an ugly duckling into a beautiful white swan! Now all day long he swam happily with the other swans in the canal. "How little did I dream of such happiness when I was the ugly duckling of the barnyard," he said.—A. T.



Picture of The Ugly Duckling to color.

Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, November, 1947, Winnipeg, Man.
From the items numbered 1 have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

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P.O. _____
Prov. _____
Numbers _____
Please print plainly.

Between Ourselves



The "dinosaur" which appeared in the Morden cornfield.

FOR one brief moment last month Supt. W. R. Leslie of the Morden Experimental Station thought he was back in the days of antiquity. In accordance with his duties he was showing a party of American visitors over the station. It was no ordinary party. They had come to Canada to hunt, but took in Manitoba's famous fruit farm as a side show. One of the party had taken too much beverage with his noon meal. As they came through an opening in a hedge they were confronted with a small field of corn on the far side of which stood a corn binder, shown at the top of this page. The bibulous Yank sitting in the front seat with his host shouted, "Hold everything. Pass me a fowling piece! IT'S A DINOSAUR!"

"WHY the propaganda in the last issue directed against Argentina? Is it any concern of Canadians what sort of agreement Peron makes with the church? Is the rate of military preparation in Argentina less remarkable than right here in Canada? Is it not true that Peron is strengthening his country financially, instead of giving its products away sentimentally to a country which is falling behind in the struggle for economic power because of insensate socialistic experimentation? If Canada had political leadership as resolute and clear sighted as what Peron has furnished Argentina, she would be farther along the road to national unity and strength, and irresponsible writers would not be so free to cast slurs against peace loving countries, which I consider your Argentine article to be."—J. S. F. X. Talbot, Montreal.

"YOU rang the bell with the article on Argentina in the October issue. Why weren't Canadians told some of these things earlier in the year, before the country went to the expense of sending a delegation to London in the futile hope of arriving at a world wheat agreement?"—F. R. Smith, Dauphin.

"FOR those who prefer government control of marketing, with export prices determined by bulk sale agreements, your Argentine article last month ought to contain an eloquent warning. Open marketing through commodity exchanges, such as we had in Canada before the advent of the wheat board, is the only way in which producers can be guaranteed the market value of their products. If bulk trading by governments is to prevail, what is to prevent any administration from cutting a slice of profits for itself. A small one this time and a larger one next time. Whether the toll levied on agriculture by this means is used to finance doubtful undertakings, or whether it goes into the national treasury and is used for worthy purposes, matters not at all. The proceeds of this form of trading belong to the farmers who grew the products and not to the nation. The difference between government sale of wheat in Canada and the Argentine is only one of degree."—"Aequus," Lloydminster.

CHAS. E. HOPE, Milner, B.C., raised the question on this page some time ago as to the cash value of a farmer's wife in calculating income tax. As we recall it he valued her at three times the price of a new combine, as a minimum. The argument bogged down for lack of further evidence. But Prof. Pond of the University of Minnesota comes out with a valuation of \$63,000—if she is a good one. Prof. Pond asked farmers who kept accurate records how much their wives co-operated in running the farm. He discovered that those who said that the co-operation of the wife was a key-note in their success made an average of \$2,760 a year more than those who said their wives did not co-operate. If a farmer has an investment that will earn him \$2,760 at four per cent, he would have \$63,000 invested. What is wrong with that calculation?

AN old contributor to The Guide, W. D. Trego, now living in Calgary, objects to Kerry Wood's recommendations for controlling house sparrows. Mr. Trego prefers to rely on poison rather than the sparrow trap. The Guide sent his letter to Mr. Wood who enumerates the arguments against poison, well known to most people. The chief objection is the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of useful birds which are the farmer's greatest ally in controlling insect pests. "The portion of Mr. Wood's letter which interests us most sets out the difficulties an author gets into over the flood of correspondence bound to roll in after the publication of a popular article. For instance, three years ago The Guide published one of his articles entitled "Next—The Beaver Farm." It brought him a deluge of letters at the time, most of them asking for further information. One classic listed 63 questions and required nine close spaced pages to answer. Mr. Wood began to keep track of the number of letters provoked by this article. Last month he received the 500th! Financially he would have been better off if we had dropped his excellent article in the waste paper basket when it first came to us. Gentle reader, spare the poor author for whom there are never enough hours in the day.

"WHY the apology for the delightful English story 'Ploughman's Prize'? The story took me back over 40 years to the ploughing matches we used to have in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and filled me with a longing to see another of them again. I am sure there must be hundreds of British farmers out here who enjoyed reading the story so let's have some more if possible. Naturally it cannot compare with 'Green Grass of Wyoming,' which is in a class by itself. Mary O'Hara is a wonderful writer and her description of the Cricket episode was a masterpiece and ought to be just one more warning not to have a dangerous (if any) bull at large."—H. Grainger, Cobble Hill, B.C.

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